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The Story of Vanilla.

CHAPTER X.

BY ROBERT MANTON.

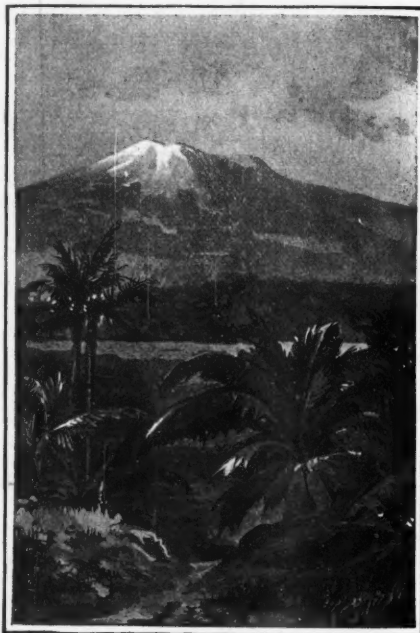
FROM the beginning of time man has tried to counterfeit Nature, but has never succeeded. He imitates, but he cannot equal.

In the Vegetable World, the Mexican vanilla bean may be likened to gold in the Mineral Kingdom. It is Nature's choicest product—her foremost masterpiece—her most delicate blending of delicate odors and grateful perfumes, and nowhere except in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, does the vanilla bean attain perfection. Here, on the volcanic soil, the accumulation of centuries of the lava overflow of the famous Orizaba, whose snow-white top, rearing its majestic heights amid the orchid-bearing trees of the gorgeous tropics, in the valleys made by the convulsions of nature, springs the true vanilla. (*See illustration.*) None but those who spend their lives there know how to properly cultivate and cure it. Countless attempts have been made by nearly every European power to transplant it in other tropical regions, but nature has never crowned their efforts with the fullness of success.

Where the Burnetts have made their success as manufacturers is, that they appreciate the fact that one cannot improve upon nature, and what is natural to the soil, nature has a reason for placing there. It was only after years of experience in visiting the various parts of the world, seeing and testing for results, that their great success came, and the secret is a very simple one. The Burnett Company uses only the finest quality of Mexican vanilla, and never have been willing to consent to the use of wild vanilla natural to other soils, or the transplanted Mexican, robbed of its mother earth and cured artificially, instead of by the natural conditions of a congenial climate.

Germany has tried to cultivate vanilla in her African possessions. France made a similar attempt in Mauritius, and to-day supplies an inferior product known as Bourbon vanilla. England did likewise in India. In every single instance the vanilla bean thus cultivated away from the parent soil has brought a low price in the markets of the world.

And the chemists have not been idle either. In the quiet of their laboratories they have produced artificial flavorings in imitation of vanilla, and in the stores to-day are sold untold quantities of "vanilla" extracts that are as remote from the true article as

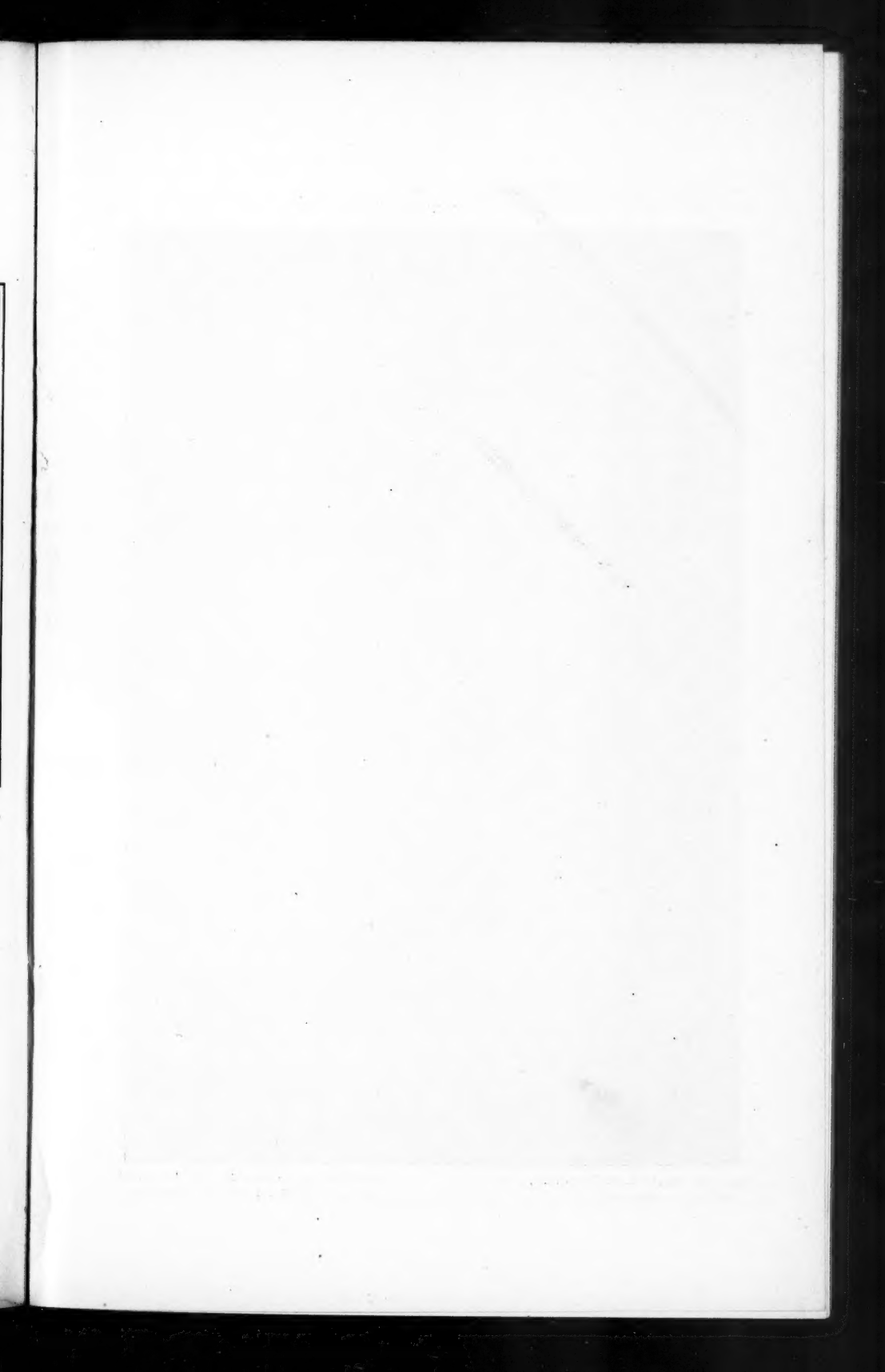


the daub of an amateur is remote from the creations of Meissonier.

The gray-haired chemist, wise and learned, whose whole life has been wrapped up in the study of his profession, is no match for the ignorant Mexican Indian, with the infallible hand of Nature behind him.

Every ounce of vanilla extract sold by the Joseph Burnett Company, of Boston, Mass., is made from the choicest Mexican beans. Burnett's extracts are best simply and solely because, in their manufacture, no attempt is made to transgress Nature's laws. They are pure, wholesome and delicious. There are in them no poisonous chemicals—nothing except what is necessary to absorb and retain the exquisite aromas and perfumes of Nature. Every reliable dealer is glad to sell Burnett's Extracts. No honest dealer ever says he has anything else just as good.

(To be continued.)



*"The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the desperate legions drew,
But he caught the hasting Tomlinson, and would not let him through"—Rudyard Kipling*



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From Kipling's "Poems and Ballads," illustrated
edition, just published by H. M. Caldwell Co.

Drawn by Victor A. Searles

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1899

No. 6

HEUREUX AND HIS ISLAND REPUBLIC

By Señora Frances L. Wills



It was an ideal tropical day in February years ago, that I first met General Heureux, late president of the Island Republic, at his palace in Santo Domingo.

His recent assassination brings back a flood of memories, quaintance of some five years while I resided there, and with the news of his death I vividly recall his last words to me, as he toyed with his great spurs and said: "I shall die with these boots on, and I am ready when the time comes." This was uttered in the best of English, and with as much composure as if he were ordering his breakfast.

A study of the life of General Heureux, or General Lelee as he desired to be called and was familiarly addressed by the natives, is of intense interest to Americans at this time, and the problem of self-government

in Santo Domingo under President Heureux is an important part of the world's history of this century.

The palace, where I first met President Heureux, is an old rectangular, stone building, two stories in height, enclosing a court supported by shambling pillars. On the outside a veranda extends the entire length. At the large arched doorway two sleepy soldiers stand, clad in blue with red

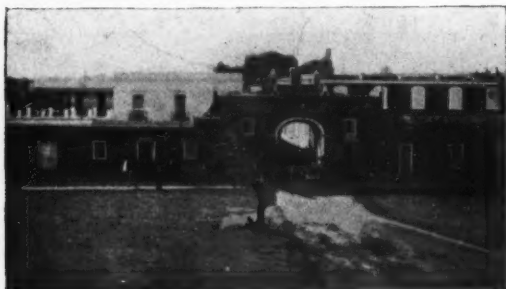
stripes down their trousers, and wearing boots—the latter an important distinction from the neighboring Haytian soldiers, who are barefoot.

On my first visit to the president I met him in his

plainly furnished office, just to the left of the entrance on the second floor; adjoining those occupied by the members of his cabinet; all easily accessible from the balcony. I found awaiting me an herculean negro, six feet four inches in height, whose keen piercing eyes seemed to read my very thoughts, and above all to ask, "Well! what favor do you want of me?" I must

Inscription on Casket of Christopher Columbus, recently discovered and here first published

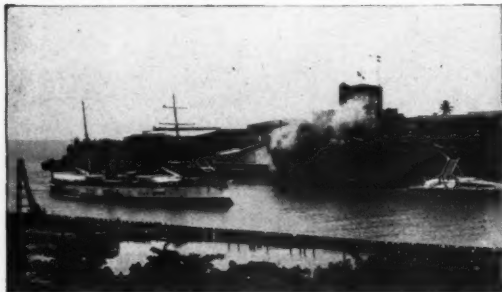


"The Long Wall," where Political Prisoners are Executed

say that I was by no means at ease, and my first impulse was to leave as soon as possible.

However, he was most polite and tried four European languages upon me before my dumb English tongue could respond to his greeting. I was soon aware he was thoroughly posted on current affairs and had surmised, from the newspaper reports, the purport of my visit before I could relate it. It was very evident that he kept every one at a distance, had no confidants, and trusted no one—in fact he seemed a ruler who assumed absolute power.

Strong, handsome as a typical black man can be, without the ordinary vices of drinking and smoking; but preserving one or more seraglios in various parts of his little empire, ready to slay without mercy, and still, in a way, honest in his belief and generous to strangers; such was the man as I knew

Dominican Gunboat "Restorecion" Entering the Harbor of Santo Domingo

him. He granted my request readily, and I met him many times thereafter. In these interviews he often expressed this sentiment: "It is impossible to govern these people as you govern in the United States. The black man can only be ruled by fear and the half-breed is even more treacherous." Certainly my own experience of both Hay-

tian and Santo Domingan life leads me to accept his conclusions, although the means he chose to employ may seem murderous and barbaric.

Heureux was first elected to the

Floor taken up where Christopher Columbus was Buried

presidency, about eighteen years ago, and his life has been a very dramatic and stirring one. He was the son of a common plantation laborer, and was born near Puerto Plata, a small village on the coast. He entered the army at an early age, and his fearless cour-

age soon made him a favorite with General Luperon, who was then fighting the Spaniards in the revolution which ended in the independence of the republic. He became a general, was twice exiled, and twice returned to the island, delighting in the life of a soldier, which he chose as a profession for life. He did not, however, neglect study,

mastering other languages, and keeping in touch with the events of the outside world, and took much interest in the latest inventions and discoveries of his time.

After the independence of Santo Domingo was gained, Heureux coolly told his old commander, Lupeiron, who had been more than a father to him: "Both of us desire to be president; you had better go. I am younger; the soldiers want me. I will give you until to-morrow." Heartbroken and crushed at the ingratitude of his protege and the

methods of placating the opposition were simple and effective. Arriving at a station, the local authorities would receive him and report upon the conditions there existing. If a man was reported to have said: "The President is a tyrant" or the like, or to be intriguing for an election to the presidency, he would be held unusually fortunate if he were not immediately taken out and shot by the guards.

At the close of four successive terms Heureux had summoned the electors of the few districts of Santo Domingo, and partly because he was a natural leader of men, but also because no man dared to vote otherwise, he was re-elected president of Santo Domingo.

General Heureux's foreign policy

The Oldest Church in the Western Hemisphere



frustration of his life's ambition, Lupeiron left his native land forever. When he died, about a year ago, Heureux had his remains brought back to Santo Domingo, and buried with great demonstrations of gratitude and honor to one of the liberators of the republic.

The supreme trait of this dictator, for such he was, was courage. He would enter a camp of plotters and defy them, and there were few who dared to criticise; much less to defy him. He had spies in every district, and whenever he visited the outlying towns, his

Loading Bananas on the Railroad



A Typical Banana Plantation in Santo Domingo



*Casket in which the Bones of Christopher
Columbus were Interred*



was not aggressive. He was a great admirer of General Grant. He admired American business methods and French social ideals, but he refused to visit any country, telling me:

"Here I am general, president, everything—in your New York or Boston I would only be a Negro."

The navy consisted of three gun-boats of the latest armaments, built in Europe,

similar to the cruiser "Montgomery." Heureux kept one boat continually moored at the entrance of a secret passage from the palace, through which he could reach the boat and escape in event of an uprising. "I want them to protect myself against countries no larger than mine," he said one day with a significant gesture toward Hayti. "There is always trouble along the border."

The revenues of the country are derived from exports, imports and internal revenue. The stamps always required for a land conveyance equal in value the entire purchase price of the land; they represent in a way a paid up life insurance policy, as the lands are never taxed, and such a thing as personal tax is unknown. For instance if a piece of land costs \$350, an equal amount of government stamps are required to make good the title. The rich, instead of working for low assessments, put down valuations and divide up with the collector, which amounts to the same thing.

The currency previously consisted almost wholly of Mexican silver, but about two years ago Heureux directed his miniature congress to pass a law forbidding its use, and compelling the people to use the Dominican currency, projected and issued by him.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF SANTO DOMINGO



ULYSSES HEUREUX



The above is the last photograph of the late President Heureux, and was taken especially for this publication. The June issue of "The National Magazine" be ordered translated into Spanish, and published in its entirety in the "Listen Diario," one of the leading newspapers of the Santo Domingo Republic

This decree was rigorously enforced, the Dominican pesos (dollars) being, it is said, of base metal heavily plated, worth about twelve and one-half cents, and made in the United States. However this may be, they were not numerous enough to meet the demand for change. He also issued about \$2,000,000 (pesos) in notes through a local French bank. These were to be re-

definite residence in the Columbus Tower.

"My salary in Dominican currency is \$1000 per month, or to be exact \$125 in gold, but I hesitate before buying a pair of shoes, because they cost \$45 per pair. My household expenses are \$600 a month, and half the time no meat, because the people who have animals refuse to sell them for Dominican

THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT AT SANTO DOMINGO



deemable in gold, but were not, and even the peons refused to receive them.

Of course the little gold that was in the country disappeared. A recent letter which I received, written July 1st, before Heureux's death, explains the situation. The writer is a foreigner who married a daughter of one of Heureux's generals, who aspired to be president. His son-in-law hurried him out of the country just in time to save him from Heureux's usual course with political opponents—an in-

money. We are suffering from a financial fiasco, no circulating medium other than national paper. Gold has gone up 1000 per cent. Exchange has advanced from 100 per cent to 1000 per cent in one year. Ten dollars of our money for one dollar of American money. Everything is high and scarce and I think there will soon be a political disturbance of a serious nature. All confidence seems to be lost. Merchants prefer to keep their goods in boxes rather than sell for the

paper currency of the present government."

The people of the island are fairly honest. Labor has to be imported to care for the growing industries. The chief industries are sugar, coffee, tobacco, chocolate, but the culture of the banana, which was brought from Africa, is the coming industry. There are very few small farmers among the 600,000 people, as most of these are gathered on plantations and in the villages and cities. A white man cannot hold land in Hayti, but in Santo Domingo under Heurreux he enjoyed the same rights as the natives. The total number of wealthy or well-to-do people in the republic is included within the magic number "400."

The buildings in the cities are all of stone, much the same as in Cuba, and other West Indian islands, and the erection of a new building is an event of national importance.

There are two railroads in the republic, one from Sanchez to La Vegaz, 64 miles, with one train every other day, and six or seven hours consumed

in the trip. The rolling stock is of English make and they persist in burning Scotch coal. The other railroad, sixty-nine miles in length, extends from Puerto Plata to Santiago, and is on the American plan. The engine crosses the mountains on a cog system, the same as that used on Mt. Washington, and the trip affords the finest scenic view in the West Indies. To show the contrast in enterprise, the American road makes one trip each way every day. President Heurreux never availed himself of the advantages of railroad travel, and would never permit the use of a special car, but preferred to go over the country on horseback, keeping up his political fences; in which occupation he was engaged when assassinated.

The schools in the republic are very poor—in fact, almost useless. The Latin people of these countries do not like the English-speaking people as a rule. This was quite apparent to me at all times during the five years I resided there. They have cock-fighting, drinking and gambling on Sundays—

A TYPICAL VILLAGE IN SANTO DOMINGO



that is their great day of amusement, and with rum at twenty-five cents a gallon they have plenty of revelry. Anglo-Saxon domination would deprive them of such pleasures.

The conclusion of a foreigner, who resides for any length of time in Santo Domingo, is that salvation for the natives can only come through American civilization. Otherwise they are rotting away, decreasing in numbers, and losing all the ordinary hopes and ambitions of a human being. There is very little indication of the ordinary sympathies and kindness of human nature. The children go about naked until nine or ten years of age, and licentiousness is eating away all ideals of manhood and womanhood. And yet the people are more cleanly and honest than in most of the countries in the West Indies. It is a sad fact that nearly eighty per cent of the foreigners, especially the young men, who come here,

are wrecks within a year; and it is not the fault of the climate, as is generally stated. The enforced indolent life is infectious with vice.

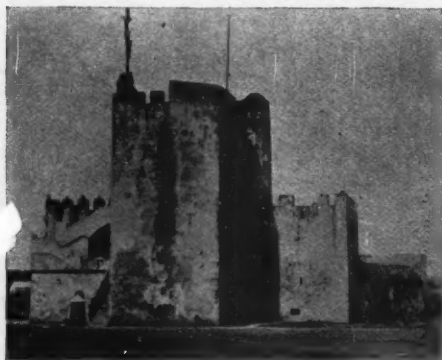
Every one goes armed in Santo Domingo, and with the natives the knife and machete are preferred to the cheap revolver, as silent and surer. Human life, always comparatively undervalued in the tropics, is here held of little account, and the restraints of a higher civilization are unknown, but a foreigner is always perfectly safe, and may carry an unlimited amount of money on his person without danger of being attacked.

A recent issue of the "Listen Diario" was to have a complete

A Banana Tree in Fruitage



Columbus Tower, where Christopher Columbus was Imprisoned



copy of "The National Magazine," printed by order of President Heureux. This issue contained an article concerning Santo Domingo, which he desired his people to read, and wrote me a kind letter which is reproduced and translated in these pages.

What of the future? Santo Domingo is a land of promise, under the right influence. General Grant was not wrong in his position in 1868 in desiring to accede to the request for annexation honestly made by the people of this Republic, and Santo Domingo is infinitely more desirable than any of the Philippines.

Santo Domingo is full of historic interest. Here Columbus founded the principal city, and here he lies buried. From the general condition of streets and buildings it is not apparent that much of anything has been done since his death, for the streets are worn into ruts, and one side is often much higher than the other. Sir Francis Drake bombarded Santo Domingo in his famous trip around the world, and some of the shells are still imbedded in the roof of the cathedral; and until the early part of the present century the island was the haunt of pirates and adventurers; the retreat of slave owner and slave trader; the battle-ground of Englishman, Frenchman and Spaniard, and the spoil of Spanish bigotry and greed. Man has deluged it with blood, yet it still remains a smiling Eden, in which nature's richest gifts are

lavishly bestowed. It has all of the beauties and few of the pests of tropical lands.

Maximo Gomez, the Cuban leader, is a native of Santo Domingo, and it is said that Gomez desires the place made vacant by Heureux's assassination, but I fear he is too old. I have often seen his family, who still reside at Santo Domingo. The great Cuban leader is much attached to his native land, and I am led to believe that he cherishes the hope of some day uniting Cuba and Santo Domingo under one government, with himself as President.



EL PRESIDENTE DE LA REPUBLICA

Santo Domingo, Junio 20 de 1899

Don
Francisco L. Wills
Bradford
Massachusetts U. S. A.

Muy Señor y Amigo:
Motivo de satisfacción ha sido para mí recibir
y leer su atenta carta fecha 20 de Mayo próximo ante-
rior, acompañada del periódico en que con inserto el
artículo a que Ud. hace referencia.
La conducta de Ud. es digna de aplauso, y,jala
que la imitaran muchos de extranjeros, para que así
acabara de honrar la mala impresión que se tiene
en esos mundos respecto de Santo Domingo, por las
versiones apasionadas de algunos mal intencionados.
Agradeciéndole a Ud. en atención y con seguridad
de que mi buen recuerdo, me repite de
Atte. L. S. y amigo
H. HEUREUX

Santo Domingo, June 20, 1899.

Senor Francisco L. Wills,
Dear Sir and Friend:—
Your esteemed letter of the 20th of last May, accompanied by the periodical containing the article to which you refer, has reached me, and has given me a great deal of pleasure.

Your behaviour is worthy of praise, and it would be very desirable that many other foreigners should imitate your example, so that therewith the bad impression should be wiped out, which, owing to the very unjust tales of some ill-intentioned people, are entertained in your country regarding Santo Domingo.

Thanking you again for your kindness, and assuring you that the same shall not be forgotten by me,

I remain your servant and friend,

U. HEUREUX



THE NAVAL ACADEMY—NEW AND OLD

By D. Allen Willey

THE ring of the hammer and the rasp of the saw, as they echo across the parade ground where our Farraguts, Deweys, Sampsons and Schleys are turned out, seems sacrilegious to the white-haired men who have been associated with the Naval Academy, in some instances, nearly a half century. The residents of the ancient city have the same feeling, as they see the venerable buildings rapidly being turned into piles of brick, mortar and firewood, to be replaced by elaborate and pretentious structures.

Annapolis and the Naval Academy are so closely associated as to be almost inseparable. Take away the

school, and you deprive the city of one of its landmarks and mainsprings of nourishment. A large portion of the population depends upon the pocket money of the cadets, and the pay of the officers, so freely dispensed in the town shops, for to-day, in spite of the progress of the world outside, Annapolis is but little changed from a century ago, and to one entering its stores comes the idea that he is in a shop of the Colonial period, where his ancestor, in knee breeches and wig, exchanged his shilling piece, or, possibly, guinea, for the pouch of tobacco, or waistcoat of the London fashions.

But, aside from their financial inter-

est in the Naval Academy, the city folk have a strong feeling of sentiment for the venerable old buildings and the really beautiful grounds, which lie on the banks of the Severn, although they are surrounded by an extremely prosaic and ugly brick wall. For years, the society people have mingled with the officers of the Academy, bidding each one a hearty welcome, as he entered upon his duties, and giving him God-speed, as he departed to perform some duty assigned him from Washington.

The "soldiers" of the Academy have always been included on the calling lists of the most exclusive of the city madames, and no entertainment, of which a lady of quality was the hostess, was complete without more or less guests in uniform. The same hospitality has been extended to the senior cadets, and many a man who treads his quarter-deck on the Atlantic and Pacific can look back with pleasure to the reception, or other social function, where he made his debut into the society of the gentler sex. This association has resulted in the formation of many a romantic attachment, which resulted in something far more serious, and not a few officers are bound to the old city by ties of relationship, indeed dear to them.

The grounds surrounding the Academy and picturesque cemetery have been a favorite resort for the civilians, as well as the men in uniform. Nurses with their charges have gathered under the trees in the cool of the morning, and its shaded walks, with branches here and there, have formed promenades for many a staid citizen. In fact, the people of Annapolis have come to believe that the Naval Academy is a part and parcel of the city. Hence the feeling that is aroused over any change, such as is now being brought about.

And this change will be a sweeping one, for when the buildings, as planned, are completed, the Academy, as known to the present naval regime, will be a thing of the past. But two or three of the buildings which stood when Cervera was a captive within its borders, will be left standing. Some of these have been in existence over fifty years. Among them is Buchanan Row, named after one of the original examining board of officers and the famous commander of that name. It has been used for the quarters of the division instructors of the academy, and consists of a row of three-story buildings, with high hip roofs. All about the row are marks of antiquity, and the arrangement of the rooms and interior decorations in dark colors, the steep and narrow staircases, and windows lined by miniature glass panes, attract the attention of even the casual observer. This is also true of Goldsborough and Stribling Rows, both named after superintendents of the Academy in former days. But they were built to stay, and could be used for a century longer, even as many of the dwellings in the city proper, although several of the latter have been inhabited 125 years.

In the early days of the institution, the government was much more economical in its appropriations than at present. For instance, none of the old buildings cost more than \$20,000, while the bill for erecting several of the largest within the grounds did not exceed \$10,000 apiece. The new hospital to be erected, alone, will cost \$40,000, while the chemistry building will cost nearly \$200,000. In fact, the government will pay more for one of the new buildings, separately, than what all of the old ones, together, originally cost.

The "midshipmen's barrack" is another of the landmarks which will soon exist only in history. Prior to the late

war, the cadets were termed midshipmen, following the naval custom abroad. After 1870, however, the title of cadet became more popular, and has finally been accepted as an official term. The building referred to was constructed to accommodate about 200. Under the same roof were the boilers for steam-heating, and the kitchen, while a portion of one of the wings

the features of academy life. Then it was used for chemical work, but of late has been turned into a sort of storage house. Around the interior of the dome, which consists largely of glass windows, was built an elevated walk, which has formed the loitering-place of many a cadet, who, as he gazed out upon the Severn, and, beyond this, across the waters of the Chesapeake,

THE FAMOUS CAIRN MONUMENT



was at times used for a stable. The main portion, built in circular form, is surmounted by a circular dome. It is evident that architectural design was not considered in its construction, and it has puzzled many a visitor to select a word which would define its shape.

Upon the completion of the three-story building which has been used for barracks for the last ten years, the old quarters were first converted into a hall for the hops, which form one of

formed plans for his future. This was a favorite place for the cadets to take their friends, as it commands a view of many miles around the country, as well as a bird's-eye view of the academy grounds. In the midshipmen's hall, some of the most famous naval commanders obtained their first lessons in tactics. Commodore Philip, Captain Clarke, of the Oregon, and Captain Coghlan, of the Raleigh, were some of the students who daily

marched into its recitation rooms, and there acquired the instruction which did so much to aid in the victories of the late war.

After Hobson's exploit at Santiago, the quarters which he occupied as

The "Constellation"



assistant instructor, in Stribling Row, were pointed out to the hundreds who daily visited the academy. Many were the stories told of his hermit habits; also the fondness of Admiral Sampson, when a cadet, for playing lawn tennis, and Admiral Dewey's fastidiousness in dress. But while the naval instructor occupied officers' quarters, Dewey and Sampson were compelled to mess with the ordinary cadets, be-

General view of the Academy



ginning their life on the school-ship, "Santee," which is still moored to the wharf of the academy. Another landmark, which will be a thing of the past, is Strawberry Hill. This was purchased by the government after the

original site was selected, and, until it became a portion of the government property, was noted for the size and abundance of its strawberries. The fruit on its summit was the objective point of many a midnight raid by the cadets, under cover of the darkness. It is really a slight rise in the ground, and can scarcely be called a hill. Probably the monuments and many of the trophies, which are to be seen around the grounds, will be removed, in order to make room for the buildings to be erected.

The first monument ever erected to an American sailor, who died in battle, stands within the academy limits. It was originally placed in the Washing-

The Old Midshipmen's Barracks



ton Naval Yard in 1809. It consists of a marble shaft, erected to the memory of Captain Richard Somers and Lieutenants James Caldwell, James Decatur, Henry Wadsworth, Joseph Israel and John S. Dorsey, heroes in the war with Tripoli, who died in the conflicts of 1804. When the British forces captured the city of Washington, early in the present century, the monument was disfigured to a certain extent by their soldiers, and two of the names almost obliterated. It was removed to Annapolis from Washington in 1860, and occupies a prominent position near the parade ground.

Commander Herndon, of the navy, who lost his life in endeavoring to save

the passengers of the wrecked steamship, Central America, also has a monument to his memory. Messrs. Pillsbury and Shubrick, midshipmen, who died in action in the battle of Vera Cruz, are remembered by a marble shaft. One of the finest designs, however, is a marble cross surmounting a cairn in the Naval cemetery. This is in memory of those who perished in the Jeannette expedition, in search of the North Pole.

Recently several guns from Spanish warships have been added to the curios of ordnance distributed in various portions of the grounds. With their plain steel tubes, they form a strange contrast to the elaborately decorated bronze and brass cannon, captured by the navy in the Mexican War, in the War of 1812, and in conflicts with the buccaneers. Fully fifty of the old Rodman guns, with their huge 16-inch muzzles, are scattered here and there.

When the Government bought the property directly west of the academy grounds, as originally laid out, the cadets dubbed it "Oklahoma." This ground was decided upon as quarters for the officers, and here all of the residences of the instructors, with the exception of the superintendent, will be built. The superintendent's house is a modern dwelling in every respect, decidedly in contrast to the venerable three-story building where Admiral Cervera and his staff were quartered. The latter is also being included in the ruin, and already the porch, on which the famous Spanish officer was so fond of enjoying his siesta after dinner, has been torn to pieces.

By filling in the shallow part of the river to the south of the academy grounds, enough space has been secured for a new parade ground, which will be utilized in the future. Within

a minute's walk of the parade will be the armory, also the new quarters for the cadets. The armory itself will be 100 by 490 feet in size, and will cost about \$325,000. It will be large enough to allow battalion drill and other maneuvers under cover in rainy weather. The new cadet barracks will comprise a building four stories high, with quarters for at least 500. This will be connected with the armory by a covered way.

Near these buildings will be the general workshop for the mechanical department, which will cost \$60,000, and be 200 by 65 feet in size. It will contain the dynamo outfit and the fire pumps; also a carpenter shop and repair shop, with offices for the foreman. These will be the first structures to be erected, and will be followed by a department for the steam-engineering division, although the latter will use the present building for the next two years. What is to be known as an academic building and library, which will contain reference books, drawings and models, and may be called a naval museum, has been planned, at a cost of nearly \$1,500,000. It is expected to construct also a new chapel, which will be a memorial to the crew of the "Maine."

As an evidence of the way things were condensed in the old days at the academy, the "fire department," the leader of the band, and the government storehouse were all under one roof. That was the time, however, when the attendance at the academy was less than 10 per cent of the present membership, and five officers constituted the faculty. To-day, the officers and their families form a very respectable portion of the population of Annapolis, while the average number of students ranges from 480 to 500.

THE NIGHT GATEMAN

By James Raymond Perry



A WN was streaking the east when Jos. Northman, the night gateman, started to go home.

He stumbled once as he stepped across the tracks, and Stebbins, the day gateman, shook his head as he watched

him walk away. "Joe looks bad," he said to himself, as he sucked at his short pipe. "He orter lay off a day or two, an' get braced up."

Then a puffing in the distance caught Stebbins' ear, and he stepped out of the little gate-house and lowered the gates to let a train pass. One or two milk-wagons were the only vehicles in sight when Stebbins looked up and down the street after raising the gates behind the departing train.

Meanwhile Northman walked towards home, stumbling every now and then like a drunken man. The truth was, the gateman was almost too sleepy to walk. His face was pale, and showed traces of exhaustion. It wore, too, a look of worry and grief.

Northman shivered as he walked along; and it was not due altogether to the chill in the early morning air, nor yet the exhausted state of the man. It had its cause in mental as well as in physical ills.

"'Twas a bad dream!" he muttered, as he stumbled along. And then he repeated, "'Twas a bad dream!"

He had turned west from the boulevard, and now, in place of the substantial residences that lined that thoroughfare, he was surrounded by shabby tenement houses.

On the boulevard and near it, the air had been fresh and good, but here it was foul with bad odors; and the sun, now visible above the distant housetops, was dimmed with the smoke of the surrounding factories.

Northman stumbled along over the uneven sidewalks, penetrating deeper and deeper into the domain of poverty, and at last paused before the door of one of the tenements. It was a little better than some of its neighbors, though poor indeed. Entering the foul smelling hallway he groped his way up two flights of stairs. Opening a door at the top of the last flight he stood within a poorly furnished room. It faced east, and the sunlight was struggling in through sooty panes and a smoky atmosphere outside. As Northman entered, a sallow faced woman came out from an inner chamber.

"How is she, Jane?" he asked.

"About the same; worse, if anything," said the woman, with a discouraged note in her voice. Her eyes looked dull and sleepy.

Northman said nothing but stepped into the other room. On a bed in there lay a sick woman. She turned her restless eyes on him. "Oh Joe, I'm glad you've come," she said. "Jennie's been up all night and must have some rest. You can tend me now."

"Yes, Nan," he said gently. He didn't feel as sleepy as he had. The

woman was his wife, and he loved her. Moreover, he feared he must lose her. He didn't believe she could get well. He was almost certain she couldn't, though the doctor had said she might. So now, when he felt that she wanted and needed him, the desire to sleep, that before had almost mastered him, passed away.

"She's worse," Northman thought as he gazed at her, and he gulped down something in his throat.

The woman he had called Jane came to the door and said, "Come get your breakfast, Joe," and Northman rose and went into the next room. He felt little appetite and ate but sparingly.

"You must lie down and go to sleep, Jane," he had said, and she had gone into a third room, even tinier than either of the others and was soon asleep.

Brief as his meal was, he had not finished before a faint voice from the sick room called and he went in. His wife's face was distorted with pain, and he hastened to give the remedies the doctor had prescribed.

In a few minutes the spasm passed, and the woman in her relief smiled faintly. "Oh, Joe, it seems so good, when the pain leaves," she said.

"Has Jennie gone to sleep?" she asked.

"Yes," answered her husband.

"Poor girl! she didn't sleep all night," said the sick woman. Jennie was a younger sister of Mrs. Northman. After the latter grew so sick she had come to take care of her nights, while Northman was on duty.

Again a spasm of pain seized the woman, and her face grew distorted once more. But it passed as before, and when it had gone she gazed wistfully at her husband.

"Poor Joe!" she said, and then, reading something in his face she had not

noticed before, she asked, "What is it, Joe? What has happened?"

"Nothing, Nan," he answered, seeking to save her from worry.

"Yes there has, Joe. I can tell," she said. "What is it?"

Northman hesitated a moment and then said, "Nan, I had a bad dream last night."

"A dream! Oh Joe. Did you fall asleep on duty?" she asked reproachfully.

"Yes Nan," he answered in a low voice.

A spasm seized her and she writhed in pain. He gave her the remedies and when the pain had passed she asked, "Does any one know it?"

"No," he said.

"What was the dream, Joe?" she asked.

"I don't believe I was asleep more than two minutes," he said, seeking to defend himself. "I was so sleepy, it seemed as if I couldn't keep awake, but I fought against the feeling and fought. At last it got the best of me, and I dozed for just a minute. I swear I don't believe 'twas more than a minute. And 'twas in those sixty seconds that I had the dream."

"I dreamed I was on duty and that I was fighting against sleep. I dreamed I fell asleep and then all of a sudden I wakened in my dream. A horrible sight met me. I was in the little gate-house, and looked out through the window onto the crossing. My ears were filled with the sound of a coming train and I could see the head-light of an engine. It was almost on the crossing when I saw it. The light dazzled me."

Northman paused and shivered a little. His wife looked at him with wide eyes. She saw that sweat had gathered on his forehead.

"A carriage was coming up the street," he continued. "It was a fine

carriage and jhauled by splendid horses. The driver was hurrying up the horses. The buildings hid the train from him, but he looked as if he heard it coming. He seemed to think he could get across though. Of course he thought he could get across, for the gates were up."

Again Northman paused. The beads on his brow had grown larger. The dream must indeed have been a vivid one. He went on, but his voice was husky. He had forgotten his wife was ill. She too, seemed to have forgotten. She said nothing, but kept her eyes fixed on his face.

"The horses had got across and the carriage was on the track when the engine struck it. A moment before it struck I saw by the electric light a woman's face at the carriage window. Oh, Nan, she was beautiful, and so young! She'd been to a party or the opera or somewhere, an' had just a gauzy little white something on her head, an' a white cloak wrapped around her. I know the faces of the men and women that drive up and down the boulevard, Nan, an' I never'd seen this one before; but I should know it anywhere, if I ever saw it awake. There was an older woman in the carriage with her; an' when the engine struck I heard an awful scream, an' then—"

Northman stopped and covered his eyes with his hand. The sick woman gazed at him like one fascinated, and still remained silent.

"An' then I saw," resumed Northman, huskily, "that girl lying on the ground beside the tracks, dead. Her beautiful face was as white as her cloak. She never moved. The other woman was lying on the ground, too, but she wasn't dead. She would try to get up, and would fall back again, an' then writhe there in pain. There was blood on her face.

"I stood in the little gate-house through it all, gazing out at the dead girl and the dying woman. I knew I was a murderer—the same as a murderer—and my first thought was to fly. But people came running to the spot, an' I saw some of them point to the raised gates, and then look towards the gate-house. I didn't dare go out. 'They will kill me if I do,' I thought. 'They will hang me to the gates!' So I stayed in the little house, crouching back in the darkest corner, trembling like a frightened dog.

"While I crouched there, a face came close up to the window and looked in. The eyes looked straight at me, Nan, an' they were the saddest, most reproachful eyes you ever saw. An' there was pity in them, too, Nan. You know the picture in the church, Nan—the picture of the blessed Savior! It was like that. The face was like that, Nan. As I gazed it melted away an' changed, an' in place of it I saw Stebbins. He was laughing. Then I woke up.

"The dream was so real that I looked out to see the smashed carriage, an' the dead girl, an' wounded woman; but there was nothing there. There was no carriage in sight, nor any train. Everything was just as it was when I dropped asleep. I went outside an' stood there by the gate an' shook like a leaf. My knees knocked together, an' I should have fallen if I hadn't taken hold of the gate crank. Nan, the dream was awful, an' when I found it was nothing but a dream I felt so good that I pretty near cried."

Northman stopped, and his wife opened her lips. "Poor Joe!" she started to say, but a spasm caught her, and the words died away unuttered.

"I oughtn't to have told her," Northman said to himself, regretfully, as he watched her writhing form and pain distorted face.

But the spasm passed, as had its predecessors, and in the relief that followed the woman smiled faintly.

"Never mind the dream, Joe," she said. "Be thankful it was only a dream, and don't worry about it."

It was almost four o'clock when Jane appeared, and Northman went to lie down on the couch she had vacated. "Don't let me sleep after five," was his parting injunction to Jane. "I must get to the crossing by six sharp. Stebbins won't like it if I'm not there on time."

Then he laid down, and in a moment was sound asleep. Jane looked in and saw him lying there just as he had thrown himself down. He seemed to have been too tired to even get into a comfortable position, but lay sprawled out on top of the couch.

"Joe looks all tired out," she said to her sister when she returned to the sick room. "I ought to have got up sooner and let him get more sleep. He ought to have called me."

"Poor Joe! he's all worn out working nights an' watching day times," said the sick woman. "I wish he could stay away from work a few nights an' get rested. He ought to. Did he tell you he fell asleep on duty last night?"

"No," Jane answered.

"He did, an' he had an awful bad dream. 'Twas about a carriage getting struck by an engine while the gates were up. He dreamed two women got killed."

"I 'spose he'd lose his job if they knew he went to sleep on duty. I told him to-day he ought to lay off an' get rested. But he said he couldn't. He said they wouldn't keep the place for him. They'd hire another man, an' he'd be out of a job."

"I don't know what we'd do if he lost his job," she continued. "I believe Joe'd kill himself. He was out of work six months last year, an' I

thought he'd go crazy. Sometimes I felt as if I sh'd go crazy myself. It's awful not to have any work. Joe'd go out day after day to look for it an' come home every night discouraged. I could always tell by the look on his face that he hadn't found work. He didn't have to tell me. Sometimes when he went away mornings he'd feel so blue and discouraged that I was actually afraid he'd go an' jump into the river. After a while I got to making him promise each morning that he'd come back that night, anyway. I wouldn't let him go away till he'd promise."

"Then one night he came home and said he'd got a job. Oh Jennie! You don't know how thankful I was."

The sick woman did not say all this without being interrupted more than once by the seizures of pain. Probably Jane had heard most, if not all of what she had told before; but the knowledge that Northman had fallen asleep at his post and the dread that he might lose the position that he had waited so long to get had started the sick woman to talking about it.

From a factory near by came the sound of the 5 o'clock whistle, and Jane went in to waken Northman. She had difficulty in rousing him, so exhausted with sleep was he; but at last she got him up.

He ate his supper hastily. When he left his wife was in the midst of a spasm, but he had to go. He didn't dare be late. Stebbins might report him and then he would lose his job. He took with him the picture of Nan's agonized face.

It was a few minutes past 6 when Northman reached the little gatehouse. Stebbins was waiting for him in the doorway. He looked at Northman, but said nothing about his being late.

Then Stebbins picked up his dinner

pail and slowly made his way off into that smoky west wherein dwell so many of the poor.

Northman lighted his pipe and sat down on the bench at the front of the gate-house. It was March, but the weather was mild, and he found it pleasanter sitting out there than in the cramped quarters inside. An engine pulling a long freight train came puffing along from the west and Northman let down the gates over the crossing. The engine halted at the next crossing and the long train rested across the boulevard.

The evening tide of travel southward from the city had not yet ceased, and a good many teams and numerous bicycle riders collected at the crossing. Finally the train started up with a jerk and a rattle, and the loaded freight cars slowly rumbled over the crossing towards the east.

Presently the travel from the city almost ceased. There was a short lull, and then a lesser tide set the other way. There were the carriages of people going to the theatres and other places of amusement.

The air grew chillier as the evening advanced, and Northman went inside the gate-house where it was warmer. He re-filled his pipe and began to smoke again.

As long as there was something to do the gateman had not felt sleepy, but now, in the calm and silence, drowsiness seized him. Suddenly the thought of his dream the night before recurred to him in all its vividness, and he was wide awake in an instant. The thought of again falling asleep on duty filled him with horror, and for half an hour the fear of it kept him from feeling sleepy. But nature's needs are too imperative to be denied, and at length drowsiness again stole upon him while he was thinking of the dream. He started up now, thorough-

ly alarmed, and went outside into the cool air. It revived him, and he walked back and forth in front of the little house for some time.

But after a time even the coolness lost its power upon him, and he felt the insidious foe stealing upon him once more. He continued to walk back and forth, however, hoping that if he kept moving the sleepiness would depart. Down the tracks the red, white and blue lights all blurred and seemed to flow together and then went out in blackness. The heavy lids had fallen over his eyes and shut out everything; but in an instant they flew open again and the lights were all there, each in its proper place.

He had been sitting inside the gate-house for a little while, but now came out and began walking back and forth once more. He felt his eyelids drooping and walked faster. Then he began to run, but his steps were tottering, and he straightened up. He began pinching his arm fiercely and then his face. For a little it staved off the terrible torpor, but it returned again. He bent over, almost falling headlong as he did so, and scraped up a little loose gravel from the street. This he ground together hard between his palms and then rubbed it harshly against his brow. Once in his agony he muttered "Oh God!" Once he laughed, hoarsely, harshly; and a moment after his eyes were wet with self pitying tears.

He thought now, so far as he could think at all, that he must succumb. He could not hold out against so merciless a foe. Still he fought a little longer. He pressed his nails into his flesh, and tugged feebly at locks of his hair, trying to inflict pain enough to keep him awake. But it was in vain. He staggered up against the side of the gate-house, clutched vaguely and with unseeing eyes, at the walls thereof, and

then with a long sigh fell in a heap in the shadow of the little structure and lay there motionless, locked in soundest sleep.

Whether he laid there an hour or not more than five minutes Northman could never tell. He awakened suddenly, with the clang, clang of a brazen bell sounding in his ears. And at that moment he saw a team moving towards the crossing; a sumptuous carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid horses. On the box the coachman sat erect in fine livery. All this he could see, and all in a flash as it were, by the light of the arc lamp that stood near the gate-house.

At the same instant, and in the same white radiance, he saw the face of a lovely girl at the carriage window. On her head was something gauzy white, and her shoulders were covered with a cloak of ermine. At her side was a darker form, but dimly visible in the shadow beyond her. Northman had never seen the girl's face before, save once—and then in a dream. It was the face of the girl he had dreamed of seeing the night before, first at the carriage window, and then white in death on the ground by the tracks. And here came the yellow light and the clanging bell of the monster that was to complete the dream. So far everything was just as it had appeared in his dream—horses, carriage, coachman, fair, girlish face and all, down to the minutest detail.

But there it ended. At the instant that Northman looked, the coachman drew rein and the horses stopped. The gates were down. Across the street swung the red danger signal, and beside the crank that raised and lowered the gates stood a man.

Northman gazed stupefied, motionless and speechless. The train—an engine and one black windowed passenger car—rushed by, the clanging

bell growing fainter and fainter as it swept away. The man by the crank bent to his task, the gate with its red signal rose in the air, and the carriage with the beautiful face at the window rolled southward on the boulevard, and was lost to view.

In Northman's ears a familiar voice, that nevertheless sounded strange to the night watchman, was saying: "Lucky I got here just as I did, Northman. That team might have been hurt if the gates had been up."

It was Stebbins.

And then the day gateman told Northman how the look on the latter's face when he came to work that night had haunted him—the look of worry and grief, and above all, the unmistakable traces of physical weariness; he could not sleep, and at last had risen and come to the crossing, fearing exhaustion might overcome the night gateman. He had reached there just in time to lower the gates for the passing train.

"And now go home," said Stebbins, "and get some sleep. You need it bad enough. You needn't come back till the usual time. And Northman, don't worry about losing your job. The Company never'll know anything about this from me. I've got a heart in me, man."

And so Northman, trembling, and with heart full of gratitude, went to his home at that unusual hour; and as he entered Jane met him and motioned for silence.

"She's asleep," she said. "She hasn't had the pain since eight o'clock last night, and has slept like a child. She'll be better when she wakes up."

Then the night gateman laid down on the couch and slept for four hours undisturbed. And when he awakened, what Jane had foretold was true. His wife was better.

IN THE LAND OF UPSIDE DOWN

BY
WINTHROP PACKARD



"If you please" said Trollie to Billy Reed one day; "I want you to get me a Bumblepuppy." Trollie had grown up with the Trolls to be sure

but she was much like other girls for all that, and she had a way of wanting things. Billy looked at her in surprise—it always surprises you—and said:

"Why, certainly: would you like a spitz or a terrier?"

Trollie stamped her foot at this and Billy was obliged to confess that he did not know what a Bumblepuppy was. Trollie did not know either, and that was why she wanted one. It was a year or two after the adventure in the Castle of Enchantment and both were tired of just living and were wishing for things to happen.

"If you don't know what a Bumblepuppy is why don't you go and ask Hoohoo, he knows everything?" said Trollie petulantly, and blew round a corner with a gust of east wind. Hoohoo was the hermit of the village of Wishtown. He lived over at the Place of Echoes and just because he sat in his cave all day and thought and thought he knew almost everything. He would have known everything if it had not been for his violin. Always when he had thought up to the very last think he was seized with so strong a desire to play the violin that he had

to stop thinking and begin to fiddle. This was a great disappointment to him, for his fiddling drove away not only ideas but everything else as we shall see.

Billy started immediately. He was too fond of Trollie to wish to have any differences between them.

At the Place of Echoes Billy stopped and called loudly; "Hoohoo, Hoohoo."

Immediately the rocks and the wood took up the sound and multiplied it till it seemed to come from everywhere. The cliff opened and from a cubby-hole of a cave came Hoohoo, with a head like a marrow squash and his violin under his arm. He looked about him and rubbed his eyes.

"Where are they all gone?" he asked.

"Who gone?" asked Billy in return.

"Why, the whole village" said Hoohoo; "I'm sure I heard them calling."

"It was only me" said Billy.

"Oh, indeed!" said the wise man; "Seems to me you make a good deal of noise for one small boy."

"If you please" said Billy, just as Trollie had; "I want a Bumblepuppy."

"Do you take me for a Christmas tree?" asked the wise man; "there are no Bumblepuppys suspended from me. If you want one why do you not go where they live?"

"And where is that, please?" asked Billy hastily, for Hoohoo was already strumming the strings of his violin.

"In the Land of Upside Down," said Hoohoo, lifting his bow.

"How do you get there?" asked Billy in a great hurry for fear the wise man had thought his last think. Hoohoo gave a stroke of the bow and the violin whooped a wild and anguished whoop that echoed back and forth into a Wagner overture. Then he turned his head just long enough to say "Gate of the Water Babies" and fell to fiddling like mad.

Immediately everything started in fright at the dreadful sounds. The birds flew away and the rabbits and small animals of the wood ran for dear life and even the rocks and trees started up and fled up the mountain side. But Billy was wise. He clapped his hands.

"Oh," he cried: "what lovely music!"

The hermit actually stopped fiddling and smiled until the marrow squash looked like a Jack-o-lantern. "Yes," he said, "I like it myself. If you are going to the Land of Upside Down you had better take this with you. They will like to hear it there."

He handed the violin to Billy, who took it politely, glad that the dreadful noise was stopped.

"Thank you" he said. "It makes lovely music. And where is the gate of the Water Babies?"

The hermit smiled at this second compliment. "Here is my Bridge Cane, too. Perhaps you can use that."

"I am ever so much obliged" said Billy; "but where is the gate of the Water Babies?"

The hermit was suddenly in a great rage. "Stop asking foolish questions" he shouted, and snatching off his hat he hurled it at Billy, who ran for home as fast as he could. He never noticed till he got there that the hat had caught on the crook of the Bridge Cane and hung there still.

"Did you get the Bumblepuppy?" asked Trollie.

"No" said Billy, "but I've got a lot

of things. The hermit threw things at me." He showed the violin, the Bridge Cane and the hat. Trollie barely looked at them and she did not look pleased.

Billy was vexed. "He says," he continued, "that Bumblepuppies grow in the Land of Upside Down and that you get there by the gate of the Water Babies."

"That is well," said Trollie with sudden interest.

"You mean that is good" replied Billy with sarcastic politeness.

"No I don't," said Trollie, "I mean that is well, our well!"

"Wh—what?" stammered Billy, and stopped to think.

"Yes," replied Trollie, "I mean that our well is the gate of the Water Babies. My Troll grandmother told me so. Hurry up, let's go through it." And away they went, violin, cane, hat and all.

As they leaned over the old well in the garden they saw the sky of the Land of Upside Down and the heads of the people who live there peering up.

"I see the Water Babies" said Trollie. As she waved her hand the Water Babies looked up from the patch of blue sky and beckoned to them. It was the work of a moment to get aboard the bucket which hung at the end of the well sweep.

"Are you ready?" said Billy.

"Ready" cried Trollie.

"Let her go," said Billy; and away they went. There was a great splash, a roaring in their ears and then they were being drawn out of the other end of the well each at the end of a stout line with a hook firmly fastened in their collars. Then they were sitting on the grass in the land of Upside Down, dripping and rubbing their eyes. The Water Babies were dancing about them, gleefully shouting.



"You got 'em, Auntie, didn't you? You got two of them."

Auntie was a tall, prim Old Maid and she looked at Billy and Trollie doubtfully. "Are you compliments?" she asked.

Trollie looked at her bedraggled and dripping clothes. "No" she said with a sigh, "I guess we're regrets, I feel so."

The Old Maid sighed heavily and began to arrange her rod and line again. "It does seem as if I never would catch one," she said. One of the Water Babies spoke to Trollie.

"She fishes for compliments all the time" she said, "but she always catches something else. She doesn't seem to have any luck."

"Perhaps the trouble is with the bait," ventured Billy mildly but Trollie winked a warning eye at him and he changed the subject. Billy had hung on to Hoohoo's outfit through all and the hot

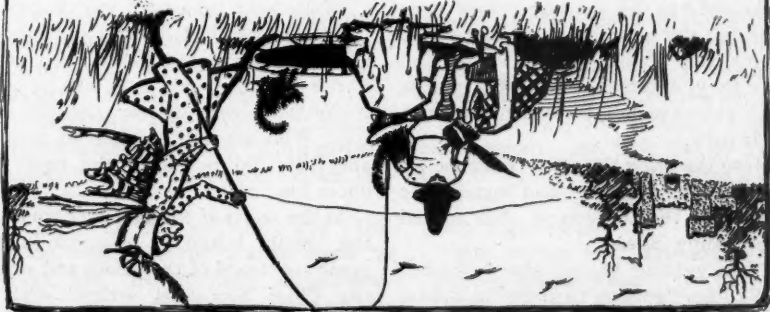
sun of the land of Upside Down soon dried them out clothes and all. The funny part of it was that the land of Upside Down seemed no different from the land of Upside Up. There were grass and trees and mountains in the distance, and as they listened they thought they heard barking.

"There" said Trollie joyfully, "is my Bumblepuppy. Let's hurry and get him."

"How do you know it is the Bumblepuppy?" asked Billy. "Perhaps it is just plain dog."

But the Old Maid had dropped her fishing tackle and was very busy staring at them. She was so busy that her face was working. As for the Water Babies, their eyes were as large and round as saucers.

"Did you say" asked the Old Maid excitedly, "that you had come to get the Bumblepuppy?"



"Certainly" replied Trollie, and immediately her eyes opened wide, for the Old Maid was fleeing down the road with long strides, shouting at the top of her voice. "They have come, the Deliverers have come!" and the Water Babies were bowing before them with a great show of reverence.

By-and-bye a great retinue of people came with a coach and outriders and elderly men with wise gray beards bowed before them and invited them to enter it, so politely and with such show of reverence that they could not refuse.

"They seem to be very polite people" said Trollie to Billy in a low voice, "and perhaps they are taking us to the Bumblepuppy."

They were.

The man with the grayest and longest beard spoke to them.

"O Deliverers," he said, "we have waited long for you. It is written in the Book of Deeds that two should come asking for the Bumblepuppy. Two who should deliver the Land of Upside Down and make it once more the Land of Upside Up. Feasts and merriment are prepared for you and on the second day you shall work our deliverance."

"What do you suppose it all means?" asked Trollie.

"I'm sure I don't know" said Billy, "but it sounds easy."

By-and-bye the carriage rolled over a bridge and later into a spacious city, which was Topsy Turvy Town, and here they entered a beautiful palace with young people strewing flowers in their path.

Here they saw the Old Maid being admired and made much of because she had found the Deliverers. She looked very happy indeed.

"I'm getting them," she whispered to Trollie, "getting them by the dozen, and I don't have to fish for them

either. I'm your friend for life." And the Old Maid danced away, blowing kisses to them and as pleased as a child.

The king of the land of Upside Down greeted them pleasantly and they were shown to spacious apartments where many attendants waited on them. With feasting and merriment the first day passed very pleasantly. At nightfall Trollie, weary with the day's delights, retired to her apartments, but Billy strolled alone in the palace gardens and listened with vague uneasiness to the distant barking of a dog—was it the Bumblepuppy?—a barking that sounded fierce now, and somehow very large.

The streets of Topsy Turvy Town were deserted at dusk and all gates heavily barred. He did not like this and there was an unpleasant foreboding in the air which he took to bed with him. In the night he heard shouts in the street and the sound of some one running for dear life. Then there was a scampering of soft padded feet that overtook the others, a cry of dismay, and a swallow—a very big swallow, and then silence. Twice in the night he heard this and he did not sleep much.

Rising early in the morning, he strolled out into the antechamber and saw the King in consultation with the chief of police.

"How many?" he was asking.

"Two, your majesty," was the reply.

The King sighed heavily and turned away. "Two more loyal subjects gone to the dog," he said. "It will be well if the Deliverers deliver, but who can tell? Who can tell?" Again he sighed, and Billy did not have the heart to cheer him up.

As the hours of the morning went by the people began to assemble in the great courtyard of the palace and when the Chief Secretary arrived with a brown parchment scroll it was noon.

Again as Billy and Trollie appeared the people hailed them as deliverers and Trollie clapped her hands at all this and thought it lovely.

"Just think" she said, "In a little while I shall get the Bumblepuppy."

Billy shivered. "Y-e-s" he said, "if he does not get us. But we've got to read the parchment first."

"Oh, that's easy," replied Trollie confidently.

Just then there appeared upon the platform where they were seated before the vast assemblage the Chief Secretary bearing the parchment, preceded by two pages beautifully dressed and followed by two stout, fierce looking men who were constables. The parchment was placed on a stand in front of Billy while the whole audience stood up and sang:

"When they shall have read from the parchment brown
And accepted the Bumblepup
The land that was formerly upside down
Shall be latterly upside up."

Then they sat down and waited for Billy to read, in breathless silence. Billy was silent and breathless too, for the words in the parchment, if they were words, meant nothing to him.

"Read!" commanded the King, and his voice was stern. Billy nudged Trollie with his elbow.

"What does it say?" he whispered.

"Indeed I don't know" replied Trollie.

"Excuse me" said Billy to the Secretary, "but I think you are holding it upside down." The Secretary looked at the King. "This is subterfuge, your Majesty," he said severely.

"Certainly" said Billy; "And Subterfuge is a dead language. How can you expect a live boy to read a dead language?"

Down in the audience the Old Maid was making frantic signs to Billy, but he did not understand. The King looked very serious and the

people stood up and sang another verse.

"Whether the page be upside down
Or whether it's upside up,
Who fails to read from the manuscript brown
Shall be fed to the Bumblepup."

"Shall be fed to the Bumblepup,"

They chanted again, solemnly, in unison.

Do you hear that?" whispered Billy to Trollie.

"Yes" said Trollie, who did not understand its full meaning.

"I wish they would not sing at us like that. It is setting a bad example. First thing we know we'll not be well bred."

"No," said Billy, uneasily. "We—we'll be dog bread." But the joke was too grim for even Billy to laugh at.

The Secretary reversed the parchment and the people became silent.

"Read," commanded the king.

Billy stared hard at the parchment. The Old Maid was still making frantic signs to him, waving her hand and pointing to the top of her head; but Billy could not make out what she meant, nor could he read a word of the parchment.

"Why do you not read?" thundered the king; and the constables stepped threateningly forward.

"Why," said Billy, "we can't just now. We er—the fact is we went to a night school and we can't read in the daytime."

It was a pretty poor excuse, but it was all he could think of at the time.

There was an angry snarl from the people; the king gave a gesture of command and the constables each laid a hand on Billy and Trollie and turned them round. As they did so Trollie caught sight of the Old Maid's signs and, just like a girl, knew what she meant right away.

"Put on the hat," she said to Billy; "Put on Hoohoo's hat."

Billy did so, and immediately he

knew that if he could see the parchment he could read it, for the hat was Hoo-hoo's thinking cap. But his back was to the parchment now, and the constable would not let him turn round. Besides, what he saw in front made him forget all else. There was an arched way leading to a great iron door. As they looked this door swung open, and with loud roars and barks a huge dog rushed out, came a little way, stopped and swallowed. The dog was as large as an ox, and Billy recognized the swallow immediately. It was the same he had heard the night before, and he knew it was big enough to take him in at one gulp. As for Trollie she screamed with terror, and she had good reason to.

The constables and the king had disappeared, and the people had all gone quickly to places of safety, where they chanted very solemnly:

"Shall be fed to the Bumblepup."

"This is the Bumblepuppy!" said Trollie, with a gasp.

"I expect it is," said Billy, and, like a little man, refrained from saying many more things that might have been said.

The great dog licked his chops, roared, swallowed once more, and came toward them. Billy knew that his last hour had come, and he took Trollie by the hand and shut his eyes. Just then he heard the hat brim whisper in his ear:

"Fiddle, hurry up, fiddle," it said.

Billy took the fiddle from where it hung over his shoulder, put it beneath his chin and drew the bow across it in a wild, rasping howl. A groan went up from all the people, and the Bumblepuppy stopped right in the middle of a swallow and gasped. Billy fiddled away desperately, and the people put their hands over their ears and shut themselves up in the houses.

Then the platform chairs shivered and began to gallop away, bumping against the Bumblepuppy as they went, and the rail and flooring got up and whacked him as they rushed to get away from the dreadful sounds of Hoo-hoo's fiddle. Then Billy and Trollie found themselves on the bare ground while everything that could move was rushing away from them as fast as it could, and everything whacking the Bumblepuppy as it went by.

"Come," said Trollie. "It's time to run."

Out of the court and down the street they ran, straight toward the gate of the Water Babies. As soon as the violin stopped, other things stopped too; and the Bumblepuppy, very mad now with the thumping he had got, started after them. And now to their dismay they found that the bridge across the river had been fiddled away, and they were stopped on the brink with the Bumblepuppy coming fast toward them.

"Fiddle!" cried Trollie. "Fiddle!"

Billy fiddled, but all it did was to make the river run faster, for everything moveable had already gone on. The Bumblepuppy with open jaws was very near now.

Trollie threw her arms about Billy Reed's neck. "I'm so sorry I wanted a Bumblepuppy," she said; "I didn't know he would carry on like this. We are lost," she cried. "Oh, fly! fly!"

"Maybe we can," said Billy, ruefully.

"We'll be a couple of swallows in a minute."

Just then the hat brim whispered in his ear again. "Lay the cane on the bank," it said.

Billy put the Bridge Cane down, and immediately it became a bridge, stretching across the river, and they rushed across it in safety, though so near was the Bumblepuppy that when

they reached the bank he was half way across

"Pull it in," whispered the hat brim. Billy pulled at the bridge, and immediately it shrank to a cane again and tipped the Bumblepuppy off in the middle of the swift current.

"Come on," cried Trollie; he'll swim for us." And sure enough he did. When they reached the gate of the Water Babies he was close upon them again.

"Take my hand," said Trollie. "Shut your eyes and jump."

"One," she counted. Billy took her hand. The Bumblepuppy howled and put on an extra spurt.

"Two," said Trollie; and they closed their eyes. The Bumblepuppy was very near, with his eyes flaring and his swallow working.

"Three," said Trollie, and they jumped, jumped just in time, for the Bumblepuppy's mouth opened extra wide, and he swallowed—the well curb, just as they went down.

And the next thing they knew people were fishing them out of the well in their own back yard. About all Wishtown was there, and Billy's mother was much excited.

"I saw you fall in," she said; "and I was dreadfully afraid you'd drown. I cried for help and waited for you to come up."

"Waited the two days?" asked Billy.

"Two days!" said his mother. "Two hddlesticks! I don't suppose it was two minutes. If it had been you'd be drowned. Go into the house and get some dry clothes on."

From which it would seem that either Billy's mother was mistaken or, else things happen very quickly in the Land of Upside Down.

As they turned the corner behind the lilac bush Trollie laid her head on Billy Reed's shoulder. "You have been very kind to me," she said, "and very patient, and I'll never be petulant and want Bumblepuppies again."

And we all know how much she meant it and how long she would keep the promise.

But Billy did not answer, at least not in words; for it seemed as if the bush screened them and there was no need. Billy's mother, however, could see through a lilac bush.

"Well, well," she said, "the children are growing up, growing up fast. And why not? We've got a nice house for a wedding."

And no one knew or cared that down in the Land of Upside Down, which will now, perhaps, never be the Land of Upside Up, the Bumblepuppy was dead of acute indigestion, caused by swallowing a very large, angular and splintery well curb.



THE COLORADOS AND THEIR CHINAMEN



THE FIGHT FOR PARANAQUE

By Peter Mac Queen, M. A.

JULY 15, 1899.

I AM still alive, though July 10th I went into a fearful bushwhacking battle at Paranaque, five miles from Manila. You will be surprised that after four months' hard fighting and an immense loss of money, together with 500 or 600 Americans and 900 or 1000 Filipino lives, we have still got the

insurgents within five miles of the Governor General's palace. But so it is.

There is a great deal of jealousy among the American officers, so that the generals do not always co-operate with one another. On the whole, the army has a much higher class of men in it than we usually suppose. Especially is this true with the volunteers. The average soldier is well educated and is a humane and high-minded man.

CRITICISING THE PRESS CENSORSHIP

General Otis is much criticized here by Americans of all classes. In the first place, he is both civil and military governor of the Philippines. No man living could do the work of the two offices. He is never on the battle-field or in sight of it and yet he directs all

—Although wounded twice, Mr. MacQueen has remained at the front, and will soon start on an expedition to the interior of the Islands.



the movements of all the generals. Then the press censorship is very strict. No telegram is allowed to go to any paper, however true it may be, unless it reflects favorably on the conduct of affairs here. As a matter of fact, while many things like the quartermaster's department and the commissary are managed splendidly, many of the strategic moves are hopelessly blundered by the orders given by a man who knows little of the field of war. Personally, General Otis is a nice fatherly man, and I have gotten along with him first rate.

Gen. Lawton should be in command, as we all expected. He is an old experienced Indian fighter and knows how to fight.

I am beginning to think the Filipino generals are no mean hand at a fight. And even as I write, I hear of fifty-eight Americans wounded and twelve killed in a scrap a day or two ago at the Zapote River, six miles from Manila on the way to Cavite.

They say that General Luna was assassinated a few days ago, but I am not sure that he is. The American papers here have a great many fake stories in them about the insurgents, all reflecting on the character of the latter; but I have always found the Filipinos easy to get along with.

A CLOSE ESTIMATE OF THE FILIPINOS

Stories of their atrocities upon our American soldiers are nearly all base and baseless. They have many chances to act cruelly when they do not. When we capture a town we usually all rush to the wells and water-jars, our thirst is so great, and we have emptied our canteens. There is always a fine supply of pure, good water in wells and in earthen jars. I myself have drank gallons of this pure beverage. Yet in no case have the Filipinos tampered with the water, when by poisoning it

they could have slain whole regiments.

They have wonderful trenches; sometimes a mile long, dug so that they can protect the men in them from attack on any side. Often have I seen our boys charge up against those entrenchments and take them, and then use them for a defense for themselves. This they did at Calumpit.

General Hale led the Nebraska, Iowa and South Dakota Regiments up to within fifty feet of a terribly strong trench which had a deep canal in front of it. Our men shot so fast that the rebels could not get their heads above the trenches, so they stuck their rifles up in the air and fired. Our men lost, but not nearly so heavily as they would have done, had the Filipinos taken aim. While this was going on General Hale, —who is a little man about my size—waded the canal up to his neck and led his men across, so they drove the enemy back, coming to an almost hand-to-hand fight in the trenches and the streets.

General Hale was colonel of the Colorado Regiment, but was made a General for gallant conduct at the siege of Manila. Next to Lawton he is regarded as the ablest general we have here.

But I was going to tell you about my experience in the taking of Paranaque. This town lies in sight of the Luneta Drive, which is the Boston Common of Manila. It lies on Manila Bay, between Manila and Cavite.

Our troops hold Cavite and the shore towards Manila as far as a little village called San Rogue, and then they hold the bay from Manila down two or three miles to where they have a long line of trenches—then comes Paranaque, you will see it on the new map which I sent this time.

The insurgents have enormous trenches thirty feet thick, built up between two frames of bamboo lattice work, be-

tween our line and the town of Parnaque. The navy has shelled the town again and again with little or no result.

The Filipinos hold the shore line (or at least did up till June 11th). If any Americans came near that point of the shore the Filipinos would grab them as prisoners, in fact, on the 30th, while we were decorating the graves of the soldiers on Battery Knoll, we heard the "Monadnock" shelling Paranaque, and

rugged crags and mountain ravines; a high land, without water springs, where in peaceful days flocks have grazed and mountaineers have roamed.

I went to San Pedro Macati the night before the expedition started. That was Friday, June 9th. There is a picturesque old church upon a hill a little back from the river; and up to this place came the regiment after marching all day long.

On the road out from Manila you

THE INSURGENTS READY FOR A CHARGE



afterwards found that two Americans from the hospital ship "Relief" had been blown by contrary winds to the hostile shore and there in sight of comrades and the American navy, had been taken prisoners.

Lawton determined to take this place and assembled an army of 6,000 or 7,000 men at San Pedro Macati, five or six miles up the Pasig river, so he could march back into the wild country behind the town; a land of uplands and

would pass the slow teams of caraboo bulls; or officers in Khaki uniforms.

WAR IN THE SHADOWS OF THE CHURCH

On our way we lingered a moment to look on the ruins of the Paco church, destroyed February 5th. Then beyond are the green meadows—green graves likewise. Upon a hill is the English Cemetery, a quaint and quiet resting place; but the dust and turmoil of much traffic of man and

beast is on our face to-day, and we must hurry to the rendezvous; for it is a storm centre and we want to watch the lightning. The birds sang an evening "Angelus" in the grey and grass covered walls of old Macati church. Out on a knoll among the rice-ridges I found the Colorados—the only volunteers in the expedition. This has been a volunteers' war thus far, and I am at home among them, having known them longer than the Regulars. They made us welcome; my chum and I. The chum is a Peter Dutkewich from Warsaw, Poland, making stereoscopic views of the war. As we want pictures and excitement we follow Lawton and Wheaton.

I heard the orders given, "Call the cooks at three o'clock; reveille at four; start at dawn." So the camp-fires were built among the fields.

The insects chirped; birds were silver toned in the last tropic twilight. The ring-dove cooed, and the fire-fly flashed a gaudy, gauzy wing—for they do not study war, these wise ones.

CAMPAIGNING DURING THE RAINY SEASON

But while men slept with no tents the rain poured down heavy and wetting for an hour. The men only laughed, for in the gentle air of these favored isles rain, however it may dampen, seldom chills one. Then again, the lust of war was in our blood, and we knew to-morrow would show us the terrible beauty of skilled and legal murder.

Before ruddy, rosy-fingered Dawn blushed over the hills we passed out of the shadow of the church and in seeing of the benediction from the Blessed Christ in the chapel. So out to war and past the blessed Christ who taught us to love one another. Along Pasig river; then up past ruined Gualupe; over the hill, brushing down

the dew as we went, till we came to a high ridge where the white tents of the Twelfth Infantry kept watch and ward over the sleepy fields. A long procession of men, miles long, a file of ruthless steel, a wall of iron and will, a boiling stream of human lava, came over the ridge and went across the face of the ground like the wrath of God.

Then you look seven miles away over these ridges to Paranaque, hidden in woods, yet revealing the white steeple of a church, and pointing a finger—not to you and me—but to the skies, and to the Infinite Justice throned there.

But watch or you will lose sight of this wild grandeur. Away to your left you will see the hollow made in the landscape by the Laguna de Bay, and far off, covered with mist like tears, the great hills lift their heads serene—untouched of change whether Spain walks the broad avenue of Empire, or America or England play their brief part in the drama of evolution.

A kind of soothing rap-tap-tap, tickety-tick-tick comes to your ears, and somebody looks two miles off among the ranges and the ridges. "They are using black powder," he says. I expected this, for I knew by confidential advices that the Filipinos were manufacturing their own powder at Lipa, in Batangas Province, out of the sulphur from the volcano of Taal.

This tapping is not hard or unpleasant. If this is death, you say, it is an easy death, some such quiet feeling as a man has who has taken laughing gas. He knows something tragic is going on; but he does not care nor bother about it.

At last as we look over the land we see long files of brown men stalking knee deep in long grass. Some one says "that looks like the Colorados." No. The Colorados are away a mile

BATTERY KNOLL ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1899



and a half making those rapid tick-tacks which are so soothing. This is the Thirteenth Infantry and the Fourteenth are near by. All these men must be out looking for rabbits. It's a good country for game. They would not hurt anybody. I'm quite sure of that; for last night one of them gave me a cup of coffee and then went back a hundred yards in spite of my protests to get me a spoonful of sugar. Another of them wanted me to take his blanket while he slept out in the rain. I'm glad I did not take it now, for the poor fellow had only just recovered from a long fever. His sweetheart had said to me the day before: "If you see Matt out there among those brutes, don't let him die like a dog. Promise to stand by him till he gets help." I promised; but Matt was two miles away with the heroic Colorados.

A big vase seemed to burst at my feet. But it was not a vase, it was

Lieutenant Scott's first shot from the Sixteenth Artillery at the first line of insurgent defense. He hit close to them and exploded some shells right over them. But sly Pio del Pilar was too old a rat to be caught in a cheese-trap like that. You could see his men vamoose over the hill and no cannon could shoot away a hill. Not yet, Pilar, whether you are a traitor or a patriot, shall Yankee hands be laid on you!

We are standing under a tree, which, from its shape, the boys have christened the T tree. It is on the topmost ridge and commands the prospect of the field of fight and flight. But we want to hear those tick-tacks a little closer. So we follow a trail down the hillside and into a valley. Tick-tacks over in these wolds: Aha! The Fourteenth Infantry must be tacking up proclamations of the peace commissioners. What did you say about peace? Did

you notice those "rookies" or new men duck; did you hear an angry bee buzz past your ear? Well, then listen and look out. You may not be an inch from death.

"Let's go with the artillery" says Dutkewich. "You wait with the guns and I'll just look over this ridge."

As I went into the rough land, I was surprised to see a man uncoiling a wire. He must be out surveying the land for a farm. Wrong again. He is the signal corps man. His wire does not measure, but conveys thoughts. It runs from Lawton's headquarters to those of Otis. It took a curt message to-day.

Otis is fussy; sends word to Lawton about something. He thinks so and so, and like a school-girl wants to talk it over. Lawton can't be reached. Again and again Otis tries to reach the Indian Exterminator. At last he gets this out to him: "Where is Lawton?" The grizzly fighter sends back in reply: "At the front firing line with his men, where he ought to be."

The signal corps are brave. To-day they got ahead of their body guard and were almost bagged by Pilar's men.

Anon, Major Sergeant Penrose of the staff goes over a hill to a grassy field. Here he establishes a temporary hospital. No sooner is this done than the enemy fires into the hospital. We who are unarmed get behind the ammunition boxes and "Suave qui pent" is in order. Forty riflemen come up and fight the trees and fields for two hours and a half. But thick and fast flow events. Here is a wounded man:

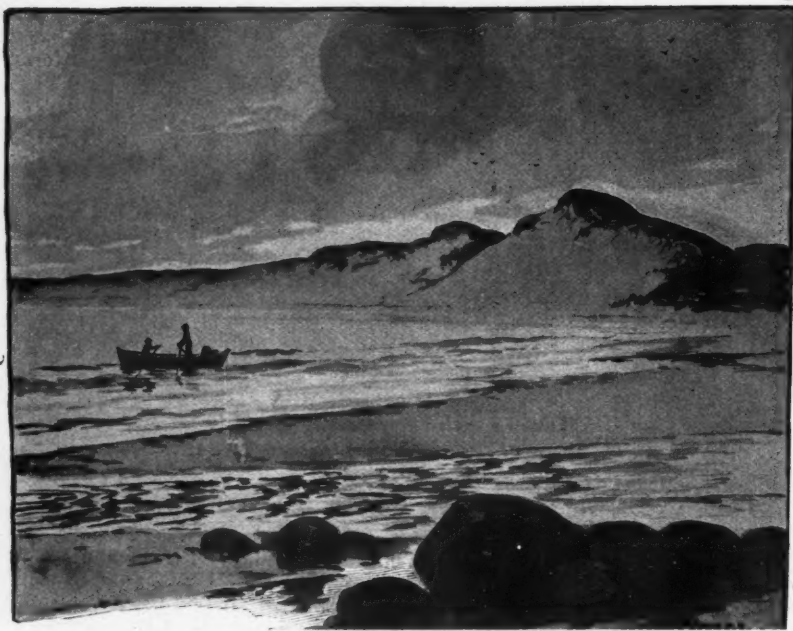
"Company K, wounded in right forearm, not serious."

DEATH ON A PHILIPPINE BATTLEFIELD

A hundred feet behind, the Chinese have a litter. They carry a silent form. I looked at the set features. A young boy of seventeen years. Ten minutes ago that was Healy—little Joe Healy, Company M, Thirteenth Regulars. Somebody in America to-day is a heap poorer because of the rich Philippines. Joe was terribly young. He had a surprised look of wonder on his face. What could Death have told him that surprised him so? Ask the Sphinx. Why did the tap-taps come out of the woods and cut his throat like that? Not much had happened to Joe. Only "shot in the neck fatally." Ah! Joe, what makes you lie so still, gazing intently up? You were not always serious: you were gay and sprightly Joe. On the "Luneta" I remember how we laughed when that Filipino flower-girl offered you two mangoes for a ringlet of your curly hair. Well, Joe, good-by, old man; maybe we will be as greatly surprised as you when the tap-taps come for us.

And now the tropic sun is getting up above our heads. The boys are young, and many are for the first time under fire. Under a tent cover in this long, hot grass are two men overcome by heat. A comrade watches by. This one is prostrated by the heat, and that one has fever coming on. I did not feel the heat that morning for some merciful reason, and having quite a good quantity of medicines and stimulants with me I felt glad to be there.





RHODE ISLAND TALK

By Anna Farquhar

PART II.



GAIN the three old-fashioned Rhode Islanders met on Farmer Conder's porch. Ol Peckham, the fisherman, wore high rubber boots, into which were stuffed his corduroys. His blue flannel shirt looked salty, owing to his having pulled in from the sea that morning through a sudden fog. A soft gray felt hat shaded his eyes and he carried a gun. Grandmother wore on her head a crocheted cap decorated with lavender ribbons instead of the sunbonnet, and she was busy

piecing a quilt for her latest grandchild. Jim Conder sat in his shirt sleeves with his feet on the window sill, working his jaws in a way strongly suggestive of tobacco. The Bob Whites were calling from every direction in reckless disregard of Ol's gun, of which they showed no fear at all until "the law was off in the fall o' the year."

Blue-black clouds, silver lined, cast their shadows in great dark patches upon the sunny green meadows, and above all the thick blue sky was serene.

"Pleasant day," remarked Ol, coming up on the porch and taking a low, rush-bottomed chair whose ancient, hard-wood frame was cheapened by a coat

The first part of these charming American Folke sketches was published in the August issue of "The National Magazine"

of red paint. "I was afeard this mornin' the weather were kickin' up somethin' for this full o' the moon, but the wind shifted to the no'therd as I come in from sea."

"Ketch anythin'?" asked Jim.

"Oh, 'bout a hundred weight o' black fish an' bass an' a good haul o' lobster. They be runnin' thicker'n common on this coast this season. When you goin' to sea 'th me, Mrs. Conder?"

"Me goin' to sea! Why Ol Peckham! You los' your senses? You know better'n that! Lan's been good 'nough fur me so fur an' I 'low it'll be thet way 'til I git my call. I ain't never stepped into a boat in all my born days, livin' right here in sight o' the ocean."

"Mud, she aint's darin'some if she be vi'lent han'some," remarked Jim,

winking at Ol and relieving his mouth at the same time.

"You'd ought to try it jus' fur the experiunce, Mrs. Conder. You'd ought to hear the sea robins sing an' see the sea gurls 'th yellar hair settin' on the rocks at the bottom along o' the fishes. It's a great sight." Ol returned Jim's wink and then continued:

"The curiousest thing though is the way all them big lobsters eats up the little ones in my pots an' cars. They jus' turn'in an' gobble up the members o' their own family like's not asme's folks does bizness. Ain't it cur'us? Folks don't know's much's they cal'late to 'bout fishes an' birds an' things. Jus' look at this bird's nest I picked up comin' along. Ain't it cur'us how them birds knows 'nough to twist horse hairs an' cotton plants an' straws an' things together? See there, Gran'mother," handing her the nest, "You can't beat that kind o' knittin', I bet, can you? Who do you s'pose learns 'em to make such han'some nests?"

"The Lord, I cal'late," replied Mrs. Conder, "Same's he learns the rest o' us. Birds ain't got no brains to speak of, but there be somethin' bigger'n more powerful'n us be tellin' 'em how an' learnin' them turkey chickens to hunt worms in the grass shortly after they's borned. It be vi'lent strange. An' folks be all so diffrent too! They ain't no two sim'lar, even men folks an' women folks ain't sim'lar in ec-tions. It beats all!"

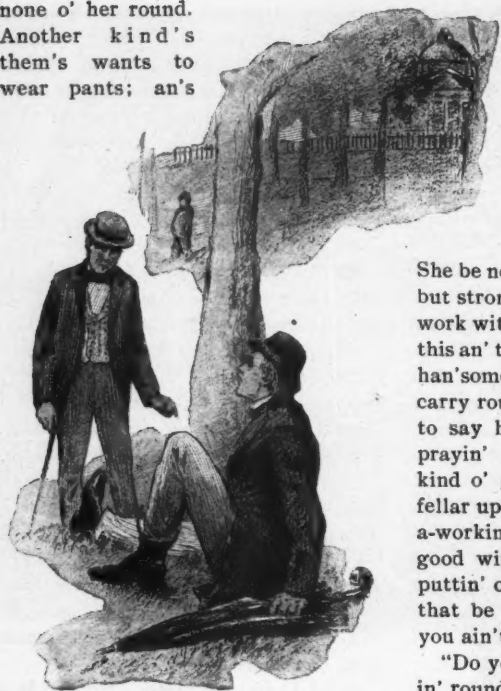
"No, but they's tryin' to be, hard," interposed Jim. "The women folks be puttin' on the pants, these days, but I ain't never seed a man's wus crazy to be wearin' skirts. Did you, Ol?"

"No, I never did an' ain't liable to," returned Ol, fanning himself with his hat. "Women folks be gettin' consid'able mixed up these days. I've heard the one kind named some kind o' vine, but if she be pisen ivry I don't want



"I jus' hung on to a strap nailed to the ceiling"

none o' her round.
Another kind's
them's wants to
wear pants; an's



"'Gosh,' says I, 'can't a fellar rest his bones nowhere in this blamed town?'"

fur me I aint mindin' the pants s' much's the way they bosses when they gits 'em on same's as a deck hand made a captain in a minute. I cal'late there be good an' bad in both classes, though."

Jim chuckled as he tilted back his chair, in order to elevate his boots further.

"I cal'late," he replied, "the real pint be, what's to become o' the men folks arter the women folks all puts on the pants o' the family an' goes to town meetin'? Somebody's got to stay to hum an' do chores, anyways, sure's you're alive. Fur my part I never see any women folks's could git pants to fit 'em. They're all too big fur 'em, and they hang baggy."

Jim laughed in a contagious way at

his own sally. Grandmother sniffed in her familiar manner, reproving her son with, "You do talk so reckless, Jim;" and Ol, with smiling eyes, replied:

"You give 'em one that time, Jim, square between the eyes; but there be one kind o' gurl all fellars likes.

She be not so vi'lent strong 's a man be, but strong enough to do her rightful work without everlastin' complainin' o' this an' that. She needn't be so vi'lent han'some, neither, but she's got to carry round the looks 's a fellar wants to say his prayers to her, if he be a prayin' person. She musn't be the kind o' good's can't laugh or cheer a fellar up a spell when he's 'bout busted a-workin' hard, but she mus' jus' be good without no talkin' 'bout it an' puttin' on airs bout it. 'Cordin' to me that be better 'n wearin' pants when you ain't borned to 'em."

"Do you find many o' that kind lay-in' round on the beach, Ol? They mus' be summer boarders only showin' their-selves once a year—scarce 's hen's teeth," said Jim, running after a spool of thread his mother dropped out of her lap.

"I've seed a few o' 'em in my length o' days, but they aint's plentiful's they might be fur certainty," returned Ol. "Fishes goes in schools, an' birds in flocks, but folks it don't seem's like goes in batches o' goodness 's they'd ought to. They'd ought to be more 'n one white lily in every garden jus' to show the others 'zactly what a real lily cal'lates to be."

Mrs. Conder spoke up with decision, nodding her head until the lavender ribbons on her cap fluttered like butterflies. "If every person does their bes', seems to me they can't do no more. Here's my Jim; some folks talks scandal 'bout him, an' there

wa'n't never a better man borned. He jus' kills folks 'th kindness. That's why he's named 'kindly Jim' by folks."

"Oh shucks, Mud! Hush you're foolishness. 'Tain't so at all. I ain't done nothin'. You've forgot they named me so 'cause o' the way I cured the Widdy Wailston. I al'ays did allow, though 's kindness were a great power. I'll give you a lesson fur nothin', Ol, if you ain't never heard o' my carin's on 'th the Widdy Hanner Wailston. Gui! 'twas 'nough to make a turnip holler! Don't you rec'lect the Widdy, Ol? She's dead an' gone now, but when she was livin' in the village she was too by-thunderin' cranky fur any good use. Havin' plenty o' means an' to spare, she hired a boy to do chores; an's sure's I be talkin' to you, she wore 'em all out the furst day they arriv. She'd er worked an ox to death an' complained o' the critter's laziness round all day. Well, she'd had more'n twenty boys in's many days, but I cal'lated to try her so's to earn my furst money, an' see somethin' o' city life. I was goin' on seventeen. I arriv to her house on tick at noon. She didn't look nor speak over favo'ble, but I had my own mind set same's a balky horse. She set me furst of all to tendin' some chores lef' over from the las' boy. I did 'em furst-rate in a hurry. Then I goes to the Widdy an' says: 'I be ready fur the nex' job.' She sent me flyin' two miles back up to borry a dress pattern. I went and come on the run—nearly bust the biler. 'Land sakes!' says the Widdy at sight o' me so soon. 'Been there an' back a-ready? You're a spry un!'

"'Got somethin' else fur me to do?' I asked her. 'I'm here to wait on you.'

"'Yes,' says she, 'go to the store an' bring back some molasses an' vinegar.'

"I done up that errand's spry's the other, then asked: 'Somethin' more you want done? I'm here to do it.'

"'Yes,' says she. 'Go to my cousin Jane's, up back by the cedar swamp, an' carry her some marmalade I've been a-puttin' up.' Off I goes, six miles there an' back, spry's ever—hoofin' it all the way. When I come back I done the evenin's chores, then come in the house an' says I to the Widdy: Mrs. Wailston, can't you think o' nothin' more to do? I be right ready to start.' She give me a kinder queer look a minute o' two, then says she: 'No, nothin' more 'til after supper. Hang up your hat an' set up to the table.'

"'After supper I went on a-killin' o' her, askin' if she couldn't think o' nothin' fur me to do. I was there to wait on her, fur nothin' else, 'til to git shet o' me she told me to go to bed. The nex' morning we set in again. I was certain sure I'd gained a pint a-ready; but that day she run me all o' forty miles, but I was a willin' horse. I'd a run my legs off a-killin' o' her 'th kindness. By night I was stiff-j'inted, but after chores an' supper says I: 'Mrs. Wailston, ain't you got nothin' fur me to do? I can't be jus' settin' 'round. I'm here to wait on you—fur nothin' else. I be right ready to start any minute.'

"She stopped dish-washin', looked real hard at me again, an' says she: 'Jim Conder, you do beat all I ever knowed. I didn't allow 's there was 's willin' a boy a livin'. I can't think o' nothin' more fur you to do. Set right down by the fire an' rest your bones.'

"'Oh,' says I, careless like, 'I didn't come fur to be settin' down all the time; I come to do your biddin'. Certain you can't think o' nothin' fur me to do? I'm ready to start.'

"'I kep' my face so straight the ole widdy never had no idear I was foxin', but she was 'bout tuckered to death o' my offerin' in them same words, an' says she: '

"Don't ask me no more, Jim. You be a vi'lent willin' boy, an' I'll make you a good home if you've a mind to stay. Jus' go to bed an' quit askin'."

"I be real glad I'm suitable," says I; 'but I'm here to wait on you—not to be settin' round. I'm willin' to start—'

"Go to bed," says she, real commandin' like, 'an' stop your jawin'."

"Them was the last hard words she ever spoke to me durin' the twelve months I lived along o' her. She treated me's good's pie; but 'twus along o' bein' killed 'th kindness."

"I'd a-liked to ha' saw the widdy at the end o' the second day. You al'ays had a gen'us that way. You'd ought to kill some o' them folks up to Boston the same way, Jim," said Ol, at the end of Jim's narration.

"Why? Be they the mean kind? I never was there," replied Jim, with interest in his eyes. "Don't they treat folks white up to Boston?"

"Oh, I cal'late they allow to, but its jus' their way. I was there jus' once's you know years back, an' I ain't liable to go again. I went to visit my cousin as lives in Sou' Boston, an' he cal'lated to do the right thing by me. In them days I wore boots same's yourn an' I bought a new pair fur style when I went visitin'. 'Twas the tarnationist hot July day I ever see when I started on my travels, cal'latin' to be gone a week or more.

"My cousin he met me at the depo an' allowed we'd begin sight-seein' right off. It was hotter'n an oven to begin on an' them boots was pinchin' my feet fit to kill. We took a horse car an' rode miles in sich dirt an' noise's I never seen before nor since over to a hill where there was a sort of high chimney 'th miles of stairs goin' up inside. Didn't my cousin walk me clean to the top o' them stairs so's I could see the scenery better! By Gui! wasn't I mad though before we got to

the top! One heel was blistered an' I raised a bunion that day I ain't got rid of yit. The worst o' Boston be there ain't no seats there. The folks ain't over soci'ble seems like."

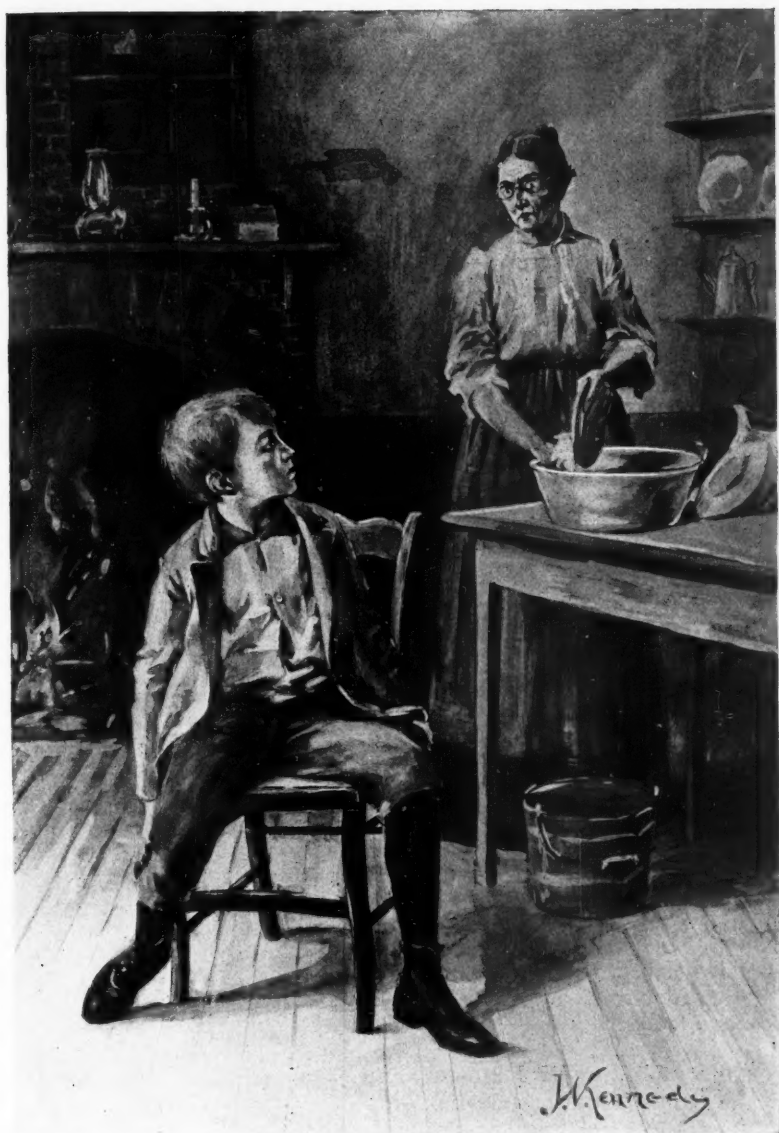
"From that Bunker Hill's they calls a little risin', my cousin he carried me to a ole church an' the bes' thing about it was the ocean an' boats a fellar could see out o' the steeple. We both jus' run our legs off that day an' how I did sweat! Phew! It makes me hot to think of it. I can't make you sensible o' it. After we'd et some dinner says I to my cousin, 'Say, ain't there no shade trees in Boston?"

"Plenty on the Common" says he. "Then lets make fur 'em right off" says I. So we took another horse car an' rid all round the airth again before we struck a big piece o' country right in the middle o' the town.. Them trees looked in'vitin' so I takes off my hat'n coat an' sets down on the grass under 'em.

"Git up Gl" says my cousin. "There comes a policeman. Don't you see that sign board? Keep off the grass it reads?" "Gosh" says I 'can't a fellar rest his bones nowheres in this blamed town?"

"There's camp-chairs to be let somewhere's 'round," says he, 'we'll go look fur 'em.' But, jus' like Boston, when you cal'late you've got some comfort, then you find it's all sold to other folks. Them chairs was all took when we arriv, so we allowed we'd worked enough fur one day, an' made tracks for Sou' Boston. By Gui! there wan't a seat to be had in that car we ketched! I jus' hung on to a strap nailed to the ceilin' somewhere, standin' on one foot to rest the other, then swappin' about same's a gander or a loon.

"When we come to my cousin's house I were 'bout to give up from sweatin' an' standin'. Gui! wa'n't I



"She looked real hard at me an' says she, 'Jim Conder, you do beat all.'"

some tuckered! 'Jus' let me take off them boots,' says I to him when first inside the door. An I took them off an' kept 'em off till I made a start fur hum the nex' mornin'. I wa'n't goin' to stay in no such place longer'n a day an' a night. My cousin he didn't like my leavin' so soon, but I says to him: 'Thank you, kindly, Albert, but I mus' git hum. The nex' time I come it'll be in the winter time, an' I'll bring a seat along o' me.'"

Ol mopped his brow at the remembrance.

"It mus' be jus' awful up to Boston an' New York," said grandmother. "They ain't no place for decunt folks to live. I never was there, an' I'm glad o' it."

"There's no place like hum,' the song says," replied Ol, taking up his gun with a motion of departure.

"Don't be'n a rush, Ol," said Kindly Jim. "There's seats an' to spare to my house al'ays, an' you ain't got no new boots on to-day."

"No; but these be 'bout's bad fur walkin'. I'm goin' clammin'. So long!"

And once more the three old-fashioned Rhode Island friends separated, each to his or her daily task. Their whole world lay fenced in by the domes and hillocks. Beyond these boundary lines life seemed to them something vague and undesirable. Having no ambition outside the limits of their vision, they found content in the pride of great possessions.

From several standpoints provincialism is to be envied the possessors, whether that attribute be found in the city or country. It promotes self-satisfaction.

IN THE FLAG OF THESE STATES A NEW STAR

By Frank Putnam

O'er the sorrowing isle, where of late swept the deadly tornado of battle,

Hope is sowing anew the gaunt fields that in Peace shall be glad and abundant;

From the graves of the martyrs ascends the unquenchable Spirit of Freedom.

Long, long was the night of her bondage, when the Spirit strove blind in the darkness;

But the dawn of her triumph drew near when my country arose to redeem her;

In the flag of these States a new star has been set by the sword and the cannon.

She has come to the house of her kin with the chains of her master upon her;

We have freed her and ground in the dust the pretensions of aliens despotic;

We shall wash the black blood from her wounds, we shall soothe and console and restore her.

She is heir to the wealth of the West, to its modern heroic traditions; To its limitless high aspirations, its toil and its ultimate glory;

She has come to the house of her kin—to her own—and shall never—more leave it!



"Enoch grabbed Abe by the coat collar, jerked him to his feet and sent him sprawling into a plum thicket hard by."—See page 641

IK MARVEL IN HIS "REVERIES" RETREAT

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

ONE rainy autumn day, some years ago, a boy exploring the dusty corners of the garret in an old farmhouse chanced upon a chest of books, and drawing one forth at random lay prone upon the floor to catch the faint rays of light filtering through the cobweb draped window. Outside, the sodden branches of the trees swayed sullenly to and fro, while the swallows crooned mournfully beneath the eaves.

Propped upon his elbows, the boy read on till the printed page became a blur, but in the reading a new vista of life had opened broad and fair before him and the impetus of the high ideal that grew upon him as he read still lingers with him as a tender memory. I was that boy, and the book—"Reveries of a Bachelor."

Again I read the book while the trees and rocks were swiftly flitting by the windows of an express train. I carried letters which would have admitted me to the author's presence, but of late

RESIDENCE OF DONALD G. MITCHELL, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



My dear Mr Chapple

Thank you for the Net's Mega.
in which I found many very pleasant
& interesting papers.

I wish you every success, but
am afraid I cannot give the per-
sonal help you suggest. Obedience
to the disabilities - with many
promises to my friends in fact -
which hamper me grievously.
Perhaps I may be able to find
you somewhere, but don't reckon
upon it with any certainty.

Yours truly

A personal letter from Ik Marvel

Yours truly
Donald G. Mitchell

his health has not been of the best and on the day I called he was suffering from an indisposition that prevented

his receiving me.

Donald G. Mitchell was born in 1822, and while still a young man achieved lasting literary fame. He was but twenty-nine when he gave to the world the "Reveries," following them the next year with "Dream Life." One of the pioneers of American literature, his career has been a notable one. On the inception of "Harper's Magazine," he was asked

IK MARVEL IN HIS "REVERIES" RETREAT

DONALD G. MITCHELL

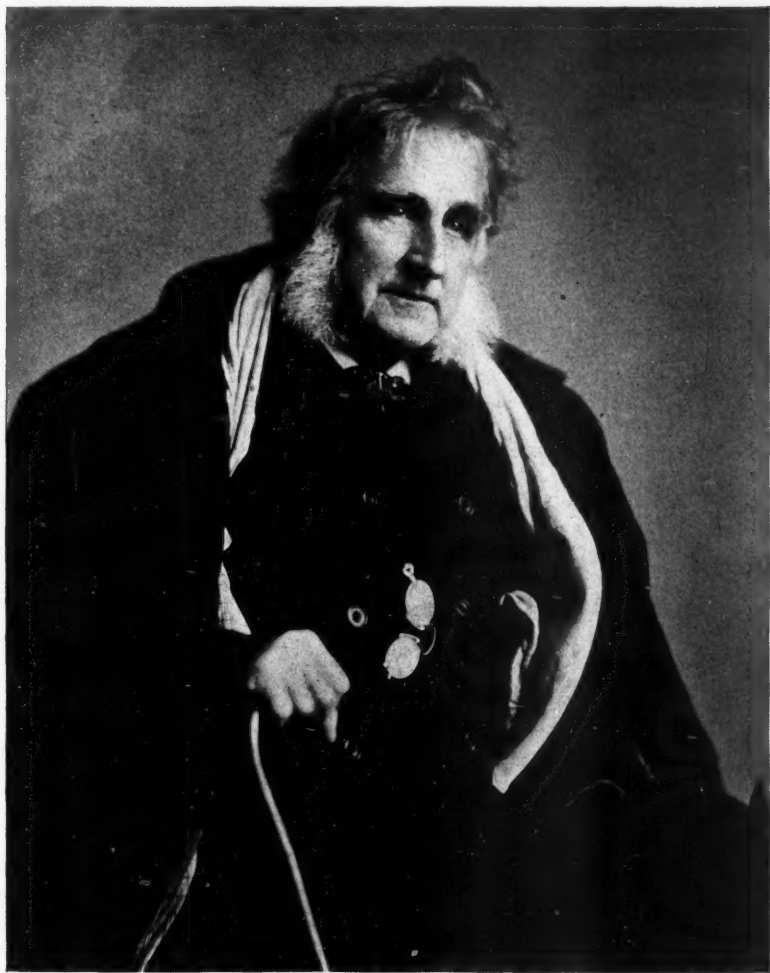


Photo by Phelps, New Haven

to assist, and the first three of the "Reveries" appeared in the early numbers. Mr. Mitchell is a vice-member of the Yale alumni.

His "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," with their tender touch upon the human heart, have brightened many a gloomy day in the sod shanties of the West, and penetrated to many lonely spots. It is not only

the charm of deftly-handled words that lies in his writings, but the pervading Christian spirit of it all, that are an inspiration and a lever for the uplifting of the soul.

Such men as Irving, Mitchell, and Holmes, have given American literature a distinctive soul touch, and have done much to counteract a tendency toward a hopeless agnosticism.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

By Ralph Bergengren



IN any public library there are some books that always retain much of the immaculate neatness with which they came from the hands of the book-maker, some that keep it quite to a degree suggesting an exclusiveness that admits no other acquaintance than the librarian and has kept its inner pages sacred even from him, and others that very soon show evidence of much traveling, not always in the most self respecting company. The more popular among the books of Robert G. Ingersoll are of this third division; it is unfortunate that it is almost needless to add that the more popular are not necessarily the best, and that the more serious are not necessarily those that have been most seriously taken.

There have been few men who have so labored for what they believed to be the good of the world whose direct influence ends so completely with their passing from it, and who have nevertheless left so marked an impression upon their own time. There are few men, if any, who, laboring to express a conception of life through the medium of words, have so curiously succeeded in expressing it better by the manner of their own living; who have stirred up such bitter personal hostility and then by the singular fineness of their own lives so lived down the result. It is this that Colonel Ingersoll accomplished.

Robert G. Ingersoll was born some sixty-six years ago, the son of a Congregational minister, himself of advanced views, from whom he inherited directly a taste for the power that comes of using words, and from whose life and trials he took, with almost equal directness, his life-long personal anger against the Christian religion and against its God. He was taken west with his family, studied law while yet under age, commanded a regiment of cavalry in the Civil war, was a candidate for political honors in his father's adopted state, came into national fame as an orator at the Cincinnati Convention of '76, became a lecturer and essayist against the Christian religion at the cost of his chances of any future political success, and died surrounded by a devoted family and personally respected by the great bulk of his opponents.

Mr. Ingersoll frankly attacked the church, not for the mere sake of battle, but because the church, the Christian religion as a whole, seemed to him directly responsible for a great portion of the bitterness of human life, because it seemed to him a human institution, begotten of the nature of man, and seized upon by the few as a means of elevating themselves at the expense of the many. He attacked God as the mortally manufactured head of this human institution, and as a being similar to man with some of the worst passions of man raised to infinity. It was not a difficult business, with the barbaric history of the Old Testament to pick and choose from and with God visualized as a very large man who had

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL



arranged for and commanded them; no more so, in fact, than to tell the story of the creation and ask the question that all men ask as children and have never yet been able to answer as phil-

osophers; who made God? But it was excellently startling as an idea to attract listeners. The bold listened with pleasure and the timid with fascination to a man who defied Infinite anger with

so unusual a command of eloquence, of wit, and of practical experience in making points before a jury; and the result given with the personal magnetism of the lecture platform or the fallacious authority of the printed page made men think who were unaccustomed to the process, and dismayed churchmen who lacked the knowledge that the simpler and most universal tenets of their faith had little need to fear investigation.

He angered cant and hypocrisy, he frightened self interest, and he often shocked sincere belief. In strenuously attacking what he believed to be false he attacked much that in his own time the majority of men came to agree tacitly was hardly worth the trouble of attack. To the doubt that was expressed concerning his own sincerity the blight which his opinions cast upon his political ambitions seems a ready and complete answer.

Colonel Ingersoll was particularly fitted to reach the generality of mankind. He had the power of personal magnetism, of logic, of wit and of eloquence; he knew the tricks of the orator and the methods of the trained lawyer and politician and he used them with the unconscious seeming effect of long practice. Being without fear he could bring to his subject not only logic but the more generally attractive arguments of ridicule and caricature; being profoundly personal in his sense of the brotherhood of man, he was equally personal in his scorn of the power that to his mind had brought so much unnecessary discord into the human family. He spoke of God as plainly as he might have spoken of George the Third, only with greater personal impunity.

It is a paradoxical fact that what seems most blameworthy in Mr. Ingersoll's writings rests, as upon a founda-

tion, upon that which has given them their value. If it had been possible for all men to read "The Gods," or even the "Mistakes of Moses," with an open mind and a real sense of proportion, the essays would have found small occasion for being written; the fact that so much larger a proportion of mankind can now so read them is an expression of religious mental growth that the author himself failed to recognize. It has been said that he devoted himself to thrashing straw men.

It has been said, also, that Mr. Ingersoll devoted himself to tearing down and gave nothing to replace the structure he demolished. The statement is true in so far as man is still below the best ideal of the Christian religion itself, and unable as yet to live for the happiness of making others happy. The end and aim of life, he said, is happiness; the only true happiness consists in making others happy. It is possible to construe this philosophy in various ways; it is possible, even, to make it seem to mean "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," and that it has been so translated by some small minds is also possible, for the books of Mr. Ingersoll went through hands that found pleasure in scribbling as fools, foolishly, upon their margins.

The man has gone, leaving behind him his written opinions and the memory of his daily life. And it would be possible to write to his real friends almost the same words that Mr. Ingersoll himself sent to the brother of Justice Field upon the occasion of the latter's death:

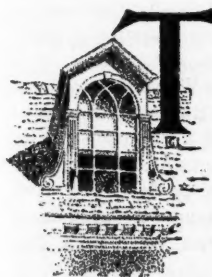
"There is some consolation. Your great brother heaped with usefulness the measure of his life. When his work was done, after the harvest, after the last sheaf had been gathered, he fell asleep. He is at rest and you are alone. My heart goes out to you."



By Peter Mac Queen, M. A.

(With photographs by the author.)

MANILA, July 5, 1899.



THE gunboats the Laguna de Bay, the Oeste and the Nampindan, did fine work under Captain Grant. Capt. Gale was put in charge of the city of Santa Cruz with his command of cavalry; and at six o'clock on the morning of the 11th Lawton set out to hunt up the fleeing Filipinos. Captain Grant, from his boat, reported that the natives were seen retreating toward the head of the bay.

Some of the reports of the subordinate commanders are good reading. One characteristic report is that of Major Figgins of the Idahos. He closes it with this entry: "Estimate of killed and wounded Filipinos: April 9th, killed, eight; wounded, none. April 10th, killed, thirty; wounded none." It seems from this data that the Idahos

were out to kill, and that everything they hit died. Captain Gale reported that all he needed was ammunition, which he ran out of, and he would have taken the town himself. One of the 14th Infantry boys reported to the reporters that he had been gored by a caribac bull as his regiment charged. He was, indeed, all torn and ripped. But he had self-command enough to take the bull by the hind foot and hold him till the rest of his squad got together and shot the animal. This is a better thing than taking the bull by the horns.

From Santa Cruz the Americans chased the enemy in the direction of Paganjan, a beautiful village nestled at the foot of the mountains which, at this northern end of Laguna de Bay, rise like a rim of bastions from the level face of the fields. The broad avenues, well macadamized, that we marched over, indicated prosperity; and the fine cocoanut groves that bordered our way and gave us grateful shade as we took a quick march among

GENERAL LAWTON AND STAFF



the song-birds and the dew. We had not gone more than a mile when the crackle—crackle—crackle of mausers told us that the day's work was on. At 7.15 the Fourteenth Infantry deployed into the palm-woods. Then the Idahos came up and deployed to the right; then the North Dakotas, and deployed to the left. A general advance was at once made, but it met with no further resistance. Paganjan was taken without a shot. In the centre of this fine town there is an old Spanish monument, from which the natives have taken the original inscriptions and put in inscriptions of their own; one of these is to "E. Aguinaldo, et Libertad." In this town there was an air of so much refinement and wealth that it seemed strange that such intelligent folk should run off before a civilized army as if it were the hosts of Timir.

One poor woman was left in the

town; but she was curled up in a clothes' basket. Lieutenant Hartman, of the Idahos, discovered her there; but the gallant officer from the silver state was so embarrassed that he was golden in his silence, and bowed sweetly, smiled and vanished, finding the situation more trying to him than to the poor half dead lady. Hens and chickens were in plenty. Dogs gave us but a cold welcome. The soldiers halted an hour or two. Some geese and hens fell under their conquering blades. But the town was policed and left in the same good state of preservation in which Lawton's army found it.

Major Weisenberger took six troops of infantry along the Lumban River, to effect a junction at its entrance with the gunboat Laguna de Bay. About two miles down the river the rebels again made a stand for a couple of hours, but were then dislodged.

A PASSING TOUCH OF HUMOR

The orders were very strict about looting; but the old Major said he thought he could construe them so as to let his men catch chickens and take mats from the houses to cover them from the dew. One brawny miner was hauling away a piece of carpet, and was thus found by General Lawton. Lawton took him up to Major Figgins. "What is the charge, General?" asked Figgins.

"I found this man looting," answered the General.

"All right, General," said Figgins, "leave him to me. I'll deal with him."

When Lawton went away the Major turned to his man, who was an Irishman: "You big galoot! why did you let the General catch you? Now off with you and get your carpet, and don't let me see you get caught again."

During the actions along the Lumban or Paganjan River the expeditions captured six rebel launches and two cascos. It was impossible to bring those out into the lake until dredges were used. The insurgents had put obstructions in the river and a bar had formed. While waiting for these bars to be removed, Major Weisenberger led the advance along the lake from Lumban to Longos. He met no resistance up to this point.

AN INTERRUPTED LUNCHEON

As the soldiers looked around them, they saw scenery which reminded some of California, some of Georgia, some of other fine mountain lands they had seen. The valleys and ravines were thickly overgrown with underbrush; but on high the palm tree lifted its dishevelled head like a woman in grief. Brooks burst out of the side of hills, at which the men filled their canteens and were refreshed. About noon the column halted to take lunch at Longos, a small town which straggles along the road, has good water and a fine old church. All the natives had left, and our boys were enjoying a quiet meal. All at once the bugles blew. The boys laid down their half-eaten meal, and got out in the road in battle array. One man in the Sixth Artillery loaned me his cap. It

was full of hot tea; and he did not want to have me throw it away, so he shouted to me as he unlimbered his gun: "You keep the tin, and bring it on. I've got to go." He was off immediately. The firing increased and lasted for two hours. I waited at the old church of Longos. At four o'clock a quiet little procession came, bearing three men, one shot seriously, two fatally.

The doctor came in and told them they would die in an hour. One looked at the other and smiled. "Well, it's all right; let us die bravely." They died at five o'clock. Chaplain Father McKennon of the First Californians, and Chaplain Stephenson of the First Idahos, did beautiful service for the men that day. They got them tea and food, or took their dying messages and prepared them for the last. At six o'clock a second procession came with three silent stretchers. All dead.

THE LADIES OF GENERAL LAWTON'S STAFF



They laid out on the church aisle at Longos five men, with strong, firm faces, under the dim altar light. The firing ceased. Father McKennon was kneeling at the sanctuary with a wounded man, now giving him nourishing draughts, now giving him consolation, now staunching his wounds. All quiet; all sacred. Out in the sky the Southern Cross shone brightly; in the dim aisle the face of the Virgin was suffused with tears.

What had happened was this: Major Weisenberger sent Major Fraine, of the North Dakotas, ahead to reconnoitre the road between Longos and Paete San Antonio. The battalion marched three-quarters of a mile in columns of four, with point two hundred yards in advance of column, point being followed by twenty sharpshooters at a distance of one hundred yards, and with sharpshooters out on the right flank in the jungle.

The country away from the road was an impenetrable jungle, and on the right rising at angles of about forty-five degrees were gullies and dry beds of watercourses. At half past three the point signalled back that the insurgents were seventy-five yards ahead, behind strong entrenchments. The sharpshooters were brought up and deployed. At that time a heavy fire from our right flank, extending the entire length of the command, was poured into us.

While this was going on Lieutenant Brooke of the staff arrived, and shortly afterwards Major Weisenberger with the Mountain Battery and the Washingtons. They took up a position in front of the entrenchment first noticed by our point. Lieutenant Brooke deserves great credit for the coolness with which he steadied the men with him. When that part of the line was receiving a terrific hail of lead, his courage and good nature and

calmness communicated itself to the men. Everybody did his duty well. After two hours' sharp fighting the entrenchment was passed, and the Americans went on and entered Paete at six o'clock. The conduct of the officers and men was exceptionally good on this occasion. Major Fraine said afterwards that no fear was shown; no orders misunderstood; and all worked well. He mentioned the conduct of Lieutenant Brooke, and also of Private John I. Wamples, Co. L, Idahos, and Thomas Slettland, of Co. C, who volunteered to take extremely dangerous positions where they could observe the enemy in their trenches.

The Laguna de Bay shelled the rebels and the Fourteenth Infantry and Sixth Artillery reinforced Major Fraine. Sergeant Charlton of the Washingtons was also wounded.

The expedition accomplished this: It captured six launches and two cascos; one hundred and twenty-five of the enemy were killed, thirty wounded, and forty taken prisoners. Sixty Chinamen who begged to be taken from Santa Cruz were brought to Manila. When we pulled out from Santa Cruz, amid the golden glory of mountain sunset, we saw the rebel fires on the hills, and discerned that the insurgents were back in the town. Yet we have learned much on this expedition; among other things the fine qualities of our soldiers.

PRE-EMPTING THE ENEMY'S QUARTERS

We take possession of a house and live in it like the oldest inhabitants. I have found the houses cool and comfortable. Everything is bamboo, bamboo network for walls, bamboo matwork for doors, bamboo for stairs. The bamboo tree not only graces the horizon for the Filipino, but helps him to comfort. Next to that comes the cocoa nut palm. Its fronds

make a roof for the dwelling, its fruit makes a delicious beverage or an edible meal. The rhind makes cups and spoons. The fine hard native woods are also used, but only enough to show how greatly useful they may become to civilization. Mahogany and a wood like our walnut are sometimes used for steps and doors and window sills.

The houses are all lifted on piles, the lower story being used for a kind of barn. Sometimes it is vacant entirely and just gives a nice ventilation up through the slats of the bamboo flooring.

Fighting General Funston, formerly colonel of the Kansans, had been leading Wheaton's old brigade at San Fernando for a week or two. He has had several severe skirmishes. Since Lawton came in from the hills the rebels are in strong force at San Fernando. Also south of Manila, only four miles from my lodgings at Paranaque, there are 6,000 rebels. So we have not made much progress yet. These men are determined soldiers and will leave their bodies strewn across the country in their audacious despair.

As I roam about the fields and towns and hills of Manila I am more and more enraptured with the glorious beauty of the scenery. Walking in dewy mornings or balmy afternoons, the land is drenched in color; the shadows caressing the still canals; the grassy fields, the sunny air with anthems in the trees and lanes;—the quiet quaintness of it; the wonder how these regions have remained so long unvisited. Manila is not so sordid as you read about, and many an American will return home with memory pictures he would fain detain.

MY OPINION OF THE SITUATION

I write again regarding conditions as I have found them in the Philippines, especially in the Island of Luzon, as I

have not visited the southern islands. In the first place, I am still convinced that the United States should hold the islands. I have followed the army in Lawton's expeditions to Laguna de Bay and to San Isidro; and Wheaton and Hale as they hewed their way through jungles, and waded neck-deep in mud from Malabon to Malolos, and from Malolos to San Fernando. I cannot but admire the audacious despair of the Filipinos as well as the wild valor of the Americans. The spectacle of a whole people, old and young, grey-beard and suckling child, leaving their homes, soaking the rice-fields with their blood, leaving their dead in winrows, fighting sixty fights without gaining one skirmish, and yet holding on like grim death to the lost cause—all that is manly in a man leaps out to honor such a sacrifice.

But, on the other hand, I can see nothing for the Filipinos under their own independent government but petty tyranny, bloodshed, theft, murder and anarchy—the old story of the Spanish republics. No government would give these people so good a regime as the American government; no nation would have fought them so generously, cared for their wounded, and buried their dead, as the Americans have done. Lawton set up a native mayor at Belinay. He was an autocrat in five minutes; walked about with high hat and swelled head, and put over his door, "El Capitan de la Pueba." No nation could put more pluck and enterprise into the islands—which are a veritable garden—than America. The Filipinos have an Eden. So had Adam; but he lost it because he could not cultivate it.

THE RELATIONS OF THE TRIBES

Luzon has several tribes. Those in the north are said to be manly, industrious, peaceful. This I can-

not vouch for, not yet. I found, however, that in Cavite province, and in the provinces of Manila, Bulacan, and Laguna de Bay, the cause of Aguinaldo is very strong. When we got over into the provinces of Nueva, Ecija and Pampanga, we found the Macabebes. These people say they are not Tagals; but I do not believe them. They were, however, more kindly disposed toward the Americans. At San Fernando and Arayat they brought us in old eggs and sold them for two prices, and in other ways showed their friendliness. Between Apalit and Santo Tomas on the railroad two weeks ago I found a young Filipino who had joined the American Hospital Corps, lying in a dying state, as if suffocating. I gave him some whisky and he died. There was a red ring round his neck, and his abdomen was so constricted by a band that breathing was hard. Major-Surgeon Shields said this would help strangulation. I saw some of our friends, the Macabebes, running into the woods as our party approached. I reported it to General MacArthur. My opinion is that the Macabebes killed him because he had on an American suit.

THE MARKS OF A NASCENT RACE

There are a great many renegades from the Filipinos who do one kind of work and another for the American authorities at Manila. I must freely say that they are an evil-looking set of men—those who come into our service. The best-looking Filipinos I have seen are the dead ones, and this is because only the best men would fight against such odds. The Spanish prisoners, also, who come into our camp with long stories about the cruelties of the Filipinos, I do not believe; because they are always well favored, and in some cases have tried to get back into the Filipino lines. I think some of them are fighting us.

Generalizations are, I think, mostly always at fault. Thus many people say the orientals are treacherous, disloyal and thievish—always have been, always will be. This is supposed to cut off all further argument. But this statement I venture to doubt. Only to-day a well educated Filipino said to me: "My race is weak in being treacherous; but we have been slaves for nearly 400 years. You must give us time to unlearn the deceit and craftiness of Spain." This is reasonable, it seems to me. They point to England, in India, and say that she has reached the climax of colonial perfection there; and yet every intelligent citizen there is said to be a rebel. That may be. I know it for a fact that England discourages the higher education of the Hindus. America is an altogether different proposition. If America holds these islands, she can and will give them free education of a very much higher sort than Holland or France or England give their distant dependencies.

Though the Filipinos of all tribes are partakers of the suspiciousness and treachery that belong to nascent races, yet these people here have many bright minds. If you will look in a new book on the Philippines by Lala, whose father I know here in Manila, you will see that he has given a better book on this subject than any American or English writer has done. An editor of the new book by the Hicks-Judd Publishing Company, which is to be entitled "Campaigning in the Philippines," told me he had a boy in his office, a bright youth, whom he thought to train to the shears and gluepot.

One day he hung up his coat and pistol and fell asleep in his office. When he awoke he found the pistol and his purse gone; and the boy likewise. When we marched up the Rio Grande

de la Pampanga to meet Lawton at Aryat, I fell in with a mountain boy at San Simon. He seemed the kind of boy I wanted for a Congregational minister. I was trying to get him into Manila to see if the Governor-General would not let me take him home when I return in September. When we traded with him for mangoes, however, I discovered that he was treating his would-be benefactor with intelligent appreciation, and was charging me twice as much as others. In Aryat I met a full blooded Pampangan boy whom I thought much of. He was fifteen years old, and had been in one of Aguinaldo's schools in Malolos, he said. He showed me his text book, which was in English, and read out of it to me in English, and then translated it into Spanish.

DISSENSIONS AMONG THE TRIBES

The tribes are not so angry at one another but what they have time to stop their quarrels and cut a white man's throat. Yet they look up to the white race; and just as a man can cow a wild beast by gazing into his eye unafraid, so they cannot bear the strong glance of the Caucasian. The Ygorrotes after the first fight have kept up in their beautiful hills. It is always more healthful among the hills in Luzon, and the hills were never more healthful for the natives than now. The Negritos among the Mariaveles mountains have not had time to stop pilfering long enough to hear the rattling of Dewey's guns or Lawton's rifles. The really beneficial citizens are the Chinese laborers. With almost no God and quite no conscience those sly, shrewd, industrious fellows are doing more to develop the Philippine islands than any other class of inhabitants to-day. They have stores, the best and cheapest in all the towns where I have been. They are build-

ers, carpenters, cabinet makers, coolies, and always have plenty of money.

The best market gardeners in Manila are the Chinese. The men who are uniformly well off are the Chinese. So certain is this that when we came with Lawton through the San Isidro expedition I heard the soldiers remarking on the beautiful wives of the Chinese who came to us for refuge. Upon fuller inquiry I found that these were Mestiza women and that they married Chinese because these are the best providers.

The Filipinos hate the Chinese, and when they get a chance, before leaving a town to the tender mercies of the Americans, quietly cut their throats. And in the Rio Grande, after Calumpit and Aryat we saw the corpses of the Chinese floating down for days at Santa Cruz and San Isidro and twenty other towns. The Chinese besought us to be taken along with the army.

The Chinese, who act as coolies in the army, have done excellent work. The first day of McArthur's advance to Malolos I saw on the Novaliches Road two out of four Chinese stretcher bearers fall wounded on their way to pick up a wounded American. They have worked hard and borne many things in this war. Already they are being victimized, for the contractor who hires them charges our government a great deal more than he pays the Chinese. I tried to hire a Chinaman through the government agent (a vile looking Filipino pitted with smallpox) and I afterwards hired the same man for two dollars a week less than the agent wanted.

The many Chinamen coming in from Hong Kong and the excellent quality of their work, together with its cheapness, will make the islands rather a poor place for white laboring men.

The Filipinos are great for driving hacks which they call "caramatos," "quily," etc. They do not do the hard

heavy work the Chinese do, but they are workers too, and husbandmen and merchants. Coming from Malolos I counted forty Filipino plows at work with the cariboa drawing them, turning over the furrows where dead men lie. The country gets greener and greener as the rains become more frequent.

The Filipino commissioners who come in suing for peace seem to me to be pretty clever men. I am doing some work for the Associated Press, and we interviewed the chairman of the last one. He said to us: "I am greatly impressed with your Declaration of Independence and the declaration of rights. They in every way coincide with what I believe. Does it not seem strange that we should have any quarrel with a nation built on them—we, who have so long fought the Spanish as you fought the English?"

I can see through the speciousness of this argument, and yet it has a glowing side. The questions at issue are so vastly different from those involved in our great struggle with England that comparisons won't hold water. Yet these points are raised by Americans here, and I have many times heard the soldiers say they wanted to quit fighting because it was against their principles. Many of the laboring men say there is no money in it for them and that the islands will be exploited by the rich, thus letting the rich grow richer.

In regard to our soldiers, regulars and volunteers, I have never seen a more intelligent and fair-minded class of men. Though thousands of young men at home want to come here, I can

state positively to you that the volunteers wish to go home. I have heard this in twenty camps. General Hale, speaking of the Nebraskas, said to me: "There was no braver, better soldier in the Philippines than Colonel Slotzenburg. The Nebraska regiment has done more fatiguing duty and suffered heavier losses than any other regiment here. No braver soldiers ever took the field."

It goes without saying that there is more or less jealousy in every army, but I can speak positively when I tell you that the whole army, as far as I can sound them, going about all over the commands, seem to wish General Lawton for their leader. Personally, I have the highest regard for all the generals: Wheaton, McArthur, Hale, Hall, Funston, Otis and Overshine; but I have watched them all arranging for battle, and according to all I have read of great generals, Lawton is the most ideal soldier of them all.

The policy of conciliation works fairly well. The commissioners are wise, judicious and moderate. Nevertheless, we must expect from time to time bad faith on the part of the Filipinos—lapses from right, square dealing—treachery and dissimulation—marks of a nascent race. Manila is becoming quite American. The drives are lightened by the gay and dainty dresses of our American ladies; the fine uniforms of the officers, and jolly brown faces of the American soldiers. There are some fine American civilians coming here to settle, and there is a bad class of adventurous chaps, who follow an army as birds of ill omen follow a battle field.

FARRINGTON'S COUSIN

By Theodosia Garrison

PART II.

MRS. CAPRON was still suffering with the pain in her head after dinner and told Kenneth that she would sit quietly on the piazza while he took Nellie to the shore for a walk in the moonlight. Kenneth informed her that respectable maiden ladies and widows over a certain age were not supposed to know what the moon was, but that he would go and look after it for her, and he accordingly set forth with Miss Dawson, who had changed her walking dress for some pretty feminine affair, all lace and ruffles, and looked very sweet and desirable to Kenneth's western eyes.

"So your mother is coming tomorrow, Miss Nellie," he said as they reached the shore and took possession of one of the many rustic benches scattered about. "Aunt Cornelia quite beamed with joy when you told her. I dare say it's not so much the pleasure of seeing her again, as that her own arduous duty as chaperone to such a giddy young creature as yourself is over."

Miss Dawson gave a queer little laugh. "I don't think I've bothered her very much," she said, and then, suddenly, "Mr. Kenneth, do you like beautiful women?"

Young Kenneth answered in some surprise that not being a masculine curiosity, he did, and restrained with an effort a strong inclination to produce a certain portrait in his possession and draw upon his imagination for a romantic story concerning it; but checked the impulse when he saw how

tired she looked, and upbraided himself for taking her on so long a walk that afternoon.

A voice behind them spoke Miss Dawson's name and the versatile Perrins, who gracefully combined the profession of charioteer and handyman about the hotel, appeared in the moonlight, an amiable smile upon his chin-whiskered face and the look of one who cometh with glad tidings, in his eyes.

"Shan't disturb you but a minute," he said. "Miss Capron told me where you be and I guess, Miss Dawson, when you see what I've got, you'll forgive me for breaking in on you."

Miss Dawson replied rather hurriedly that she didn't mind in the least and was always very glad to see Mr. Perrins, and Kenneth smiled and thought how becoming a blush in the moonlight sometimes is.

"Well," continued Mr. Perrins, evidently in the highest degree of delight, "I don't know before when I've cleaned out the stage, but there wasn't much doing to-day and mother she says, says she, 'Abram, it's a disgrace not to beat out them cushions onc't a year anyway,' so I got it out," finished Mr. Perrins gleefully, "and what d'y'e think I found dropped down between the cushions and the back? This here."

He held aloft in the moonlight a white envelope, and Kenneth gasped as he saw the faint scrawl of Farrington's writing and recognized the well known paper of his fraternity house. "Good Heavens! the letter to the portrait,"

Part one of this charming story was published in the August number.

he thought. "So that's where the thing went. Well it's all up now, and what on earth shall I say to Nellie?"

"You see," continued Perrins, cheerfully, "it's got both your names onto it somehow, specially yours, Miss Dawson—so, says I, I'll play I'm a special delivery and deliver it in person, seeing it come by my stage."

"You are very good," said Kenneth, "thank you very much." "And torment you for a meddling old idiot," he added mentally.

Perrins dropped the letter in Kenneth's hand and vanished whistling into the night, and Kenneth with much the same sensations a cornered rat might have, laid it on Miss Dawson's lap, and to better cover his confusion, assumed a fine air of frivolity he was a great way from feeling. "All things come to him who does but wait," he misquoted. "Miss Dawson, this should have come to you some weeks ago, but Aunt Cornelia proved a worthy substitute and this has turned up just in time to make you like me a little better perhaps." ("And what in the world" he thought dismally, "shall I say about never mentioning the tormented thing before?")

Miss Dawson gave a curious girlish laugh and regarded the letter with much interest. "Well, this is a mystery," she said. "Come, Mr. Kenneth, I must read this immediately or die of pure curiosity. A letter for both of us, and you seem to know all about it, and its going to make me like you better. Do come where I can see it right away."

Kenneth groaned inwardly and followed her rapid footsteps to a little summer-house filled by a certain tree-sung lantern with a dim light that made it the joy of elderly couples with stronger tendencies toward rheumatism than romance, and caused it to be the abhorrence and despair of cer-

tain amorous youngsters who gave it a wide berth on all occasions. It was quite deserted now, and Kenneth dropped upon the wooden bench and manfully overcame a strong desire to run and avoid the inevitable questions he felt must come as soon as Miss Dawson's wonderful eyes had read her cousin's effusion.

Miss Dawson stood in the shifting light with charming disregard to all things in the way of insects, and drew the letter from its wrinkled envelope with evident relish. "What pretty paper," she said, and then after that prevailing womanly fashion of doing everything upside down, she turned to the signature.

Kenneth waited for the delighted start and exclamation, but none came. "Stuart Farrington—" she said, "Stuart Farrington—why I wonder"—Kenneth saw the surprise on her face deepen as she turned to the front page and bent her pretty blonde head over it. "Delta Epsilon House," she said, "this letter is not for me."

"Not for you?" repeated Kenneth stupidly, "not for you? Oh, but indeed it is, Miss Dawson, just read on and you will see,"—"and heaven only knows," he thought despairingly, "what that idiot has in it."

Miss Dawson turned her puzzled gaze from Kenneth's confused face and began to skim rapidly through the letter. "A fine fellow, my dearest friend," she read.

"Oh, skip that nonsense," said Kenneth desperately.

"Has seen your picture and fallen head over heels in love with it," continued Miss Dawson, deaf to Kenneth's disgusted exclamation, "carries it about with him night and day and despite the Aunt Cornelia bluff—"

"Oh, good Heavens!" groaned Kenneth.

"Is coming East solely and wholly, I

verily believe, to meet the beautiful Cousin Eleanor of my stories."

The letter fluttered from Miss Dawson's hand to the floor and Kenneth stooped with a mangled word between his teeth and crammed it into his pocket with a nervous hand. "What on earth did Farrington mean by a letter like that to her? What nonsense about a picture, when he knew she had sent him none? Had they all gone mad together?" he wondered.

The one idea that came like a ray of light into Kenneth's chaotic brain was, that Farrington had written the letter, believing his chum's curiosity would tempt him to read it, and his disgust to destroy it before ever it came to Miss Dawson's hand, whereby, some day, his rather unenviable reputation as a practical joker might be increased.

An exclamation from Miss Dawson caused him to lift his troubled eyes in her direction. She was standing very erect under the uncertain light, and Kenneth thought it his imagination that made her look so strangely pale.

"Stuart Farrington," she said, "and Eleanor Dawson! Mr. Kenneth, this is my cousin's letter. Stuart Farrington is her cousin, not mine. I have no right to this."

"But your name," stammered Kenneth. "Your name. Surely, you are Eleanor Dawson?"

"No," she said. "O Mr. Kenneth, what an absurd mistake. I am Helen Dawson, not Eleanor. The nickname misled you, I suppose. Imagine giving Cousin Eleanor any silly little name like that! It is only the insignificant, homely little creatures like myself that get them, not great, beautiful women like Eleanor."

Kenneth stood without a word, a hundred confused thoughts circling through his brain, and saw, with amazement, an angry red creep slowly

into Miss Dawson's face and a pitiful quiver go over her lips.

"Oh, I see it all now," she said, hurriedly. "That is why you were so confused and strange when we met, and why you have never spoken Stuart Farrington's name to me. You were horribly disappointed; you expected to see a beautiful woman. You saw, instead, a homely little girl, and you were angry and hurt, I suppose, and only nice to me because—because there was no one better about."

"Miss Dawson," cried Kenneth in amazement, "Miss Dawson!" but she put away his words with an excited gesture of her hand, and he could see that she was trembling violently. "And he said, that horrible letter said," she cried, "that you carry her portrait about with you, and that—that you love her. Don't deny it; don't dare deny it!" as Kenneth put up an imploring hand. "Well, you are going to be rewarded at last; she will be here to-morrow—to-morrow; do you hear? After all these terrible weeks you have waited, you can see her and laugh about it all with her, and tell her how you tried to amuse yourself with her homely cousin, and how you—you—"

She stopped suddenly with a pathetic break in her voice, and put both hands to her face.

"Let me go," she sobbed. "Oh, let me go!"

She broke passionately from Kenneth's detaining grasp, and before he could touch her again or even speak her name, vanished like a sorrowful little wraith in the moonlight.

Kenneth dropped heavily on the wooden bench, and sat in silence for a few moments, staring across the expanse of moon-lit water with eyes that saw nothing. Then he took the crumpled letter from his pocket and tore it slowly into minute pieces and watched them flutter softly on the rocks below.

He turned and tossed uneasily on his bed that night, throughout the longest hours he had ever known, and lived over the scene in "the summer-house again and again, and cursed himself for an idiot a dozen times before the red light broke through the gray clouds in the east. Then he remembered, as one who took no interest in the subject, that Miss Dawson, the real, the ideal, was to arrive that day, and wondered, vaguely, why nothing on earth seemed of any importance beyond the fact that he must see Nellie as soon as possible, and do away with the unfortunate impression she had carried away with her the night before.

He gained some slight satisfaction during the early watches of the morning by comparing Farrington's brain to the opaqueness of soft, rich mud, and hurried into the dining-room some hours later, after an unusually hasty toilet, with his pulse several degrees above normal.

Miss Dawson had been persuaded of late to grace their table with her presence, but this morning Kenneth saw, with a shock of disappointment, that Mrs. Capron was breakfasting solemnly alone, with two empty chairs at her side, and no pretty blonde head near by to nod him its customary greeting.

"Good morning, Aunt Cornelia," he said. "Why this solitary splendor? Isn't Miss Dawson down yet?"

Mrs. Capron smiled at her nephew a little anxiously.

"Nellie isn't at all well this morning, Richard," she said. "She came into my room looking like a little ghost, and said she would stay quietly in bed until her mother and cousin came in."

Kenneth's heart sank into the heels of his russet boots. "Good heavens! was this a scheme to keep out of his way altogether, and give him no chance to explain his conduct at all? And her mother and cousin coming to-

day! Why on earth couldn't they stay away a while longer, at least until Nellie and he were on the old, friendly footing again, and this absurd idea that he had been nice to her simply because no metal more attractive was at hand, was immediately and forever destroyed?"

With more penetration than a man is usually possessed of, he seemed to know just how humiliated and hurt the young person in the desolate room above might be, and his impetuous western mind seemed fairly aching to assure her that she had never for an instant disappointed him, and that his confusion and surprise the morning of their meeting was not due to any unfavorable impression she had made, but simply and solely upon his hearing a name that he had associated so long with some one else. "And yet," he thought, dismally, "how on earth am I going to tell her that? I seem to assume that she takes great interest in my opinion, when the truth of the matter is, that she probably wishes me, as she might any other idiot, a dozen miles away and out of her sight forever."

Mrs. Capron laid her hand on his arm and laughed. "I declare, Richard, you must be developing paresis," she said; "I have asked you as many as five questions and you have simply glared into your cup instead of answering me. For the sixth time, do you know that Nellie's mother and cousin are expected this afternoon?"

Kenneth brought his wandering mind from a certain room up-stairs with an effort. "You must excuse me, Aunt Cornelia," he said; "but I slept badly last night and feel very foggy this morning. Yes, I believe I did hear something about them. Do you know anything of this Miss Dawson who is coming?"

"Only what Nellie told me this

morning," said Mrs. Capron. "Very gay, she says, and exceedingly beautiful, and a great favorite abroad. It seems she was here early in the season, but left for Newport a day or so before I came to join a married sister there; but one of her babies came down with scarlet fever Thursday, Nellie says, and Miss Eleanor's sister insisted upon her leaving at once. She will meet Mrs. Dawson in New York and come on here early in the afternoon, I should say; and, Richard," added Aunt Cornelia, as they left the dining-room together, "I wish you would take Nellie for a walk by-and-by if she is able. You know there is a little dance here to-night, and I am so anxious to have her nice and fresh for it, and her own sweet little self again."

"Do ask her, Aunt Cornelia," said Kenneth, eagerly; "I wish you would. Tell her I am very, very sorry she is ill, and would like awfully if she would come with me for a minute or so."

"Well, don't look as though it were a life or death matter, Richard," said Mrs. Capron. "I'm sure she will be glad to go."

Mrs. Capron started up the stairs, and Kenneth took his newspaper and pipe to a secluded corner of the veranda and tried hard to read an extensive account of a reception given a certain distinguished visitor. His state of mind was not improved by the information that came presently, to the effect that Miss Dawson's headache was better, and Mr. Kenneth was very kind, but she didn't feel at all like walking. Thank you!

Kenneth clutched his paper savagely, and wondered why the world seemed so upside down this morning, and why the conduct of this one small person should affect him so strangely. Now that he looked back over his careless college days he failed to remember one damsel from the many with

whom he had laughed and danced and flirted that had caused him one sleepless night or uncomfortable morning, and he wondered vaguely what strange influence had taken possession of him to make all his thoughts and ideas narrow down to one petite personage, with reproachful blue eyes and a small, angry mouth, and make him wish so intensely for a ten minute conversation with her.

The morning dragged on somehow in an aggravating, snail-like fashion of its own, and afternoon brought the much talked-of travelers. Kenneth watched them coldly from his undisturbed corner, where he had spent the greater part of the day like an ill-tempered hermit. Mrs. Dawson was a sweet-faced, white-haired woman, with a dignified little air about her that struck Kenneth very pleasantly, and Miss Eleanor—"Well," reflected Kenneth, "she certainly justified all Farrington's eulogiums. A stunning girl, without doubt; a tailor-made, C. D. Gibson creation, with the latest thing in gowns and hats and gloves, and the beautiful face and dark-lashed eyes that had smiled upon him so often from her pictured face."

She lingered a moment on the veranda to speak to Perrins about her trunks, and Kenneth, surveying her critically, told himself that Farrington, although he might be an idiot as far as most worldly and spiritual matters were concerned, was not, after all, the little tin Ananias he had believed him. It also occurred to him that the Prince episode was not only plausible, but probable; and yet, after all, the languid, rather disinterested way in which Miss Dawson glanced about the piazza and at his unworthy self, struck him, for some unknown reason, as decidedly unpleasant. "I dare say that air takes with the callow youth," he reflected, "but I am inclined to think a man

would prefer a woman who wasn't eternally regarding him from the top of a mental step-ladder."

His mind slipped back unconsciously to a pair of confiding blue eyes that had often looked so timidly and (Oh, Vanitas!) so admiringly into his. Now Nellie, he noticed, had such a pretty, womanly way of appealing to one; such a— He pulled up his thoughts point-blank as a little figure flitted out on the piazza and kissed and welcomed the coming guests in a fashion that at once delighted and distracted the several "Lords of Creation" scattered about the steps.

Kenneth snatched his pipe from his mouth and half rose from his chair, but she never looked in his direction, and passed into the house between her mother and cousin, laughing and chatting merrily. This latter fact did anything but put Kenneth in a more delightful frame of mind. "Well, she looked pale enough," he thought, savagely; "the headache was genuine, I suppose, but she certainly seems to be perfectly happy, and I might have spared myself the exquisite work of bothering my fool head about last night." And yet the knowledge that Nellie was apparently care-free and contented failed to bring the consolation one might reasonably suppose it would. "I only wish I had the faintest idea of what on earth has come over me to-day," he thought, "to make me feel like this. I certainly am not at all inclined to laugh, myself. The whole affair simply goes to prove that she is absolutely indifferent, as far as I am concerned, and the sooner I turn my back on this place and set out for my native wilds, the better." A vision of Nellie as she looked in the summer-house the night before, pale, tearful and disturbed, rose suddenly before him and changed the current of his thoughts. "No, she certainly was not

indifferent," he reflected, "or she wouldn't have cared so much; any girl that acted and looked that way was not given to intermediate courses; a girl of that calibre either hated or loved." Kenneth stopped abruptly. A new thought seemed to fasten and burn itself upon his brain. Then he laughed a trifle bitterly, and knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Oh, nonsense!" he said. "Nonsense!"

The Afton House rather prided itself on being a guide and a light to its neighbors, and doing things properly when it did them at all, and so the dance this evening was to be quite a grand affair, with music from town, great inducements in the way of supper, and what appeared to Kenneth to be miles of Chinese lanterns strung here and there and everywhere, with now and then a paper parasol, by way of variety.

He struggled into regulation evening costume some hours later, soothed by the consciousness that a frightfully monotonous day was over and done with, and that Nellie, not being a hermit crab, was bound to appear on this festive occasion and give him a chance to speak, if he had to carry her off by force.

A babel of voices floated up to him as he left his room, and the opening strains of a waltz came with it. He pushed his way hastily down the stairs and into the hall, past many damsels with imploring eyes and unpopular cards, with one absolute and absorbing purpose in his mind.

Miss Eleanor Dawson, in a gown that was at once dazzling and imposing, and with her beautiful neck and shoulders bare, stood surrounded by black coats whose owners waited for the lucky holder of her card, cheerfully, impatiently or angrily, as their several dispositions might be. Miss Dawson gave a little look at Kenneth and spoke to

the man who was standing nearest, and he accordingly touched Kenneth's arm and formally presented him. Kenneth bowed, smiled and apologized in one breath, and passed on leaving Miss Dawson a trifle indignant and surprised. As a rule, men were not accustomed to hurry away immediately after being introduced to her; but Kenneth had no time to care or consider what impression he might leave. He was following one small, blue-eyed girl, as religiously as ever the Israelites followed their pillar of fire.

He had seen a figure, all soft white and sea-green, step hurriedly through the long French window that opened on the veranda, as he came through the door. "How pretty she looks," he thought, "how very pretty!"

He circled his way through the dancers, who pushed him aside viciously, and hurried by Mrs. Capron, who sat with the other matrons in a solemn row against the wall.

Vanishing down the lawn was a mere glimpse of something white, and Kenneth set his teeth firmly and went on after it without the slightest idea where his destination might be, or what he would say when it was reached.

To this day Helen cannot account for the impulse that prompted her to leave her partners and the house the instant she felt Kenneth's eyes upon her. Perhaps it was a nervous inclination to be out of his sight. Perhaps a womanly desire to be delightfully miserable by her forlorn little self for a few minutes and run back again before she was missed.

At all events she went lightly and swiftly on through the dew-damp grass, and Kenneth following doggedly after, saw with much surprise she was making her way to the very place that had been the scene of the unfortunate affair the night before.

He hesitated a moment as she

stepped over the threshold with much the same feeling a murderer might have re-visiting the scene of his crime, and then strode on.

Kenneth has always attributed the fact that the lamp was out that night to Providence, and not to the negligence of Perrins or to the lack of oil. However, this is a mere detail.

The moon was slowly pushing its way through the clouds, and, as he paused a moment in the shadow, he saw Miss Dawson drop wearily upon the bench and put her prettily coiffured head upon her arm in a pathetic little way that moved him strangely. It was very still for a moment; the dance had stopped for a while, he could hear the noise of the waves lip-lapping on the rocks below, and a tiny sound from the summer-house came with it. "Heavens!" said Kenneth, suddenly, "she is crying!"

A great wave of understanding surged over him, and sent the blood whirling to heart and brain. That one little sob was to him as the fruit of the tree of knowledge. He knew now why the day had been so long and cheerless. He knew why his thoughts had flown in such direct fashion toward this young person for so long a time. Also he had discovered the answer to the question he had asked himself so often during the last twenty-four hours; he was fully aware, just at this particular moment, as to what was the matter with him. A certain wise person has truthfully and inelegantly remarked that those who are really in love have no more doubt of it than the man who felt of the circular saw to see if it was running. Kenneth had become suddenly acquainted with himself and for the first time.

He stepped into the summer-house with a new light in his eyes, and the glow of a great discovery in his heart. Miss Dawson rose with a startled cry

as she saw him, and a longing look at the door his tall form barred.

"Mr. Kenneth," she cried, "what are you doing here? How dared you follow me? Let me pass, please;" but Kenneth never moved.

"You must hear me," he said, firmly. "You shall not go until you have heard everything I have to say; everything, Nellie. I came here pretty much as Farrington's letter said, to meet his cousin, all on account of her portrait, I acknowledge, with a fanciful idea that it might be a nice little adventure, and not the slightest thought—Do you hear?—not the slightest of ever falling in love with her, or wanting to, or having been."

Miss Dawson's head dropped lower and lower, but she said nothing and stood very still with one hand crushing the flowers and lace of her corsage.

"You know," continued Kenneth, "how I met you, and how supremely idiotic I acted, but never for one moment did I think as you have accused me of doing. Until last night I did believe it was a stupid joke of Farrington's, and for your sake, only yours, determined to say nothing about it; and you know how much we have been together, and how we have become better friends every day, but you don't know—" Kenneth's earnest voice faltered for a moment—"how day by day you have become dearer and more necessary to me. You don't know how you have made every other woman in the world—every woman I have ever known or thought of—pale into utter insignificance beside you. You—"

Miss Dawson had dropped back on the bench and was looking at him in a frightened, appealing way, with the traces of tears on her warm face. Now she leaned forward trembling: "And Eleanor," she said, "and Eleanor?"

Kenneth dropped on one knee beside her, so that his dark head was on a

level with her own. "And Eleanor?" he repeated, "Don't you understand? Eleanor is just one of a thousand, just a plain, ordinary woman to me; but you—oh, my little girl—my little girl!"

He took the small hands in both of his. "Nellie," he said, "dear little woman, must I make it plainer? Can't you see? I love you with all my heart!"

From the house the music of the violins came softly through the trees; to Helen Dawson the sound seemed to fill the world with a burst of heavenly hallelujahs that made her dizzy and faint. She half rose to her feet and lifted up both her trembling arms to Kenneth. "O Richard!" she said.

Mrs. Dawson came bustling up to Mrs. Capron some thirty minutes after Kenneth's departure, and inquired anxiously, as to the whereabouts of her daughter. Mrs. Capron, being wise in her generation, had not been blind to her nephew's sudden exit after the green and white gown. "She is taking a little stroll on the porch with my nephew, I believe," she said, placidly. They looked at each other and smiled. "You know I wrote you, Geneva," said Mrs. Capron.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dawson, gently.

Out in this summer-house the early peace of the Garden of Eden had fallen. Miss Dawson had remarked for the third time that her mother would be anxious; that it was high time they returned to the house, and that Kenneth should be properly ashamed of himself for keeping her there. But Kenneth was obdurate. "You don't seem to realize, young woman," he said, "that we have only the rest of our lives to talk this over, and we've lost almost two months' time already; and besides, Nellie, you haven't told me yet in just so many words, that you are even the least little bit fond of me."

Miss Dawson blushed hotly, and raised and dropped her happy eyes again. "Oh, yes I have," she said; "I think I told you every bit there was to tell—last night."

Kenneth looked over the glittering water presently and laughed. "Do you know what that blessed Farrington's last words to me were?" he said. "That a proposal on a moonlight night nine times out of ten was effective. Wouldn't he be surprised to know I had taken him literally?"

Miss Dawson crinkled up the corners of her eyes. "It seems so funny, Richard," she said, "that all these months you have thought of me as Farrington's cousin."

"For all these months," echoed Kenneth, "until just eight-thirty last night, and then—"

"How have you thought of me since then?" asked Miss Dawson, curiously.

"As Mrs. Richard Kenneth, dear," said Kenneth.

Miss Eleanor Dawson met them in the hall as they entered, some ten minutes later, and, being a person of no little experience, neglected to inquire as to her cousin's absence.

Kenneth beamed upon her and the world in general, after the beatified fashion of most newly-engaged men, and Miss Eleanor surveyed him with interest as she smoothed and patted Helen's crushed and wrinkled sleeves into place. "This dampness takes every bit of stiffness out of them," she explained.

The first notes of a dance sounded in the ball-room, and an impatient partner appeared instantly upon the scene. "In a moment," said Miss Eleanor.

She looked from Kenneth's beaming countenance to Nellie's confused one, with a little twinkle of intelligence in her beautiful eyes. Then she stooped and kissed Helen lightly on the cheek. "I am so glad, dear," said Farrington's cousin, softly.



WINGED THOUGHT

High o'er the snare the fowler spread in vain,
 From mountain peak where grows the bending vine,
 Whose sweetness wastes itself in dripping wine,
 From shadowy glen, or width of sterile plain,
 Past marshy tract, or field of ripened grain,
 O'er groves of branching palm, or stately pine,
 Straight on from early morn to day's decline,
 From somewhere comes a bird through sun or rain.
 E'en so some winged thought from distant space,
 From out the skies above, or 'neath the ground,
 Perhaps, from other worlds, comes wandering on:
 One fails to grasp the image of its grace;
 It enters not the brain; but, onward bound,
 It seeks its own: Oh, whither hath it gone?

Clarence H. Urner

"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS' GHOSTS

By W. J. Lampton

TWO or three years ago in Washington, one Sunday night, a party of men and women at the house of a cabinet minister were telling ghost stories and tales of mystery, when the prettiest woman in the room, with a nervous little shiver, asked if anybody had heard the wild, weird story that Captain Robley Evans told out of his own experience. Nobody had, as it happened, and everybody at once began importuning the lady to tell it herself, if it had made such an impression upon her. She protested that she could not, even if she would, for it was too grewsome for her to talk about; and, besides, Captain Evans could tell it with so much more of the uncanny spirit of the thing, that she felt utterly inadequate to represent him. By great persuasion, however, she agreed to give the salient points of the story, and just as she began it the bell at the front door rang with a sharp, imperative jingle, that gave a start to everybody.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, "I'm sure that's Captain Evans now."

"I hope not," said a woman not fond of mysterious coincidences.

"How could it be, just as we were talking about him and ghosts?" rather incoherently said another with a tendency to hysteria.

"The very idea of it's being him," laughed another, so nervous that she overlooked her rules of syntax.

In the meantime the butler had admitted the caller, and following his card came the redoubtable "Fighting Bob" with the halt in his step as a permanent reminder of how he earned his sobriquet, to be greeted by a chorus of

hysterical welcomes and an immediate call for the story which had stopped at its beginning on the ringing of the bell.

"It all happened down in the West Indies," said the Captain, seating himself comfortably, and looking calmly into the faces of his listeners, "on the old ship 'Powhatan,' when I was younger than I am now, and we were lying in a Haytian harbor having the rosin cooked out of our decks by the tropical sun. Neither officers or crew were allowed to go ashore by the town authorities, owing to the report that we had yellow fever on board, which we had not, and life was only worth living as a preventive of going to a hotter place. One day a Swedish sailor, who was a general favorite on board, fell from the rigging to the deck and was instantly killed. There was universal sorrow on the ship, and it was determined to give the dead man an unusual naval funeral and bury him on shore with all the honors. The carpenter was commissioned to rig him up a wooden coffin—something almost unheard of on shipboard—and special services were to be held on the ship and ashore. We thought there wouldn't be any trouble about taking the body ashore when the authorities were informed of the facts in the case; but when we communicated with them we were peremptorily refused permission to land, and we concluded to have the funeral on the ship and the burial out in the bay, using the wooden coffin just the same, though earth had been denied it. It was well along in the afternoon when the man was killed, and it was as little as we could do for him not to rush him overboard; so it

was decided to hold the body till next afternoon, letting it lie in state on deck guarded by a detail of sailors.

"Promptly in the cool of the next afternoon the men were called to funeral service, and they gathered around the foot of the coffin, the captain at the head to act in the absence of the chaplain, and the officers around him. The exercises began, and as the deep, rich voice of the captain intoned the solemn passages, the impression made was most profound, and the silence between pauses was actually oppressive. Suddenly, in the midst of one of these silences, there was a smothered screech or cry or something that rasped the nerves, as it came from the coffin, and the lid began to rise slowly. For an instant every soul seemed paralyzed, then, with a frightened yell, the men broke and ran, disappearing wherever they could hide themselves. As for the officers, we stood fast, looking at each other as if in doubt what to do, while I caught hold of the wheel near which I stood, and fairly stuck my nails into it to hold myself from running away; for I never was so badly scared in all my life. Of course all of us wanted to run as the men had done, but duty and discipline and example forbade, and after a minute or two we cooled down sufficiently to examine the coffin, when we found that the strange sounds and movement of the lid were due to the fact that the body had decomposed so far as to swell, and thereby force the nails, which the carpenter, not having any suitable screws, had put in only enough of to hold the lid on tightly. It was the forcing of these nails that had made the ugly noise, which, coming to us under such circumstances, had impressed us as something unnatural or supernatural.

"It was not long until the men were re-assembled, and the services on the ship closed without further incident,

although everybody was extremely nervous and seemed to be ready to take alarm at a moment's notice. But the end was not yet for me, because I was detailed to go with a crew of six men to a point half-a-mile out to sea and there commit the body to the waves. I apprehended no difficulty, and felt sure whatever might happen I could never again be frightened as I had been, and I set out with my boat-load of living and dead, thanking the Lord that we would soon be over with it. It was just in the darker shadows of the short tropical twilight now, and as the oars beat in measures to the waving waters it seemed to me as if they were tolling the knell for the dead, and I forgot the ghostliness in the gentle sacredness of the hour. At last we reached the spot selected, and as the rising night winds lifted the waves higher, we pushed the coffin and its contents overboard, and started back to the ship greatly relieved. For my own part I could have given vent to my feelings of relief in cheers, but I restrained myself and settled back in the stern of the boat. I had no more than let myself begin to feel easy once more, when I noticed the face of the man in front of me suddenly change in expression and grow ashy white. It looked a dozen times worse in the dim light that was now over the waters.

"'Good God, sir!' he whispered, hoarsely, 'it's following us!'

"I did not ask him what 'it' meant, or what 'it' was that was following us. I knew too well it was the thing that we had cast into the sea, and with a wild desire to scream my nervousness out as a woman would do, I turned slowly around, following the staring gaze of the man at the oar. There, not a dozen yards behind us, rising half out of the water and sinking back again in swaying leaps, like a drunken man, came the coffin, as if intent upon

jumping into our boat and returning with us to the ship. I felt something rise in my throat and a queer trembling go down my back, and I did not know what I was about to do; but with a tremendous effort, I made a reasoning being of myself and gave the order to turn back. What the men were going to do I did not know, but it was necessary for me to examine into the mystery of that infernal thing leaping out of the waves. The men were all-right, for obedience is their first duty; and they went back, just as they would have gone up to a cannon's mouth if commanded to do so. The coffin seemed to try to elude us as we went after it, but we got it at last, and on examination we found that the shot which had been put into it to sink the body was not heavy enough to overcome the air in the tightly-closed box, made so to prevent any more noises like the first one that had frightened everybody so; but that the weight of it was only sufficient to sink the box half its length and hold it there, bobbing up and down on the restless waves. Our overwrought imaginations had done the rest.

"We very soon knocked the end of the coffin in with an oar, and as the water rushed in and the coffin sank out of sight, a queer, peculiar gurgle rose from it which seemed to be almost like the laugh of one who had played a good joke as a fitting final to his earthly career. I didn't sleep very well that night, nor did any one on the ship, I think, and it was some time before we recovered from a nervousness which manifested itself on what would, ordinarily, be very slight provocation."

It was a grewsome tale, indeed, and some of the women looked as if they wished they had not heard it; but hungered by the meat they fed on they had an appetite for more, and begged the captain to tell them another. Your

true sailor loves to yarn, and the captain is a true sailor, so that it was not hard for him to go on another journey into ghostland.

"My next story, ladies and gentlemen," laughed the captain, "takes you to the other end of the world. This time we are in the Arctic regions, and the time is when I was up in Bering Sea in command of the 'Yorktown,' taking care of the seal pirates. The season was over, everything had been cleaned up, the 'Yorktown's' mission was done, and I proceeded to take the ship to the nearest port on the coast of Kamschatka to renew my coal supply. My course from the sealing-grounds was due northwest, and I had been sailing about six hours when suddenly a voice, or an inspiration, or something, came to me, saying as plainly as could be! 'Turn back! Turn back!' Of course I laughed at it as absurd, and put it aside as foolish; but it would not stay aside, and with each mile of distance grew stronger. It was not long until the impression had grown so strong that I could not remain in my chair, and paced up and down my cabin trying to walk it off. Then I went on deck, but that was no better than below, and at last I determined to speak to my officers. I mentioned it to the officer of the deck, and he quietly laughed at me. Another one did the same; and finding that the warning only grew stronger, I resolved to call a council of officers in my cabin and have it out with them. This I did, and they geyed me as far as subordinates dare to guy a ship's captain, but it did no good, and an hour after the council was dismissed I gave orders to put the ship about and sail directly back on her course until something happened. Of course the orders were not in those words, but that is what they meant. We had been sailing eighteen hours up the time of putting back, and I had the

ship's speed maintained as it had been. As soon as I had made the turn and felt that I was obeying the mysterious summons, whatever it was, I felt easier in my mind, but not entirely at rest, for I knew both officers and men thought I was crazy, and for half the night I paced the deck alone, absorbed in thought, and wondering why the deuce I was doing what I was.

"But it could not last forever, and I knew that the end was bound to come soon, and as I felt it approaching I grew so nervous that I could not keep still in any position. At last, and exactly eighteen hours from the time of our sailing to the northwest, a sail was sighted, and within a few moments we had made out a pirate and brought him to with a shot across his bows, which he recognized, and made no effort to get

away. It proved to be the richest capture we had made during the season, the ship being loaded down with the finest skins, worth thousands of dollars, and the last remaining one. The captain was the most surprised man I ever saw, and wanted to know what ever brought me back there again, because he was sure when he had seen our smoke disappear down the horizon eighteen hours before that he would never see us again, and was at perfect liberty to roam around as he pleased for a few final pick-ups before taking his cargo to market. Of course," concluded the captain, "I couldn't tell him why I had come back, and I do not believe any one else could or can."

Certainly no one in the captain's company of listeners could, and the uncanny conundrum was left unanswered.

THE CREED OF TOIL

To-day is your day, not the day that is past;
To-morrow's a day that has yet to be born.
Toil earnestly, then, for the hours fly fast
From the morn.

You have never a minute for idle despute,
Nor a second to childishly grieve;
Lay hold, and success crown your toil with delight
In the eve.

Life is brief at the best, and its aim is not clear,
But spend it so well that, whatever impend,
You'll have naught for repenting and never a fear
At the end.

Frank Putnam

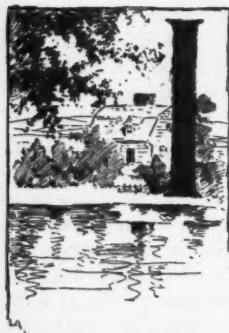
Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XIII INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon.

Chapter XIV.



It is very much easier to drift with the current than row up a stream. And in this way did Everett drift. Several weeks elapsed before he made his final decision.

All that time he had seen Mildred daily, and had grown to love her yet more dearly. Over and over when he gazed into the peaceful serenity of her clear eyes he thought in them he could read the meaning of paradise.

To have those eyes which now met his so fearlessly, lovingly, falter and then glance away; to see their brightness dimmed with tears, or to have her shrink from him, he felt would be more than he would have the courage

to bear. Never once did he enter the house but by his side stalked a grim spectre, filling his heart with fear that he will find she has been taken from him.

The days grew hotter and hotter, and all who had remained in the south the entire season were beginning to feel the effect of the long-continued heat.

From the combined effects of the heat, his work, the mental anxiety, and his ardent love, Everett's face was growing pale.

Early one afternoon he laid aside his books wearily. He realized dimly that he could not live another day without ending the suspense that was torturing him. He obtained permission to remain away from the office until the following morning. He hastily made his way to Mr. Landon's home, feeling that if he delayed one hour he might be lost.

He paused a moment as he entered the grounds. Everything was glaringly hot. The bees were staggering here and there, and still greedily dipping into the hearts of the flowers as though intoxicated. Near a fountain, beneath the shade of a magnificent old tree, leaning among soft pillows, he discerned Mildred. The sunlight twinkled upon her hair as upon every bright-winged thing in the garden.

Observing her eyes wide open, but

far away, he said, laughingly, as he approached her: "A modern portrayal of the sleeping beauty, but infinitely more charming."

At the sound of his voice she was recalled from the land of Dreams.

"You startled me, Everett! Are you ill?" she asked, anxiously.

"Only sick for you, dear.

The pretty color in her cheeks deepened to a carnation pink.

"But seriously, Mildred, it is so hot in the city. Suppose we go out to Tybee Beach and search for a breath of air. I really feel almost ill."

During the short trip Mildred looked at him anxiously. She reproached herself for not having observed before how pale he had grown. "It is from living at the hotel," she thought.

As they seated themselves upon the beach and tried to shut off the glare of the afternoon sun with sunshades, Everett said, "Mildred, do you see that little cloud? I really believe in half an hour it will cover the sun, and what a comfort it will be."

"If it does not storm I should like to sit here for hours, Everett."

Far away the white sails glimmered in the sunshine as the great boats glided by. It seemed as though nothing could dim the broad expanse of water, and yet the little cloud crept closer to the sun, the breeze from the ocean blew a little fresher and the white caps mounted a little higher upon the shore.

"Mildred!" and Everett's voice broke in upon the reverie of the young girl. Its peculiar tone instantly arrested her attention. "Shall I tell you a story, dear?" His face has grown white as the shifting sands.

"A story?" she queried wonderingly. The surprise in her face changed to a certain anxious but sweet dignity as she replied courteously, "I am always glad to hear a story."

He looked into her eyes searchingly. "I must speak of things that I can scarcely bear to mention that you may understand. Be a brave woman, Mildred." He put forth his hand as though to reassure her and then instantly withdrew it as though he had no right to touch her.

He told his story briefly and honestly. He said so little to shield himself that it would have been pathetic to one who knew how great his love was for the girl sitting near him and yet seeming far away.

Mildred gazed upon him startled. Her eyes, riveted upon his face, were full of an agonizing fear. They grew as deeply gray and unfathomable as the sea at eventide. It was not so much the horror at the tale he was telling, but the deathly fear that in his words she soon would be given grounds to believe that his love had belonged to another.

As Everett neared the close of the recital, had his eyes not been sorrowfully fixed upon a distant vessel he would have gleaned comfort and hope from the manner in which the fear in her eyes was replaced by a light strong and true.

The story was finished. The cloud meanwhile had crept closer and closer to the sun and now passed over it. The sea murmured plaintively as her waves broke upon the shore. The two were silent and the man's face was buried in his hand. As she did not speak he broke the silence.

"Oh Mildred, Mildred, you cannot forgive the past. I knew it! God help me!"

Strong as he was, he turned his face seaward that the tears that filled his eyes might pass unheeded by his companion.

"Everett!" and the girl drew herself up proudly. The man looked up in amazement at the triumphant ring

in her voice. Her face to him seemed shining with an almost unearthly beauty and it filled his soul with awe. It suddenly seemed to lose its girlish outlines and its contour became full of a grace and womanliness beyond her years. At times a woman's heart, as always the Infinite, passes human understanding.

Everett scarcely breathed. They seemed as alone in the universe as in reality they were upon the broad beach.

"Everett, who am I to judge the right or the wrong? God help the woman who wronged you. Yes! Yes! God pity her! As for myself may He make me strong and noble enough in character to restore your faith in womanhood," she said solemnly. Then the grave voice added bravely, "Dear, forget it all as you would the troubled dreams that come to break your rest. Everett, dear Everett, forever I love you."

The voice broke. The color slowly faded from her cheeks. The slight figure trembled. To the absolute forgetfulness of self the nobility of her love had robbed the story of its sting. Her faith in the man she loved was as the faith of angels.

No need to fear but that Everett Terrill would strive to fulfill the ideal he knew that she cherished of him. By the great throbbing breast of the ocean he swore to be as nearly as was possible with his human limitations her ideal of manhood. He could have worshipped the love that did not permit her to utter one word of rebuke.

The tired little note in her voice touched him deeply as she rose, gave him her hand and said softly, "I am so very tired. Let us go home."

Chapter XV.

It was the last day of the old year. The ground was white with freshly-

fallen snow, and the sleigh-bells tinkled joyously. There was a peculiar freshness and sweetness in the air, and overhead the sun shone gloriously as though to wish the old year God speed.

Mrs. Marshall sat thrumming idly upon the window sill as she watched the passers by. She had never been a student of human nature, and yet she found herself curiously studying the faces. As she watched the blithe, happy faces of young girls passing, she wondered if ever she could have been young and care free as they appeared to be. It seemed ages and ages since her girlhood. In fact, she doubted if ever she had had any girlhood. When an old lady walked slowly by she shuddered, and involuntarily raised her hands to her face as though she would brush away the wrinkles which were appearing. She overlooked, utterly, the gentle peace in the sweet old face, and the light in the eyes, as though they already beheld the other shore.

To-day, as the short afternoon drew to a close she lowered the blinds, and after lighting the gas looked about discontentedly for something to amuse herself. Her eyes rested upon her daughter's desk—the little desk given Beatrice by her father years ago. For the past two years Mrs. Marshall had meant to go through it thoroughly, and had delayed from week to week, because she regarded it as an evil thing, and the author of all her troubles.

Time had not softened this woman's heart toward either Harmon de Loste or Everett Terrill. Harmon she hated because he had wronged her, outwitted her; and many and many a night she had remained awake puzzling her brain for some way to hurt him as he had hurt her, and to mete the misery he had caused her out to him, measure for measure. As for Everett—his easy, quiet superiority, the very indifference

she believed that he had felt towards her daughter's love humiliated her. His bearing towards her had always been that of a gentleman. She knew that she was despicable in his sight, and she longed with all her soul to humble his pride. She knew at one time he had trusted her and believed in her goodness, and that under the guise of her friendship she had found means to betray his trust. The tenacity of purpose, the dogged strength of resolution, made her contemplate calmly the future, and feel ready to wait any length of time to accomplish her purpose.

She shut her lips grimly and seated herself at the desk, which had never been opened since its owner's death. She idly sorted the papers until she came to two letters in Harmon De Loste's handwriting. These she opened mechanically, and as she read an expression of surprise flitted across her face. The letters were not what she had always supposed them to be.

It seemed that during the idle days that summer long ago at the lakes, that Harmon had given to Beatrice a curious old ring—an heirloom in his family. Mrs. Marshall recalled the ring distinctly. It was to obtain possession of it again that he had written. In his zeal to obtain it he had even been heartless enough to give her the reason for which he wished it. It was to place it upon the hand of the woman he loved. Why the ring had not been sent she did not know, because she knew that Beatrice attached no value to it since she was indifferent to its donor.

She crushed the letter in her hand, so deeply was she thinking. Suddenly her face lighted up and she began to search eagerly. The future was made clear to her. She must find the ring and she herself would place it upon the hand of Harmon's bride.

He should be made to suffer through her as she had been made to suffer through Beatrice. When she finally came across the curious little ring she caught it in her hands eagerly, for at that moment it was more precious to her than the most costly gem.

Long after the city lay sleeping she remained awake perfecting her plans. She grew so elated over the prospect that she laughed heartily.

* * * * *

One morning two months later Harmon De Loste and his wife strolled about the old Exposition grounds in New Orleans. They had been driving and had simply stopped there to escape for a short time the sun which beamed with excessive good nature upon the old city.

The beautiful color came and went softly in Marion's cheeks as she looked fondly at her husband. She had been very happy in her married life, for all that wealth and social position could command was theirs. She knew that her husband loved her dearly and she believed in him utterly.

Later, when they had returned home, and Harmon had kissed his wife and gone down in the city for a few hours, she seated herself with a book in the quaint, old library. She was not reading however, for she turned the leaves idly as she sat there in the cool, shadowy room, full of tropical odors and the songs of birds from the garden. She was so full of her dreams and hopes for the future that when her servant handed her a card she looked at it mechanically.

"Mrs. J. Irving Marshall" was the name inscribed thereon.

Mrs. Marshall marched with so commanding a tread into the room that Marion looked at her in surprise, wondering what her errand might be.

"Good morning," she replied politely to Mrs. Marshall's salutation. A mo-

ment later, without a second's warning, her visitor suddenly flashed a ring before her eyes while she asked abruptly, "Do you recognize this ring, Mrs. De Loste?" There was a sting of venom in her voice as she repeated the name "De Loste."

Marion looked at the ring inquiringly and then her face lighted up as she said happily, "Oh, can it be the lost ring of my husband? How kind of you to restore it to us," she continued innocently.

Marion reached forth her hand to take the ring, but Mrs. Marshall drew backwards a step and then seated herself.

"Not so fast, my friend. Would you have the ring you must first listen to its story."

Although the day was so warm Marion shivered slightly, for there seemed an air of menace in the woman's attitude.

She knew of no reason why she should dread the story nor forbid it, and the great black eyes of Mrs. Marshall seemed to compel her to listen.

Mrs. Marshall looked at her a moment critically. There was a great deal of strength and sweetness in the young face and the fearless eyes were impressive. And then she broke the silence. "Mrs. De Loste, you believe in your husband? So did I once—but he is the worst scoundrel alive—"

"Madam" and Marion raised her head imperiously. "You do not know my husband."

Mrs. Marshall's words crowded each other for utterance, as she rapidly told the wrong Harmon De Loste had done her daughter.

The young wife sat as one petrified. Into her hands Mrs. Marshall thrust the proofs of her statements. She looked at them as in a dream.

"Now do you doubt my words?" Mrs. Marshall concluded, mercilessly.

Marion shivered again. The black eyes of her tormentor again caught and held her attention. Her face paled.

"Why did you come to me? Why would you bring to me unhappiness? I never harmed you—" she faltered, and her head dropped a moment.

But Marion De Loste came from a race of men and women whose pride was dominant. She struggled to regain her composure that this woman might not see her suffer. She drew herself up proudly as though bracing herself against a storm. When she spoke, although her voice was low and sweet, it was as cold as the coldest north wind that ever blew.

"Mrs. Marshall," she said, "even though I knew your story to be true, I have no right to listen. He is my husband, and I must have faith."

Mrs. Marshall never knew the meaning of the word "faith," and an expression of bewilderment passed over her face.

Marion saw her advantage, and a shade more of warmth crept into her voice as she continued: "Now, as I bid you good-by, believe me that I wish you no harm. If you have suffered and been unhappy, God help you."

Marion hoped to dismiss her unwelcome guest politely without more words, but Mrs. Marshall roused herself. She thrust the ring into Marion's hand. "Here, take it. I have sworn to the truth of my statements, and you can talk as you please of faith. You can no longer have the same faith, and that is all that I wish."

With these words she quickly left the room.

It so happened that day that Harmon was detained in the city, and it was evening before he returned home.

"Here I am, Marion," he began, eagerly. Then he caught sight of her face and drew back, startled. "Why

Marion, my darling, what is it? Are you ill?"

She had suffered much through the long day, and when her husband bent to kiss her she turned her face away.

"Marion," he cried, with real anxiety in his voice, "you must tell me what is the trouble;" and he tried to take her hand.

Suddenly she turned to him, and with a world of pleading in her voice said: "O Harmon! tell me the truth! It means so much to me." With these words she held up to him the missing ring with the words: "Why did you not tell me that Beatrice had it?"

Completely taken off his guard, her husband's face flushed a deep red as he stammered: "I—I—where did you see her?"

It was enough. There was sorrow as well as scorn in his wife's face as she replied: "I did not see her, Harmon, for she is dead."

The muscles of his face twitched, for he saw that he had committed himself. "The dead tell no tales," he muttered, and tried to retrieve the mistake he had made.

"Come—come, dear," he said, softly. "Where did you get the ring? I lost it several years ago while abroad. It is strange how it should turn up again. Let me put it upon your hand—your beautiful white hand."

He spoke rapidly as though he were trying to convince himself as well as his hearer.

Marion looked at him yearningly. Why need her beautiful dream of happiness be dispelled? She longed with her whole soul to believe his words.

He tried to come nearer to her, and at the movement before her eyes came the fancied picture of the dead woman. She turned her head toward the window, and the eyes that had always been fearless and from the world had looked for innocence and faith, because they

had given them to the world, were then full of a vague pain and doubt.

Harmon knew that unless he could convince her of his innocence that he would lose her forever. He knew that he did not deserve her faith but that did not lessen his desire for it. As he spoke he tried to throw into his voice all the love and tenderness that he really felt for her.

"Marion, dear Marion, what has come between us? What story has some imposture told you of the ring? We have been so happy. I could not do without your love and faith. I would believe me—there has been no Beatrice with me. You alone have I loved. Say that it is all a mistake. Let us put the ring away and forget it and be happy. Come dear," he concluded and reached his arms toward her.

"I would give all that I possess to undo this day," she replied earnestly. A night bird poised upon the rose bush just outside the window and sang plaintively.

There was an impressive silence as the man stood waiting her next words. She rose and tried to say with a laugh which was a sob, "Dinner is waiting—come—I have expected too much, Harmon. It is my fault. Come!"

"Marion, believe me," he pleaded.

"Believe you?" she repeated as she led the way to the dining-room, "A good wife must believe her husband."

He knew that she would not reproach him and that she would scorn to quarrel with him. Yet, as through a mist he saw the gulf before him that he knew he could not cross to reach her. Each felt instinctively that never again would their lives be the same. Although she might say courteously, "A woman must believe her husband," deep in her eyes would forever lurk a hidden doubt which would destroy her faith and shatter the golden house she had builded upon the sands.

As Mrs. Marshall returned north the proud, young face often came before her eyes, and she found herself almost regretting that she had not relented, and then when she thought of Harmon her face would harden. Although she felt that she had succeeded in her mission, that Fortune had favored her to the extent of finding Mrs. De Loste alone, still she was not a happy woman as she returned home.

As the train neared its destination, she thought musingly, "It is a queer world and it is evident that I have missed something." It was true that she had missed the most of things that unite to make life sweet and happy.

Chapter XVI.

Years have come and gone since Everett Terrill related his life story that summer afternoon upon the wind tossed Atlantic beach.

The lives of Judge and Mrs. Terrill have moved smoothly along from year to year as from bar to bar does rhythmic music. A deep and unutterable happiness characterized their lives.

"Oh, mother! Oh, father! I have caught you again," and a girlish figure came dancing out from the lighted house onto the shadowy veranda. The knots of blue ribbon upon her white gown gleamed like turquois.

"You dear old father, you are always making love to little mother. This is the third time this week that I have found you out here in exactly the same position," and she shook her finger at them with pretended severity.

"I would not be surprised if you should find us three times more. But come, the other arm awaits for you, Mildred."

As she began keeping pace with them the father said, as he walked with one arm about his wife and the other affectionately over his daughter's shoul-

der, "How rich am I with two sweethearts. I could not run away even if I would, hemmed in by so much sweetness."

"I do not know of course, positively, father, but I do not believe there can be another man in all the world who could make such a dear sweetheart as yourself." She leaned back her head lovingly upon his shoulder for an instant.

"The world is full of lovers, but we wish to keep our little girl to ourselves for a long while, don't we little mother?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered the older Mildred. "I never can become reconciled to Thornton's absence. Just think, Everett, his law course at Harvard completed, and he will be twenty-two."

"Twenty-two!" echoed the husband, "Can it be possible that the boy is so old? Why Mildred, I feel like a boy still myself, and how can it be possible that I have a son of twenty-two. Look at me, ladies. Have I lost any of my youth?" and he looked at them in mock earnestness.

His daughter lightly touched the small patches of gray in his hair. "It is just as I thought, simply the moonlight upon your hair. At first I was so stupid as to think it was growing gray."

"Young lady, if you are saucy you shall be sent to bed. Young! To be sure I am young. But what is a man to do with two such great children as you and Thornton? In sheer self-defence I shall have to disown you," he said in comic despair.

In features Mildred Terrill resembled her sweet faced mother. In stature she was more like her father, and she was at least a half head taller than her mother. At times it seemed hardly possible to Everett and Mildred that the tall young girl could be their daughter.

Twenty-two years is a good portion of a life. So happy had Judge and Mrs. Terrill been together that it seemed as though it could not have been longer than a few years at most since they had taken their wedding journey to the eastern state where they had since made their home. The busy, happy years had been eventful ones.

So swiftly had the time stolen by that it seemed to Everett it must be but yesterday that he first met Mildred.

To-night, in the presence of his wife and daughter, his mind was full of tender fancies of the two Mildreds near him. The sweetheart Mildred of his

young manhood seemed living again in the glowing girl at his side. She was just about the same age that her mother was when he first met her. She looked so like her. All the old impulsiveness, her quick, graceful gestures, and from constant association with her mother, she had even caught her sweet intonation. When he looked into her innocent eyes he forgot that he was nearing the prime of manhood.

Mrs. Terrill and her daughter smiled in each other's eyes and their faces grew tender. They knew and understood that love kept the heart of the husband and father forever young.

(To be continued.)

A LOST ANGEL

When first we met she seemed so white
I feared her;
As one might near a spirit bright
I neared her;
An angel pure from heaven above
I dreamed her,
And far too good for human love
I deemed her.
A spirit free from mortal taint
I thought her,
And incense as unto a saint
I brought her.

Well, incense burning did not seem
To please her,
And insolence I feared she'd deem
To squeeze her;
Nor did I dare for that same why
To kiss her,
Lest, shocked, she'd cause my eager eye
To miss her.
I sickened thinking of some way
To win her,
When lo! she asked me, one fine day,
To dinner!

Tw'as thus that made of common flesh
I found her,
And in a mortal lover's mesh
I wound her.
Embraces, kisses, loving looks
I gave her,
And buying bon-bons, flowers and
books,
I save her;
For her few honest, human taints
I love her,
Nor would I change for all the saints
Above her
Those eyes, that little face, that so
Endear her,
And all the human joy I know
When near her;
And I am glad, when to my breast
I press her,
She's just a woman, like the rest,
God bless her!

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE WOOING OF JANE HARP

By Walter Bidwell



FNOCH WAIT threw the water out of the wash-pan with a vicious jerk, slammed the pan upon the rickety bench, and, entering the cabin, planted himself before the towel with such force that his little brother cowered in the corner by his side and the pet coon scudded through the door and under the woodshed. Snatching the towel from the hook he looked angrily around at his father, who sat by the table smoking, then proceeded to dry his face. Such demonstrations of feeling in Enoch's staid, uneventful life, were so extraordinary that the father took the pipe from his mouth and deliberately surveyed his irate son.

Presently Mrs. Wait brought the supper in from the earthen stove, and, talking constantly, arranged the table around which the family gathered with that peculiar air of fatigue so common in the South. Enoch had worked all day in the field, feeling his way along between the rows of fleecy cotton with his bare feet, his head exposed to the blistering sun, save for a little black hat that barely covered his auburn hair; yet he was not hungry; the little food that passed his lips was taken without relish.

When supper was over the father resumed his pipe, the mother busied herself with the dishes, and the little boy played with the coon that had returned to the house directly after the storm, which drove it thence, had subsided.

Enoch sat on a stool, his feet sprawled out before him, gazing pensively at a knot-hole in the floor. Presently he lifted his eyes and blurted, "Pop, I'se gwine ter co'te to-morry."

"Yo' is?" the father responded, after an interval of silence.

"Yop."

A tallow dip sat on the home-made centre-table, flaring fitfully in response to every gust of wind that came in through the open door. Enoch moved over to this table, sprawled a note and handed it to his little brother with whispered instructions to deliver it to Jane Harp. The boy left the house; Enoch arose, went to a pile of clothes in the corner, and, culling therefrom an old gunny-sack, slung it over his shoulder with characteristic abandon, and lumbered out of the house. The dog instinctively followed, and just beyond the barn-yard fence the twain disappeared in a clump of trees through whose leafless branches the moonbeams struggled to fall in tangled net-work on the ground.

As soon as the father and mother were alone, the former re-filled his pipe, lit it in the flame of the candle, and drawled: "Has yo' done diskevered thet Enoch ar' sorter riled to-night?"

"Gulped down a leetle co'n bread and didn't say nuthin'," remarked Mrs. Wait, as she, too, sent a cloud of black smoke curling up through the bunches of herbs and strings of red peppers that hung from the ceiling of the little stuffy room.

"He kotched sight o' thet Abe Huffman goin' in ter see Jane Harp

jist afore suppah," continued Mr. Wait.

"Thar'll be a killin' about yere sometime, ef Enoch gits his dander up," observed Mrs. Wait, with decision. She had not seen her son's display of passion early in the evening.

"I kalkerlate he's goin' down thar' wid a possum to-morry, and kinder fo'ce the mattah to a p'int, as it were;" saying which Mr. Wait went out to care for half-a-dozen coon pelts stretched on the side of the cabin, and which needed a fresh supply of salt.

Enoch Wait's firm attachment to Jane, and Jane's reciprocal fondness for Enoch had been for years the choicest bit of gossip in the neighborhood of the corner store. They were thought to be engaged, and, indeed, they were, although it was one of those vague, unexpressed engagements which are too often the resulting affinity of propinquity rather than the natural attraction of one soul to another.

About noon the following day the invincible Abe Huffman, who was a northern lad, and therefore possessed more vim and energy than his southern rival, left the store where he clerked and walked rapidly along the familiar path that led to the weather-beaten house where Jane Harp was preparing the mid-day meal. Arriving at the house he stepped coquettishly behind a column of grey Spanish moss that hung in unbroken length from the gnarled branches of an oak.

Framed by the open door stood a girl who smiled effusively. She was not altogether unattractive; the color in her face and the strength of her body were abundant evidence of her lusty health. She had probably washed dishes, and it was not improbable that she would wash them again. This girl was Jane Harp.

"Oh, I know who yo' is," she finally

ventured, at which Abe snickered, audibly. "I kin see yo' from heah. Come along in yere and co'te."

Abe accepted the invitation and entered the house. He sat on a little wooden bench and responded uneasily to Jane's persistent efforts to engage him in conversation. His usual loquacity failed him; he became suddenly conscious and awkward. Looking around uneasily he surveyed his new clothes with a swift glance, then let his eyes rest for a moment on his freshly-polished shoes, which were covered with dust. Reaching down he was about to remove the dust with his handkerchief when he suddenly remembered that his shoes were number tens. Quickly thrusting his feet under the bench he sat erect and made a painful effort to appear composed.

Noticing this by-play Jane taunting-remarked: "Yo' is bashful."

"Hain't nuther," responded Abe, coloring perceptibly.

"Yes yo' is," continued Jane, as she resumed her work.

The fireplace contained a bed of glowing coals which were making the room uncomfortably warm. Jane was kneading corn-meal dough in a large wooden bowl, thinking how nice the ash-cakes would be baked in the hot ashes gathered in piles around the dying coals.

Abe observed through a window in the rear of the house that Mr. and Mrs. Harp were returning from the field, their two boys somewhat in advance of them, playing on the way. They would arrive at the house in a few minutes; yet he faltered. Moreover, he knew that his rival was expected any moment; secretly he feared this big-fisted, simple-minded lad Enoch in more ways than one. A lizzard appeared in a crevice above the big stone fireplace and winked a lazy challenge to the bashful suitor. This only made

the question tremble the more on his lips.

Presently Mr. and Mrs. Harp entered the house, accompanied by their frolicking children, whereupon the lizard withdrew in the wall, Abe leaned over upon the bench with apparent indifference, and Jane caught up a handful of dough and threw it from one hand to the other to mould it, then dropped it into a bed of hot ashes. Covering it with coals raked out from under the burning embers she took more dough and repeated the operation.

When the cakes were baked dinner was served, after which, Mr. and Mrs. Harp returned to the field and the children betook themselves to the yard to play. Abe was watching Jane do up the dishes, struggling the while with the question that was about to exhaust his limited vocabulary, when the lizard re-appeared, looked Abe straight in the face and winked a long, tantalizing wink. Determined not to let a despised reptile make light of his embarrassment he fixed his eyes on Jane and stammered:—

"Is—is—Enoch gwine ter co'te this afternoon?"

"That's what he sed, but Enoch are so slow. Pop sez Enoch believes in the motter thet eberything kums to them thet wait."

"'An them thet don't wait git m'rried," flashed Abe.

"Yep," responded Jane, the color in her cheeks deepening as she realized the gravity of her answer.

"Whar's yere hat," continued Abe, determined to follow up his advantage.

"It ar' heah, but wait a minute till I writ' suthin' for Enoch."

When the note was completed she called one of her brothers and gave it to him with a brief outline of the situation; then she and Abe left the house and walked rapidly in the direction of

the Rev. Hezekiah Worthington's little whitewashed cabin.

About this time in the afternoon, attired in his best clothes, Enoch Waitt picked up a sack containing two fat, squirming animals, slung it over his shoulder with the remark, "One for parson, t'other fer the wedding suppah," and lumbered down the road toward the house where two naughty boys, for once alone, were romping on the forbidden bed. He had not gone far when he stopped, laid down the sack, took from his coat pocket a little paper bag and filled it with black haws from a tree that grew by the roadside.

Proceeding on his way, one sack in either hand, his mind drifted back over the years he and Jane had been fast friends, to the evening they left the little white school house together and walked home through the gathering twilight. The moon and stars were obscured by the friendly clouds. No inquisitive eye could penetrate the darkness. They loitered on the way a little longer than was strictly conventional and when they parted their cheeks were very close together.

Musing thus, Enoch reached his destination and planted himself before the door of Jane's home with such deliberation that a hen, coming around the corner at the time, mistook him for a statue, walked slowly up to his side and picked vigorously at the paper sack he held in his hand. No one appearing at the door he dropped the sack on the ground, filling the hen with fright, let the gunny sacks slip through his fingers, and slouched over the threshold into the house.

On being handed the note and told that Abe and Jane had gone away to be married he looked so fierce that the boys withdrew to a remote corner of the room.

"Hey!" he finally exclaimed, with

such force that one of the boys cowered in the corner while the other crawled under the bed for protection.

With characteristic deliberation Enoch opened the note and read as follows: "You is too slow. Me and Abe is gwine to be jined this arfternoon. Yors troly, Jane Harp."

With his eyes still fixed on the note, stolid and undemonstrative, Enoch stood in his tracks until, in the silence which followed, the lizard re-appeared above the fireplace and winked soothingly at the disconsolate lover; the little boy, wormed slowly out from under the bed so covered with bits of sweepings that he looked like a half-picked goose.

Suddenly turning, like one awakening from a troubled dream, Enoch rushed out of the house, the note fluttering to the ground in his wake. He stumbled over the sacks he had left in the yard, ran heedlessly through the blackberry bushes and bounded over the rail fence. Hurrying through a strip of wood and over a plowed field he arrived at the Rev. Worthington's cabin while the couple he sought were still sitting upon the steps waiting for the preacher to return from the corner store. Advancing to within a few feet of the steps Enoch stopped, craned his head forward and gazed searchingly at Abe, paying no attention to Jane, who sat by his side. There was a period of silence during which not a leaf stirred on the towering magnolias which shaded the little cabin.

Impelled by a sudden thought Enoch leaped forward, grabbed Abe by the coat collar, jerked him to his feet and delt him a blow that sent him sprawling into a plum thicket hard by. When Abe arose and tried to extricate himself from the bushes, Enoch grabbed him again, jerked him out upon the clear ground and gave him an unmerci-

ful drubbing. The grocery clerk was no match for the hardy young farmer; he lay upon the ground puffing like a whale, pleading for mercy. "I—I'm about played out," he stammered; "yo' kin hev the gal ef yo'll let me off."

This was sufficient, Enoch arose, stepped over to where Jane was sitting and sat by her side. She looked up into his face and smiled: "Enoch, I hearn tell thet yo' wuz slow, but ef the teller could 'a' seed you larrupin' Abe he would speak anuther piece. Whar's the license?"

"It ar' heah," saying which he drew the paper from his pocket and spread it upon his knees.

Abe, who had been lying upon the ground collecting his senses, rubbed his eyes, looked nervously around, cast a furtive glance at Jane and limped away.

Presently the preacher entered the yard; seeing the couple, he anticipated their wish, approaching them with a benignant smile upon his fat face.

"Parson," said Enoch, as he and Jane arose, "I kum over heah in sech a hurry thet I plum fergot suthin' thet's now diggin' around in a sack over in Jane's yard. I'll fotch one over arter awhile. I kitched two last night; when I shouldered 'em this arfternoon and started over to Jane's I 'jes 'lowed to myse'f, one for the parson, t'other fer the wedding suppah."

The preacher smacked his lips and stroked his long, gray beard with both hands.

"Here's a dockymet," continued Enoch, as he handed the license to the preacher, "thet speaks fer itse'f."

The preacher took the paper, put on his glasses and looked over it hurriedly, then pronounced the simple ceremony of his church upon the couple, then they walked lightly out to the gate and down the road.

DOROTHY Q., A COLONIAL MAIDEN

By Elizabeth Porter Gould

WHO, having once seen, can forget
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, as,
looking up on his study wall to
the portrait of his great grandmother, Dorothy Q., he said,

"Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me
live?"

or who, having heard, can forget his story
as told him by his mother,—

"Such is the tale the lady old
Dorothy's daughter's daughter told"—

how the painting hung in the house of
his grandfather Oliver Wendell; how,
when it was occupied by British officers
before the evacuation of Boston, one of
them amused himself by stabbing poor
Dorothy (the pictured one) as near the
eye as his swordmanship would serve him
to do it; how, before the painting was re-
mounted, by which the hole of the rapier
was lost sight of, he photographed it; how
the painter of the picture none could tell—

"One whose best was not over well,

Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in the slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien."

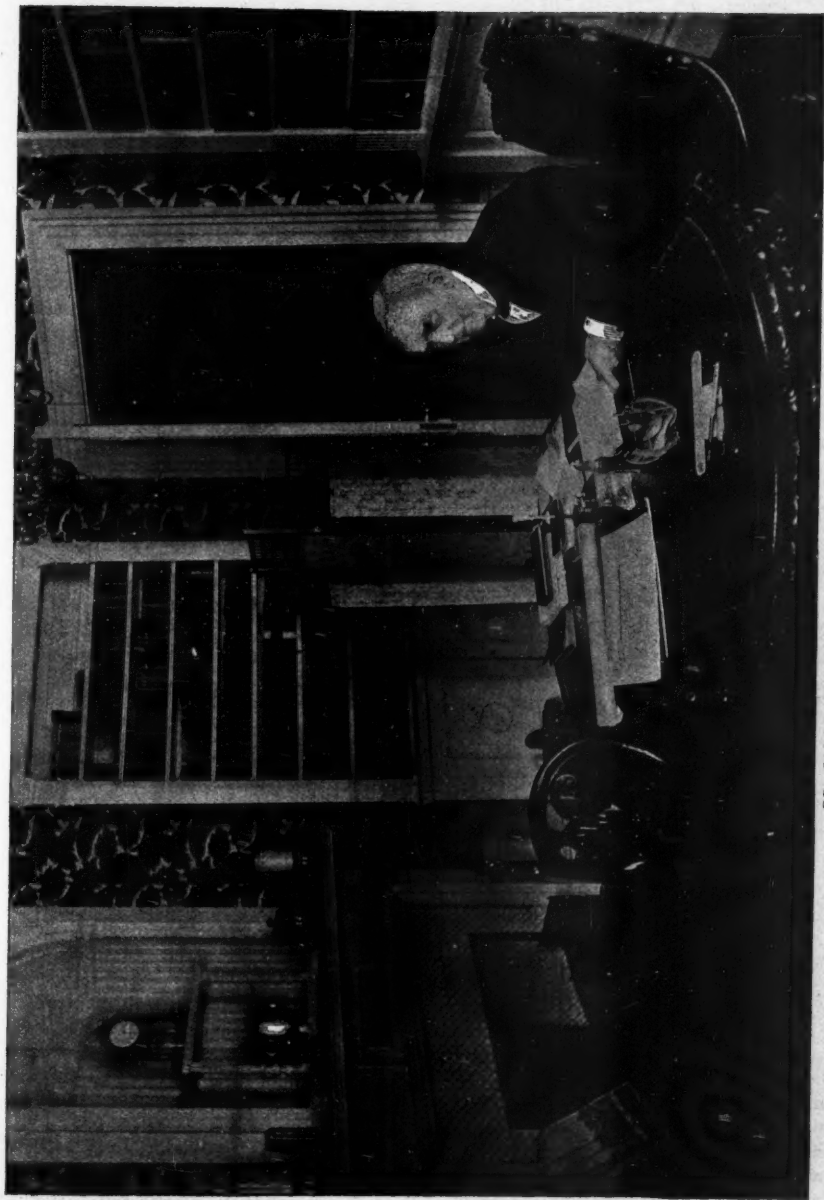
Proud the genial autocrat was of her gen-
tle birth, as he said,

"Look not on her with eyes of scorn,
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ayl since the galloping Normans came
England's annals have known her name.
And still, to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear in that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the grey-haired
son."

And, today, in the year of grace, 1899,
Boston, the three-hilled town, honors that
ancient name in its mayor, Josiah Quincy.
It was through Dorothy's grandfather,
Josiah Flynt—the honored pastor in Dor-
chester for many years—that the first
Josiah came into the Quincy family; and
as one said on a festive family occasion,
the descent in their case has been from
"Siah to siah, instead of from sire to son!"

Dorothy, strictly speaking, was not a
Daughter of the Revolution, since, born
in 1709 (Jan. 4), she died in 1762. But con-
nected as she was with those who were
ardent patriots, she was doubtless fami-
liar with the discussions and principles
leading to that result. She was an Aunt
of that fervid orator "Josiah Quincy, Jr.,
who expended his life for the cause of his
country, dying on shipboard in sight of
home, as he returned from England only
seven days after hostilities had begun;"
and she was the daughter of another dis-
tinguished man, the Edmund Quincy, a
Harvard graduate (1699) who, besides
holding high office as Judge in his own
land, and as one of his Majesty's Council,
was agent at the Court of St. James for
the Massachusetts Bay Province. He was
engaged in the important business of a
settlement of the boundary line between
the Massachusetts Province and New
Hampshire, when he died in England of
smallpox in October, 1737, in the fifty-
seventh year of his age. He was buried at
Bunhill fields, where a dissenting minister
gave a funeral oration. But Massachusetts
did not forget his services. The General
Court erected a monument to his memory,
and at the same time, granted one thous-
and acres of land in Lenox to his heirs.

There is a Dorothy Q. Chapter, D. R., in Boston, with
Mrs. Mary Meredith, Marlboro Street, as Regent.



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN HIS STUDY

The pastor of the Braintree church, Reverend John Hancock, preached a sermon to his memory, which, as published at the time, can be seen today in the Boston Public Library. It is dedicated to the bereaved family, including Dorothy, her sister Elizabeth, and two brothers Edmund and Josiah. A note attached to the sermon says that the honorable man died with "great resignation and magnanimity of spirit, even expiring in a prayer for his dear native country." Though the monument in Bunhill fields has been destroyed, the long Latin epitaph has been preserved with the sermon of John Hancock.

This Edmund Quincy (the third of his name) with his wife Dorothy Flynt and his family, which included Dorothy Q., lived in the ancestral Quincy lands, in Wollaston Park, which a Sachem had granted to the first Edmund Quincy, after his arrival in this country in 1633. This great-grandfather of Dorothy Q., accompanied by six servants, had come to Boston from England with the Rev. John Cotton, and had become a representative of the town of Boston in the first General Court ever held in Massachusetts Bay.

This old home of the Quincys, still in existence (on Hancock Street) though not in the Quincy name, is a most interesting specimen of colonial structure. Built in 1685, by Dorothy's grandfather, Edmund Quincy 2nd, it was inherited by her father. It was noted for its hospitality. Judge Sewall in his diary, describes a funeral there of "Uncle Quincy." When Dorothy was a little child three years old, the Judge came there himself (March, 1712), when, as he tells in his diary, "the day and he being in a manor spent," he turned in to Cousin Quincy, where he had the pleasure to see "God in his Providence shining again upon the persons and affairs of the Family, after long distressing sickness and losses." The "chamber next the Brooke" was where he lodged. Another important room in the house was the one occupied by Dorothy's bachelor Uncle, Henry Flynt (the brother of her mother) now famous as the tutor of Harvard College for

more than half a century, and Fellow of the Corporation through sixty-five years. As an educator he naturally felt an interest in his nieces and nephews. Among the pleasant remembrances Dorothy had of her uncle was a trip he took when nearly eighty years old (June, 1754), from Cambridge to Portsmouth. Even in this journey he did not invite one of his old friends to accompany him—but an undergraduate of Harvard, David Sewall of York, Maine. Perhaps there is no more interesting journey of the kind preserved than this as told by David years afterwards, to his classmate John Adams (found among the Adams papers). They went with a "pacing mare," and a chair without a top, the calash or covered chair being then seldom used. The tutor conversed "freely and sociably on many topics," a thing then unusual for a tutor with an undergraduate. The observing student saw some of the old man's peculiarities, as, for instance, being obliged to occupy the same room at the Rev. M. Jewett's in Rowley, he said to him as he got into bed, "You will be keeping well to your own side," an injunction the youth said he had no disposition to disobey. While the tutor tarried in Portsmouth a week, David crossed the ferry, and, walking to York, remained at his home. On their way back to Cambridge, there were some amusing experiences. At Hampton Falls, the minister's wife, knowing that he was a well-off bachelor, used a little worldly diplomacy in behalf of a friend. As he was smoking his pipe after dinner, she told of the additional expense a pair of twins had recently given to the already large family of a neighboring minister. "Aye," responded the bachelor, "that is no fault of mine."

"Very true, sir, but so it is," she replied, and then offered to be the bearer of anything he might give. "I don't know," was his reply, "that we bachelors are under obligations to maintain other folks' children;" nevertheless, he gave her a silver dollar, saying it was the only whole dollar he had about him. Later, when dining with another family, the twins, about a

month old, were brought in for him to see, ostensibly with the money in mind. But the wiley old bachelor was utterly oblivious to the fact. No more money was obtained from him. On arriving at the home of Parson Rogers in Ipswich, the

he liked it "strong of the tea, strong of the sugar and strong of the cream."

This glimpse at Dorothy's uncle, who made it his home at her mother's when not at the college, suggests much, as to the characteristics which drew the family

"DOROTHY Q, "A COLONIAL MAIDEN



*From a Photograph of the Painting which still hangs
in the old home of Oliver Wendell Holmes in Boston.*

old tutor was so pleased upon learning that the wife was a daughter of President Leverett, that he is said to have given her a hearty kiss, as well as a most entertaining talk on his beloved Harvard. Being asked at the breakfast of tea and toast, if he liked his tea strong or weak, he said

to him—his staunch loyalty to principle, his interest in little surroundings, etc., etc. He was noted for his "facetiousness and humor weighed with gravity." John Adams in his diary refers to him as being "very gay and sprightly in his sickness." This was not long before his death in 1760

when he was laid to rest in the burying-ground close to the college he loved and served so long. It was while he was tutor at Harvard that Dorothy's mother died. He not only sympathized with her in her loss, but entered into her joy, the year after, when she was married to Edward Jackson, a prosperous merchant, known as partner of her brothers, Edmund and Josiah (Salisbury, Mem.)

Dorothy was not young when she was married; indeed she must have seemed old for those days, for she was twenty-nine, sixteen years older than in the portrait Dr. Holmes has immortalized; for does he not say—

"Grandmother's mother; her age I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less.
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead, with uprolled
hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid."

No other picture of Dorothy Q. is known. But of her father, Judge Quincy, Salisbury, in his Memorials of the Quincy family, says there are two painted by Smybert some ten years before her marriage. One inherited by President Quincy came to the Art Museum in Boston; the other, coming to Dorothy, was given at last by her son Jonathan to the late Edmund Quincy of Dedham, Mass., whose children came into possession of it. Would that these could tell us more than we can find of the Dorothy Jackson! And more, would that the portrait of the uncle Henry Flynt, now in Memorial Hall, Cambridge, with its sensible face set in a white, curly wig, could tell us more of his favorite Dorothy Q.! She must have been a favorite of the old tutor, for on his death, two years before hers, there fell to her the silver teapot given him by his Harvard pupils over twenty years before. On it, besides the year 1738, and the words, *Ex Dono Pupillorum*, there were engraved for arm-

orial bearings, three nodules supposed to represent the mineral, suggesting Flynt, the recipient's name.

At the time of Dorothy's death in 1762, her niece Dorothy, the daughter of her brother Edmund, was coming into notice as a charming girl of fifteen, later to honor the Quincy name as the wife of Governor John Hancock. She lived with her attractive sisters in Dorothy's old home which her father inherited. We are shown today a room with the quaint Chinese paper which tradition says was put on the walls in honor of her marriage to John Hancock in 1775. But circumstances demanding the wedding to come off in a mansion in Fairfield, Connecticut, instead of Quincy, the cupids which adorn the paper as messengers to lovely woman were not as fully appreciated as they might have been.

John Adams, then a rising young lawyer in the town was often a visitor to this Quincy mansion. He tells in his diary how one evening (1760) when there, the Judge told of Franklin's kindness in sending the Rhenish grape vine slips in accordance with an expressed wish of his to have some for his garden. They were planted and became a success. John was then living with his widowed mother in his birthplace, the building now restored by the Adams Chapter D. R., and used as its headquarters. Doubtless he was then attentive to Abigail Smith of Weymouth who, from a child, had been a frequent visitor to another old Quincy mansion, that of her grandfather, Colonel John Quincy, for whom Quincy was named.

Upon their marriage in 1764 they began housekeeping in the house adjoining John's birthplace, now restored as the home of the Quincy Historical Society. There began the life which ended in the old stone church of Quincy receiving for its protection the mortal remains of two Presidents of the United States, John Adams, with his wife, Abigail, and their son, John Quincy Adams.

The year that Dorothy died (1762) her daughter Mary married Oliver Wendell;

thus it happened that through Dorothy's daughter and daughter's daughter, the heirloom in the fifth generation from the old tutor, came to another honored teacher in Harvard College, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. When, upon his retirement from long-efficient service, he received a loving cup from his pupils, he could express his gratitude in no better way than by referring to this heirloom from the famous tutor, coming to him from one who "did him the high honor of becoming his great-grandmother." Held by him as the most loved and venerated relic time has bequeathed him, it had ever served the "temperate need of his noontide reflection" and was a part of his "earliest associations and dearest remembrances." This, and the heirloom of Dorothy's portrait, often reminded him of his ancestor—

"O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

"What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered, No,

The bodice swelled with the bosom's
thrill;

Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?"

As a result of the genial autocrat's grandmother's mother answering Yes, there is still another Dorothy Q. (the daughter of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes Upham of Salem) to whom, ere he closed his eyes on earth, he addressed these lines (Morse Biography.)

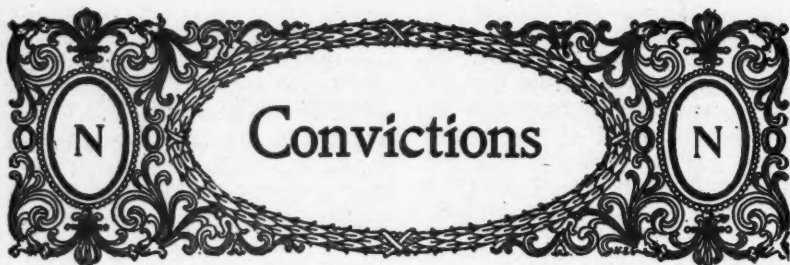
"Dear little Dorothy, Dorothy Q.,
What can I find to write to you?
You have two U's in your name, it's true,
And mine is adorned with a double u,
But there's this difference in the U's
That one you will stand a chance to lose
When a happy man of the bearded sex
Shall make it Dorothy Q. + X.

"May heaven smile bright on the blissful
day
That teaches this lesson in Algebra!
When the orange blossoms crown your
head,
Then read what your old great-uncle
said,
And remember how in your baby-time
He scribbled a scrap of idle rhyme—
Idle it may be—but kindly too,
For the little lady,—Dorothy Q.!"

HER CHARM

Invisible, unheard, a goddess comes
In day or night, and on my forehead lays
A heavy, mute caress, her beckoning,
To follow to the world where she is queen.
And in her arms I find forgetfulness—
When she is kindly; when perverse she grows,
She calls me to the weary, futile past,
Or shows grim, leering dancers in my soul.
Oft I have traveled with her over meads,
Where flood-voiced shades sing paeans to the morn;
Or else we wander weary in a lane,
Strewn thick with brambles, fog-veiled and pit-sown;
And once she laid me in the far-locked arms
Of her who is the dream-maid of my love.

Egbert W. Fowler



Convictions

JACKY TAR

WHILE making laurel crowns for the officers of our navy, and exploiting the proficiency of our coast-defenders demonstrated during the late experience with Spain, we seldom think or know much about the individual naval private, the Jacky Tar, whose importance is incalculable. Probably there is no man whose conduct and motives are less comprehended than the sailor, whether he be marine or naval. Without doubt he has made his own reputation much as Tommy Atkins has, but there is something back of Jacky's reputation, as is generally the case—something known by the name of circumstances. Jacky goes to sea; during a cruise of months he lives immaculately under severe discipline. His vessel makes a port; he is given leave to go ashore; what is he to do? Where is he to go in a strange city? No matter what tongue is spoken, the place is foreign to him—he has no place there. He wanders about, stares at things and people he does not understand, with no one to speak to, no respectable welcome held out to him, unless it be at what is known as a Seaman's Rest, and which, according to the report of one of Sampson's men, "Gives a fellow a welcome as warm as a cold in the head. There's no place ashore for a Jacky except two—you know 'em—any man alone in a big city, with some money, knows 'em."

In consequence of these conditions, no matter how well a sailor behaves himself for six months or a year, if he comes ashore for one day and lives the life reputed to him, he is branded to eternity as a worthless profligate. Among his own class a respectable girl is seen with him at the risk of her reputation, no matter how well he is behaving. The uniform of the sea, instead of being a cause of pride to a man, brands him with the traditions that have accumulated about that garb. One of Sampson's men—an engineer, than which a more decent sailor or civilian never lived—keeps a suit of civilian's clothes ready to put on whenever he is given shore leave. He insists that "there isn't a square inch of God's earth where a sailor's welcome, unless his wife or mother's there." The bitterness with which this well-conducted and well-educated young man makes this statement stands out in contrast with the fulsome social ovations bestowed upon the navy officer. Given a body of our navy privates, having distinguished themselves in a sea fight, and they will, as a body, be uproariously welcomed; but take any one of these men, apart from his comrades at arms, and even those of his own class ashore do not bid him welcome to their homes.

It is simply a case of having given a dog a bad name—he has no alternative but to live up to it. Therefore it is not surprising when a sailor retired

from the service says he would dig his son's grave rather than have him go to sea, "because a sailor's as lonely's a corpse, and fairly driven to keep company with the devil;" and knowing this it is easy to understand how Jacky feels when Mr. Kipling says for him:

"Well, ah, fare you well; and its Ushant gives the door to us,

Whirling like a windmill on the dirty scud to lee,

Till the last, last flicker goes

From the tumbling water-rows,

And we're off to Mother Carey,

(Walk her down to Mother Carey!)

Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey, where she feeds her chicks at seal!"

THE MOTHER GOOSE MOVEMENT

IT has been reported that at a recent congress of mothers a vote was cast for a measure barring out fairy tales from future juvenile literature.

Reports are unreliable authority but at the same time they are straws showing that the wind is blowing even if a definite direction is not indicated.

Women can be forgiven when they at councils of their own sex, lose their dignity in unprogressive ways concerning the many-sided question of man, but they can scarcely hope for condonation if they once agree upon a crusade against the development of childish imagination.

As a race we Americans are proverbially deficient in just that element of greatness and personal happiness contained in the imaginative life. Already our schools have broken out with facts, plain, unembroidered facts, quite like a nettle rash on a small boy, destroying his happiness even as the aunts and uncles of Kenneth Grahame's book children pestered their nephews for their good.

We must take for granted that mothers who would abolish the "Arabian Nights," "Alice in Wonderland" and "Mother Goose" would also make a bon-fire of the "Divine Comedy" and

the plays of Shakspeare, owing to their scarcity of facts.

If we may be pardoned the homely saying: "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"—or gosling. If children must read only facts of out respect to their moral tone, mothers must do likewise, thus instituting a revival of Puritan literature not altogether out of place at present as a corrective force, but which would perpetuate the gold standard of the typical American mind rather than abolish prevarication. The only argument in behalf of facts to the exclusion of fancy seems to be that a child, after reading fairy tales, during his literary infancy, suddenly awakens to a realization that what he has loved in his books is false, thus undermining with a shock all religious teachings concerning the value of truth.

The fact of the case about children is that such shocks are rare, if they ever do occur, and are the product of a morbid mind. A child never graduates from fairy tales because they are but a juvenile form of fiction, and what man or woman, not dead to the world, eschews entirely the reading of grown-up fairy tales presented as novels? The child outgrows Mother Goose and Santa Claus simply and naturally as he outgrows his toys and games. Noah's ark gives way to the hobby-horse and dolls, then later to the jack-knife, marbles and chewing gum.

By way of Mother Goose a child acquires the reading habit, because her facinations introduce him to print agreeably. If the twentieth century child is to be started out on the road to learning by means of biographies in one syllable, the printing presses will in all probability go to rust.

If this nefarious idea of banishing Mother Goose gains ground her faithful followers, (even though at present they may be reading Ibsen and An-

thony Hope, (will rise in their might and wrath, forming a society for the protection of children against their progressive mothers.

THE CONSCIENCE OF JOURNALISM

WHEN as now, journalism has grown to proportions setting the "power of the press" high above all other authority in the eyes of the people; when millions of human beings place unreasoning faith in the reports and conclusions of their daily paper, forgetting altogether that correspondents and editors are, with the best intentions, human like themselves and equally open to errors of judgement, it behooves the members of this authoritative profession to take themselves and their opinions seriously, or at least conscientiously if only from the standpoint of expediency.

Flocks of sheep run one way, then another. They will not long follow a shepherd who leads them into burning places. Yellow journalism must cut its own throat eventually, unless it modifies the tint of its columns. Whereas, newspapers led us into the war with Spain, they can now lead us out of the war with the Philippines if they but choose to print missionary efforts similar to the wise, unprejudiced, comprehensive statements of Arthur May Knapp, who, though writing for a daily paper, in his capacity of missionary to the Philippines, unconsciously shed light back upon his own people by acquainting them with unsensational, albeit deeply vital facts, concerning the situation into which he has examined with what might be called true religious zeal, prompted by a desire to promote the interests of the Golden Rule.

A country, covering an area equal to that extending between Maine and Georgia, peopled by proud, sensitive,

capable children close to nature, needs must be handled with at least the tact displayed in a kindergarten, if not the diplomacy requisite in dealing with a great power. This, and much more, the missionary has shown to edification, thanks to the editor whose sagacity put the communication into print.

In our day, the journalist in a measure has fallen heir to the ancient prerogatives of both the preacher and the politician. Multitudes of people, having no acquaintance with either of those leaders of men, feed upon the editorial dictum; accordingly, there is no profession in which conscience is more important than in journalism.

In regard to the present issue, the business half of every newspaper has no great concern, because few newspapers have yet been able to form any distinct policy out of the chaos of Philippine facts obtained; therefore, editors have a rare personal opportunity to be wisely just and discriminating concerning what they print about the Philippines, without necessarily antagonizing the counting room and belligerent subscribers.

Let the editors while recognizing their own strength remember Victor Hugo's admonition "God is awake," and that "pointing a gun at a group of savages in order to benevolently assimilate them" with our already vari-hued population, is not the most admirable text for a sermon.

There are other ways of disciplining children. The rod has spoiled many a child, contrary to accepted testimony. If we are to adopt children into the family there is no necessity to instigate and encourage ill feeling on both sides at the very beginning. To be sure, owing to unwise censorship, editors have been debarred from obtaining facts and have thus been placed at a disadvantage, but concerning a history making question of incalculable

importance no statement is to be preferred to a false statement.

MY PEN IN HAND

THE epistolary gift is a distinct and separate possession, not connected, necessarily, with what is known as "the field of letters." Frequently an individual who would find it impossible to write an acceptable story or essay, will be an excellent correspondent. Editors of experience have been known to predict a "brilliant literary future" for young people possessing the epistolary knack, whose later attempts at writing in other form proved absolutely futile. On the other hand, writers of pronounced ability fail to excel as correspondents, because they lack the requisite gracious familiarity, tempered by discretion, the gay touch-and-go handling of important topics, displaying intelligence without priggish pedantry of Madame de Sevigne, the simple, unaffected outpouring of ink displayed by the less distinguished writer, who makes no attempt to be literary, but naturally sets down in easy style a variety of interesting events and thoughts. Were the natural correspondent compelled to enlarge upon any one topic presented, he would, in all probability, find himself at loss—unable to knit together in acceptable sequence thoughts that may be clear enough in his own mind. Women, as a rule, are better at the epistolary style than men, owing to their native attention to detail, their tendency toward lack of continuity, their cleverness rather than thoughtfulness. Any one would have enjoyed a letter from Jane Carlyle more than the favor of one from her more deep-thinking, dyspeptic spouse, if only for the reason that her letters were not dyspeptic—an ele-

ment entirely out of epistolary form. She laughed at her pains, even when she wrote them out, while he punctuated every sentence with an ache or a groan, rather priding himself upon having more indigestion of the soul than anybody else. And so, Madame de Sevigne and Mrs. Carlyle being accepted as model writers of the epistolary style, we must conclude that men are not at their best when they are expected to sparkle briefly.

Mr. Stevenson's letters were as lovable, tasteful and delightful as himself; but he did better things than write letters—as is the case with most men.

A perfect letter is a piece of fine literary embroidery, too delicate and fanciful to be produced at the hands of any male creature; and it is truly remarkable how many women of ordinary calibre, in our day, produce, without effort, almost unconsciously, private letters quite the equal of those conceived by the French *precieuse*, who secretly felt assured of a considerate public for their personal letters. Privacy was something to be encouraged in those days, but not to be trusted.

From this epistolary facility being assured to a large majority of American women may arise the melancholy prevalence of over-confidence among our people in the belief that anybody can be a literary genius, given enough pens, ink, paper and time, and may account for many good feminine hours lost upon paper which had better be turned to account in the kitchen.

Style will pave the way to literary heaven, but it will not furnish you the vehicle in which to arrive there. If we all of us had more to say in our day it would be more worth saying. Wealth of ideas is not the gold of the period outside of mechanics.

A STUDY IN BASKETRY

By S. E. A. Higgins

WITH the increase of civilization, and the consequent decadence of the aborigines of the Pacific coast, their skill in basketry is fast becoming a lost art. This accounts for the persistency with which collectors seek to add to their possessions in this direction, often paying fabulous sums for baskets very much soiled and tarnished.

Few of those who seek with enthusiasm and purchase with extravagance, bestow more than a passing thought upon their origin; nor are they conscious of the fact that these baskets, which they covet, are an epitome of the industrial art from its very beginning.

To women exclusively belongs the conception and evolution of the art of basketry.

It must have been intuition that suggested possibilities by which to meet the daily needs of herself and family through the use of her own powers. With the first faint glimmer of genius she wove the materials within her reach. We may not know what time elapsed from the first timorous beginning till the fruition of perfected experience, when she became the peer of all the world in this direction.

Toying with the twigs in her fingers, she bent one over, another under, and so took the initiative in weaving, as seen in the plain splint baskets of to-day.

At first, utility must have been the only incentive. Improvement in shape and outline came later. After utility and symmetry of form were secured, there followed, on the part of the bas-

ket maker, a desire to enhance the beauty of her work. The use of a faculty increases its possibilities. Under the guidance of the innate love of the beautiful, which is early shown in personal adornment, it was an easy matter to transfer ornamentation from the person to things closely connected with the person.

As the patient weaver wrought at her accustomed task, her fingers sometimes drew the strands a little more apart than usual, and the conception of open work presented itself. In like manner came other variations and combinations, with their different effects. From the interlacing with one strand, and the use of two or more, came in due time the twisted stitch and coil.

The introduction of new materials of different grades, or a greater number of strands at once, brought raised pattern, relief and embossed work. Accidental association of color suggested a change of tint. Development of design gave evolution of effect. Continuance in experiment, when their previous attempts pleased, was but a natural sequence.

The wear upon the fingers, in the effort to make tight the work, taught the use of the bone awl or needle, that soon became a necessity in pressing the stitch compactly to its place. Increased diversity and ornamentation was effected by reverse of twist, by variation of stitch, and by the use of heavier reeds and fibres, as well as through the additional use of bits of shell, tin, bright worsted and buckskin tassels.

The parti-colored yucca leaf, one side dark, the other light green and white, sometimes fading into yellow, by a dextrous twist of the strand, as it

Indian Woman Basket Maker at Work



Photo by Maude

passed through the coil, produced a mottled effect, similar to that shown in shaded worsted work.

Size and form must have depended upon contingencies and circumstances. The tray baskets, of various depths, answered a necessity for shallow utensils; while the bottle baskets, often to be carried great distances, over mountains, through canons and across deserts, were woven with a narrow neck to keep the precious contents intact during their uncertain journeys. Eventually, the coating of bitumen was given, to make the bottles absolutely water-tight.

The bowl-shaped baskets were the kettles in which the food was cooked by placing red-hot stones in the midst of their liquid contents. The still deeper ones, of the same shape, of large size, but with a more pointed base that would sink quickly and firmly in the sand when set down, were the universal burden baskets. They conformed to the figure easily when suspended by a rope, which passed around the forehead, and over a squaw cap, worn to relieve the strain, and hung down against the back.

In harvesting, the squaw swung the basket in front of her, and holding the ripened grain over its wide mouth,

with a paddle-shaped stick beat it into the roomy receptacle. Other authorities say that she left the carrying basket in some convenient place, against a tree, if possible, and used a tray, or some other shallow basket, to cull the seeds, emptying the latter, from time to time, into the larger basket.

When her capacious "canasta" was well filled she wended her way contentedly to her wigwam, where she loosened the hulls from the grains by rubbing briskly between her hands, and from the acorns and pinones by rolling them on a stone under a "metate."

The separation of the chaff was not an ungraceful operation. The squaw used a shovel-shaped scoop, narrow and deep at one end; flat, broad and shallow at the tip—a winnowing basket. Sometimes a tray basket was used for the same purpose.

Sitting on the ground in a strong breeze, and taking firm hold of one side of the basket with the right hand, then balancing the other side with two fingers and thumb of the left hand, she held it a little tilted to catch the wind, and with a steady, but almost imperceptible, jar of the thumb against the under side, near the edge, gave the right impulse to set the contents in motion, and allow the breeze to send the chaff whirling out into the atmos-

Half-ton Grain Basket, and Unfinished Work



phere, leaving the contents of the scoop clean and ready to be made into flour. Any refuse too coarse to be

thus disposed of, was brushed out with a long twig, having a tuft of leaves at the end.

The results attained by the introduction of color, as well as the different weaves, are often the characteristics that indicate to which tribe the work belonged. The Indian artist seeks her models in nature, and reproduces patterns which sometimes have a deep religious significance. The ladder is the sign of the Papagoes, who live in a pueblo, and must ascend steps to enter their dwellings in the cliffs.

The Diggers have a fancy to picture the nut and diamond pine; while the Tulares copy the diamond back of the rattlesnake. They also make the bottle baskets—now the most valuable of all, the ordinary price for fine ones being two hundred and fifty dollars.

The Ukiahs make wondrously beautiful feather baskets of the finest of roots, the plumes of the quail, and the yellow feathers of the meadow-lark. There is a superstition among them that total blindness will be their portion if more than one feather is taken from a bird. These feather baskets are the pride of the weaver, who devotes them to her trinkets and choicest treasures.

If she wishes still further embellishment, she adds the wampum, bits of shell, worsted, etc. The Ukiahs also

weave large grain baskets, often three feet in height, and valued at three hundred dollars.

For black material, these Indians use a network of the fibrous, jet-black roots of a plant to which they have given the name "man root," and often go three hundred miles for their supply. Another root, which is white when gathered, becomes stained through and through, as black as ebony, by burying in hot ashes for a definite period, having been previously carefully cured and dried. It is marvellous with what mechanical skill the weavers grade their material by drawing each separate strand through their teeth.

The Ukiahs and the Klamaths are said to be the only tribes who continue to make baskets as a tribe. The Klamaths use maiden-hair stems, poison oak, and tule roots, showing three colors, black, terra cotta and white. They employ the twined method, as do all the coast tribes, and make baskets of great beauty. The Tule River Indians made the best baskets, and also blackened the roots by heating. The arrow-head was their distinctive pattern.

There seems to be two kinds of baskets in which the male Indians are especially interested. The medicine baskets, much like a child's rattle, long and slender, containing stones to rattle in their ghost dances; and the gambling board, upon which is played a game, called "Hah." The dice are walnut shells, cut in halves and filled with tar, in which bits of wampum are pressed.

The Navajoes are celebrated for their blankets, but do not make baskets. As they have a law of long usage, which is inexorable, that an Indian of either sex must be the possessor of a wedding basket before a marriage ceremony can take place for his or her benefit; also that the ministration of a medicine

Furnishings of the Tepee

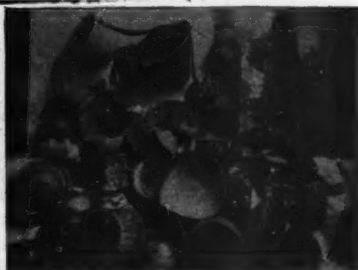


Photo by Crandall

man cannot be bestowed upon one who is not the fortunate possessor of such a basket, they employ their neighbors, the Piutes, to furnish this part of the marriage outfit.

Those wedding baskets are invariably of the same size and pattern. A heavy, coarse weave, with a broad band of terra cotta occupying about one-third of the basket, midway from rim to base. At one side the pattern abruptly terminates, leaving a space of less than half an inch of uniform color as the body of the basket. When the guests are assembled, and the betrothed ready for the ceremony, the basket is filled with a pudding-like food, up to the band, and placed on the ground between the brave and squaw. It is their duty to eat the contents, beginning directly opposite the termination of the band, one eating one way, and the other in a diverse direction, till the open space is reached by both parties, when the marriage is considered consummated.

Mr. W. L. Clark, of Santa Barbara, an experienced collector of Indian baskets, and to whom I am indebted for much of my knowledge in this line, visited all the rancherias in northern California, and purchased nearly one hundred baskets; yet but three or four were of recent make. Occasionally, an old squaw keeps up her life-long habit of weaving, but the younger ones see no reason for spending so much time in making articles for daily use, when a good substitute can be purchased for a few cents.

The process of making acorn flour is also rarely seen at this time; so it was with no little interest that Mr. Clark found himself opportunely in a position to watch manufacturing in the old way.

Within the wyckup a large flat stone was imbedded, level with the surface of the earth, having a cavity in its center, six inches wide and the same in

Gaming Board worth \$500, etc.



depth. On the ground, by this primitive mortar, sat an old squaw, so wrinkled and parchment-like her skin, that she seemed more than an octogenarian. She filled the hole with hulled acorns, and placed a mortar, or bottomless basket, on top, as a hopper, to prevent waste. Then grasping a pestle-shaped stone, about eighteen inches in length, with her hands, she left a little distance below the other, she raised it high over the right shoulder and a little to one side. With precisely the same swing that a wood-chopper uses with his axe, she brought the pestle down into the mortar with all her strength, accompanying each stroke with an emphatic and sonorous "Huh!"

Four times she gave the same well-directed, powerful blow; then shifting the pestle so the left hand came uppermost, thrice she sent it down from the left side, with equal energy. This change of hands, and in precisely the same manner, was continued until her judgment suggested an investigation as to the progress of her labor. Laying her "metate" aside, she drew a handful from the bottom of the mortar, and if pulverized as fine as bolted flour, she transferred it to the acorn tray at her side, returning all that did not meet with her approval, and keeping at her work incessantly till there were no more acorns to grind.



The Robber does his work at night;
He's seldom seen to shirk;
It gives good folks an awful fright
To catch him at his work.



AS SHE READS IT

HIS palm lies open to her gaze. "If I had looked at it last week," she says, "perhaps I might not have married you after all." But love stands on tiptoe beside her, holding a soft veil of his own weaving before the laughing blue eyes, so that they see only what she wishes to find in the massive hand, not the signs that fate and life have carved and molded there.

The dominant forefinger confronts her, saying defiantly, "See this revelation—pride, self-assertion, love of power and luxury!"

"You are a born ruler!" she exclaims; her radiant look kindling a gleam of gratification on his lips as he indulgently listens. "You are brave and ambitious, you love glory and honor—"

"How pointed your fingers are!" he interrupts, regarding with curiosity the delicate finger-tips supporting his hand.

"That shows wealth," she timidly explains; "my hand belongs to Apollo and yours to Jupiter, so I have artistic things more than you would want to. That little straight line below my third finger means some talent that might have made me famous if I had followed it up,—my voice, you know." A faint sigh steals upward from her heart.

"You can always sing for me," he answers, consolingly, and she smiles again.

"This thumb tells me that you rarely change your mind, and that you usually get whatever you want."

"Right." And he nods contentedly.

"Let me see: your life line and head line are very, very strong, quite different from mine; the heart line—" she hesitates, "I cannot just tell—it does not show plainly, somehow. But then, of course, a mind like yours would control the feelings altogether. I suppose you would hardly care to be emotional?"

"Hardly," he assents, with his cheerful laugh.

"I am too much so," she murmurs, catching her breath rather quickly; "I cannot reason. I can only love you very dearly."

A shining tear falls into his hand.

"Why, what on earth?" he exclaims. "I am not asking you to reason!"

"Oh, no, dearest; it is not that at all. I happened to see the break in my life line, and it frightened me. I had forgotten it entirely, but it is very near now!"

Her hand tightens wistfully upon his, and she comes closer, for perhaps she may feel safe resting her golden head against his broad shoulder.

"The idea of believing that! The whole thing is all nonsense, anyway!" he cries. "Go and sing for me, dear; something lively."

Anna Mathewson

PERKINS OBJECTED

"HONORING our great men by conferring their names on horses, dogs, cats, parrots, William goats, pet lambs, babies, hens and other two-legged and four-legged animals and insects may be all right in the abstract and in theory, but I object to it in practice every day life. Yes, sir, I emphatically object; dunned if I don't!"

The Punkville postmaster, a middle-aged, but still active old gentleman, with a bald head, Uncle Sam chin whiskers, shrewdly twinkling optics, and opinions of his own which he was not at all backward about sharing with his fellow man, leaned across the counter of the codfish and calico emporium, of which he was the proprietor, and glared defiantly around as if challenging the crowd to a discussion of the subject he had broached.

"What's the trouble now, Perkins? Somebody been namin' a goat or a tame woodchuck after ye!" drawled "Uncle Joe" Doolittle from the depths of his favorite arm-chair, behind the post office stove.

"No, sir, they hain't," ejaculated the Punkville P. M., somewhat testily. "I haven't been notified of any calamity of that sort, but, by gum! I'll tell you what did happen: This morning after I got the mail put up and sent off, and had swept out the store and got ready for business, I stepped out into the middle of the street, and looked up and down to see if I could see anything of my dog—the one given to me by the stage-driver just after the battle of Manila, a year ago last May,

you remember. He is always dodging off somewhere out of sight—the dog, I mean, not the stage-driver—and this morning was no exception to the rule.

"Well, I looked up and down the street, as before remarked, but he was nowhere in sight, the dog wasn't. So I whistled for him same as any one would be apt to do, thinking he might be somewhere within hearing, and sung out good and loud: 'Here Dewey—come Dewey;' and for the next five minutes I'll be swizzled if I didn't think a dog cyclone had struck the town and I had been caught out in it!

"Seventeen dogs, of seventeen different sizes, colors and descriptions, came running at once, gleefully wagging their tails, and sprung upon me, wiping their muddy feet on my pants and shirt-bosom as if laundry bills didn't cost a cent. Then, in trying to get away from them, I got my legs tangled up in some way with those confounded canines and the broom, and fell down in the slush and mud, and then the whole collection of dogs promptly piled onto me, whining and yelping and pawing dirt into my eyes and ears; and between them they came plaguey near suffocating me and licking what little hair I've got left all off my head before I succeeded in crawling out from under the wriggling mass and dashing into the store and slamming the door shut behind me."

"Quite an adventure. Dewey laugh over it?" inquired "Uncle Joe," slyly winking at the rest of the crowd.

A pained expression came over the face of the postmaster.

"I didn't think this of you, Doolittle; I really didn't," he gloomily observed. "After what I suffered from them doggasted dogs, this is what I may call rubbing it in. I see I've got to take radical measures for self-protection, and I might as well do it at once

while I'm warmed up on the subject." And Postmaster Perkins stepped around to his official desk, wrote out, and immediately proceeded to tack up in a conspicuous spot the following terse and business-like document:

"PUNKVILLE P. O.—SPECIAL NOTICE

"Dog named Dewey for sale cheap. No offer, reasonable or otherwise, refused. Now is the time to secure one of the seventeen dogs in town named Dewey. Call early to avoid the rush.

HEZEKIAH B PERKINS,
Postmaster.

"P. S. All puns on the name of Dewey are henceforth strictly prohibited in this office during business hours. Regular sitters who violate this rule will be requested to do their roosting elsewhere in future. Dewey mean it? We do! This is the last!

"*Verbum Sap*, and the crowd will please govern themselves accordingly.

"H. B. P., P. M."
Will S. Gidley



A DELUSION DISPELLED

"HE rolled up in his blanket, and, with his saddle for a pillow, slept soundly till morning."—*Novelist's Fairy Tale*.

No, he didn't do any of these things. He didn't roll up, he didn't use his saddle for a pillow, didn't sleep soundly—at least he did not do any of these things for any length of time.

The facts in the case are that he spread his blanket on the ground and lay down upon one edge. After several unsuccessful starts he rolled himself up in it and then found that his head was nowhere near his saddle. He was rolled so tightly that there wasn't

much chance for movement, but he at last kicked himself over to the saddle, hopelessly unwinding the blanket in doing so. About the tenth trial he managed to finish the rolling up process where he could get his head on the saddle. He found it about six inches too high for a pillow and in trying to settle it down of course came unwound again. Another half hour was spent in getting into position and then he discovered that there was not a spot on the saddle that wasn't harder than the rock of Gibraltar.

It gradually dawned on him that the story writers of his youth had grossly deceived him and that no man ever slept with his head on his saddle. Then he pushed the saddle to one side, tangled himself in the blanket again and laid his head down on a bunch of grass, which ran in his ear; and he said something that wasn't complimentary to the grass, the saddle, the blanket or the novelist. It was now about midnight, and tired nature gave out at last and he slept till three. At this time there was a thunder shower and he got up and emptied the water out of his boots and put them on and offered more money than he had for a bed a roof.

This thing of "rolling up in a blanket" and enjoying it is one of the novelistic licenses of the story writer. I have been complicated in a blanket in this way and I know. In the first place it is hard to roll yourself neatly and satisfactorily. If a man had a spiral spring inside of him like one of these self-acting window-shade rollers it would probably work all right, but he hasn't.

It can be done, however, and immediately after the man will give \$10 to be able to move. Inside of two minutes he will be willing to give \$25 to crook his elbow. But he can't or the blanket will unroll. It will feel as if his feet were sticking out doors, and in fact they won't be much better off.

If he lies on his side his head will sag down and feel as if it was going to break off. When he rolls over on his face the dry grass will run into his eyes and he can't get his hands out to brush it away. When he tries it on his back he will feel badly all over and the stars will look big and as if they were going to fall down on him; and he will see that it looks like rain and the horses eating grass a quarter of a mile away will sound like a herd of elephants pulling up a forest by the roots.

About this time his legs will cramp and his back will ache and he will decide that he must move if it is the last motion he ever makes: and he will, and the blanket will get away from him and all will be lost save his fatigue—he will be just as tired as he ever was. He will try this till morning, when like a rational being, he will lie down on one half of his blanket, draw the other half over him and snatch a little sleep. Even then he won't enjoy himself so much as he thought he was was going to. No one really likes to sleep out doors under a blanket after a trial or two except the romantic story writer. He delights in it. He wants to get right out on the boundless plain, roll up in his blessed blanket, put his head under a "tree of sage-brush and rest it on a cactus and sleep sweetly while all night long the buffalos jump over him, a band of hungry wolves range near looking for supper and a party of hostile savages lurk just over the divide and gnash their teeth and cause the frightened evening breeze to grow faint with the burden of their staccato but gory war whoop.

Ask the expounder of the word according to the dime novel which he will have for the night, a bed or a blanket, and he will reply as he "carefully examines his trusty rifle," "tightens his leathern belt," and "clenches his set teeth;" "Give me a

small blanket with red devils over the divide—remember, red devils over the divide—I can't sleep without 'em." Put the same question to the man who has spent most of his life under a blanket, and he'll rise up and ask you to show him to the bed.

There is a great difference between theory and practice in these matters.

Hayden Caruth

A TALE OF DOG-DAYS.

BANKER JONES was a bicycle crank—that is, to say, he was a crank on bicycling, and he relished his early morning spin more than he did his wife's cooking; leastwise, he regarded it as more healthful.

It was a bright mid-summer morning, and the yellow grain lent a mellow tint to the azure blue of the clear sky. The well-kept country roads, surrounding the little country town where Jones lived, were smooth and delightful, and with these gratifying circumstances in his favor, Jones started for his usual early morning ride.

A blouse was strapped to the handlebars, but it was one which belonged to his friend, to whom he had loaned his wheel the night before, and he did not remove it; intending to place it in the owner's hands at the office.

He had not pedaled far before he heard some excited "yaps" close in the rear. Now, Jones did not like dogs; in fact he hated them, and only the day before, he had read a tragic account of a mad dog's escapade. Jones talked sternly to the dog, at first, and said explosively, "Go home, sir! "Get out!" but the dog followed.

Jones pedaled faster, seeking to leave the curly mongrel, but the dog kept up the chase with spirited excitement.

Jones, himself, became excited. Surely, something must be wrong with the

dog, or it wouldn't follow a stranger that way! He put on more energy, as visions of a mad dog entered his thoughts.

Faster and faster they went, over hills and down valleys, and Jones was thoroughly frightened. He had lost his hat, and his seersucker coat was flapping wildly in the breeze. The dog, with tongue hanging out and foam flying from its mouth, followed closely in the rear.

"O, for some water!" thought Jones. "A pond, a river, a brook—anything!" for he knew a mad dog would not enter water.

The farmers paused, while doing their morning chores, to watch the strange sight. Never had they seen a scorcher ride so fast, or keep it up so long.

Just as Jones was becoming exhausted, and about compelled to give up the race, he was given renewed hope by the appearance of a creek ahead. A culvert spanned the stream, with a ford along side; he steered the wheel down the steep incline, into the Creek with lightning speed, and a moment later he was floundering in the water.

But the dog came after, and, to Jones' surprise, siezed the blouse on the handle-bars, between his teeth.

Then the truth dawned on Jones. It was his friend's dog, and it had scented the blouse and followed him. Jones now cares little for the omen of "strange dogs that follow," and when he arrived at his office an hour late that morning, he wasn't at all amiable.

John C. Crockett



THE WOMAN IN GRAY

THERE had been many deaths that day. It is an old saying with those familiar with the course of yellow fever, that coolness or rain in

time of pestilence means health to the general city, but death to those already stricken. That day the little woman in gray had shrouded no less than seven forms. The sleepers that she had prepared for the long rest had been the poor the friendless.

It was the most wearing day that she had ever spent: so high all day the tide of death had surged about her,

The last of these sad talks completed, the Little Woman was hurrying along in that sparkling mist of afternoon sunshine to a new case just reported from an alley near the river-front.

She heard the wheels of the death-cart approaching the little cemetery before her. She paused in her rapid walk. She was very tired. She leaned against a stone wall that divided an old garden from the street. Her uncomely little figure seemed hardly more than a quaint excrescence on the wall of stone.

The topmost coffin from the cart was lifted down. She waited a bit longer. This was the first burial that she had seen since she had come to the city four weeks ago: though she had made ready for so many.

The priest aided the two laborers, who with difficulty carried the coffin to the open grave. It was a short service for the dead in those times. The priest himself worked with the shovel at the newly-dug earth, filling the grave.

The laborers hastened from the freshly heaped mound to another, hurrying, after the death-cart. The good father lingered. The air was fresh and cool. The grass was verdant as that of his native Emerald Isle. The outlying sea was sparkingly smooth. In that rare haze which filled the atmosphere, the lower glancing sunbeams, sent opaline tints through the chains of pearly drops, that

weighed the boughs. It was his first moment of respite since he had come three weeks ago to the suffering city. His generous tirelessness had won for him in that part of the city where he worked, the name of: "the good father."

But a moment's respite, and he would be ready to take up again the burden of care, prayer, and burying. —But all, suddenly, into his eyes there flashed a glow of intense surprise,—of abundant joy.—In the great weariness of body that held him, he questioned if he were not dead; if this were not his own grave whereat he stood—to be, at this instant, welcomed into new life by the being he had loved best in the old weary world. In that moment of unique elation, he wondered in half a dream if he were not young again; if this virent sward were not the tender greenness of old Ireland; if that sea were not the old world waters that washed his native shores.—He saw before him, a step out from the old stone wall,—a woman, slender, eagerly poised, leaning lightly forward as if wings upheld her. All sweetness, all tenderness blossomed in her face. In that green, gold glamour of the summer afternoon, her grey garments floated out like wafts from some dim, sweet cloud-land.

"Mavourneen," he whispered questioningly. No answer, to his whisper,—only a look of joyous exultation welled into the woman's eyes. In the half-blinding glow of low-slanting sunshine, the father laid a hand over his eyes, that a moment of darkness might clear them for the lovely vision. In that moment—she was gone.

"Was it a ghost?" he whispered under the wet trees.

Was it a ghost? The vision he be-

held was sweet, graceful, enticing: the Little Woman in Grey was well nigh repellant with quick gaucherie. The phantasm he beheld for the instant was radiant with tender eagerness, with endearing dependence: the Little Woman in Grey was awkwardly beset with small swaggering independence, with petty bragadocia.

Surely it was not the reality which the work-a-day-world sees that he saw.

Was it a ghost? Do the ghosts of our dead selves so walk the earth, ready to appear at rare intervals, mystifying those who behold them, covering us for the instant, as with a magic vestment, with the dear dead beauty of old-time. Those old selves bear no resemblance to us of to-day; those old selves which though dead have no graves; those old selves whose emotions ourselves have all but forgotten,—they bear no part in our this day's living, they have no life here—yet from somewhere they come to haunt us and the world at rare moments.

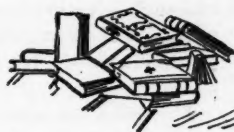
Next morning the Little Woman in Grey had disappeared from the city. One said that she had paid two men to row her to the boats lying in the bay. Another ventured that she had made a chance to slip away on a relief train, that had brought provisions to the city.

All—forgetful to praise her for the long two months of sacrificing tenderness that she had given to their stricken town,—combined to censure her for leaving just as the sickness was most heavy.

The new case in the alley by the river was reported still unattended. The good father was, in his capacity of fever-nurse, sent to minister to that case.

Eli Shepperd

A Glance at New Books



Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones.

THE MARKET PLACE

HAD Harold Frederic lived he would have doubtless done something great in the art of book writing. As it was, he did produce some very strong virile books, which makes "The Market Place" seem a retrogression. It is decidedly inferior to some of his preceding works,—in plot, in character, in motive and the general handling.

It would be a mistake to believe "The Market Place" required any great majestic intellect. It is simply the description of a coarse, money-getting Englishman, who has from mere force of will, lack of honesty, and some American push, risen from the lower ranks to an enviable financial position where he can rule the market and men as well.

It would be difficult indeed to find a book more disagreeable to the ordinarily fastidious. Hardly an utterance of Thorpe which is not spoiled by vulgarity. The delineation is doubtless a true one of the man, who dominates every other character and motive. Everything else is incidental.

It is simply a story of an unscrupulous, avaricious money-getter, and told with typical and curt bluntness. The quality of refinement is conspicuous by its absence. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE TAMING OF THE JUNGLE

MR. CONAN W. DOYLE has certainly given us some very thrilling stories in "The Taming of the Jungle." They are descriptive of the people of the Terai; their loves and hates, and revengeful spirit. Some of them are extremely touching, while others are too gory to be pleasant reading for the fastidious. Many of them are revolting, and serve no other purpose than the acquainting us with the barbarous customs of these degenerate tribes.

Mr. Doyle may be as competent in description and presentation as Mr. Kipling and show a great familiarity with his subject, but we can hardly call these pleasant, healthful stories. That would be quite impossible considering their location and types—and yet they

will be widely read, for a knowledge that such a state of things exists is not sufficient always. Lippincott & Co.

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH RACE

ONE reason why history is such profitable reading is that all historians, great and small, agree on the essential facts which make history. As to the origin of the races in the British Isles, suppositions have nearly always been employed instead of direct assertion.

It seems to be the task of the Anthropologists to inform us in regard to their origin, and Mr. John Munroe in "The Story of the British Race," attempts by means of skulls to acquaint us with our origin. He wastes too much time in contradicting the assertion of accepted historians and seems to have so little confidence in other anthropologists, that the result is a vague jumble of assertions. The book shows a conscientious study of the subject, and no inconsiderable amount of research. The science of Anthropology is yet in its infancy, and when there is more unanimity of opinion among its apostles, the subject will be more profitable at least. D. Appleton & Company.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NATION

AS a clear well-defined outline of American history, it is a pleasure to come across the "History of the American Nation" by Andrew C. McLaughlin. These outlines include the struggles of Western Europe for possession of the New World, and the final victory of England over France. Then our own independence, the steps which led up to it, the formation of states and the adoption of the Constitution. A clear idea is given of the various forms of growth in each state;

the Puritan at the North, the Cavalier and slave at the South. Each phase of progress is admirably presented, and the narration of the chief events of the past, all that can be desired to impress them indelibly on the mind of every reader.

Mr. McLaughlin begins at the beginning and travels the old well-worn road, up to the present day, and many things we notice which have escaped us before, or to which we have devoted too little of our attention. The author has such a natural and easy way of telling us about ourselves and our country, that the book is almost like a story.

The many illustrations of prominent men of the past and present are interesting and helpful. The book is altogether a valuable one—as a text book it is admirable—accomplishing the desired object of the author in marking clearly and accurately the chief events in the growth and development of the United States. D. Appleton & Co.

A GENTLEMAN PLAYER

"A GENTLEMAN PLAYER" is the title given to a book recently issued, (L. C. Page & Co.) the scene of which is laid during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in which her majesty figures as the cause of the adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the hero of the book.

Mr. Robert Neilson Stevens has evidently attempted to produce something exciting, thrilling and romantic. His inflexible style, however, yields so reluctantly, and sometimes not at all, that it quite defeats the accomplishment of his purpose in the first two instances. The situations and incidents are romantic, but there is a lack of spirit and life. It is too much on a dead level all the way through; it gives one a feeling akin to that we experi-

ence in a sailing yacht waiting for a breeze, and finally forced to submit to a tow. The notes at the back are quite as interesting as the book itself, showing as they do, a familiarity with the history, personal as well as general of the period with which the story is concerned.

RICHARD CARVEL

WHAT a retrospect of pleasant hours for those who have read this delightful book, and what a store of pleasure waiting those who will read it. Finer, more fascinating descriptions of old Colonial life in Baltimore just previous to and during the Revolutionary war, would be hard to imagine. Nothing has ever been produced in this line, which can equal it. Not even does "Hugh Wynne" or Thackeray's novel compare with its many points of excellence and general interest.

Mr. Winston Churchill has compassed more than one complete character. His types, whether of nobleness or meanness, are always interesting. The spirit he has caught and held throughout, and there is not a dull line in the book. The touching glimpses we get here and there of hardy John Paul Jones give the story just the needed touch of realism. The naval battle is graphic and exciting; the story teems with life and action, and the incidents are continuous with a natural sequence; not huddled together, leaving tedious gaps to skip. The interest is sustained to the last page, leaving nothing to be desired. Mr. Churchill has certainly created something that will last. This book will endure and will secure an enviable place in American literature. His future—taking this book as a precedent—promises great things, and such a book justifies our prediction. The MacMillan Company.

THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES

THE Beacon Biographies because of their brevity and general readability, are admirably adapted to the wants of those busy individuals who feel a desire to keep in touch with the revolving impressions of great men, but find their time so limited that they cannot indulge in a heavy periodical course of biography. By this I do not mean that they are too condensed for others with more leisure, as from their intrinsic value in epochal history alone they are sure to find a place in the student's library as well.

Such men as "Daniel Webster," by Norman Hapgood; "Robert E. Lee," by William P. Trent; "David E. Farragut," by James Barnes; "Bishop Brooks," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe; "J. R. Lowell," by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., always excite the interest of every one; and we are never weary of learning something new about these giants among men. We love to linger in an analysis of the motives reflected in incidents of their lives, seasoned by that length of years which furnishes a true perspective.

Unlike biographies generally these are more than mere eulogies, which invariably attempt to stultify our reason and common sense into the belief that their heroes were more than simply men. But instead, each writer (who is particularly qualified for his special work), has made us feel the humanness, the peculiar characteristics and strength of the human side of their subject, emphasizing the natural forces apparent in the consummation of their ideals. Especially is this true in the sketch of Bishop Brooks. It was written by a layman. Many views are given of this leader of men which are too seldom observed by the more ardent, admiring biographers. In all the biographies there is a proper and just discrimination.



THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JULY

First Prize: Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.

Second Prize: Emeline Howard Mann, 4610 Chester Ave., West Philadelphia, Penn.

Third Prize: Mary Josephine Dickinson, P. O. Box 76, Mystic, Conn.

Fourth Prize: Miss Mary Geneva Rathbun, Mystic, Conn.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN JULY

Literature

1. It is said that Aristotle was once in love, and his lady promised to listen to his prayer if he would grant her request. The terms being accepted, she commanded him to go on all fours, and then, putting a bridle in his mouth, mounted on his back and drove him about the room, till he was so angry that he was quite cured of his attachment.

2. The Spasmodic School was a name given collectively to various Nineteenth Century writers, on account of their alleged unnatural style. Carlyle Bailey Dobell and Alexander Smith were the most noted.

3. Samuel Rogers—the "Melodious Rogers" of Byron, the "Memory Rogers" of the general reader, has an unique reputation among English men of letters. His main desire was to be a preacher, but he yielded to his father's advice and entered the paternal bank.—"Human Life," "Pleasures of Memory" and "Italy."

4. "Pilgrim's Progress" is a famous

allegory by John Bunyan, which recounts the adventures of the hero Christian, in journeying from the City of Destruction to the Heavenly Jerusalem. Bunyan was the son of a tinker, and composed this allegory while in prison, between 1660 and 1672.

5. Charles I was very fond of literature, and was found fault with by some for paying more attention to style in writing than was proper for a great monarch. Soon after his death a book was published called the "Eikon Basilike," the king's portraiture of his solitude and suffering. It was supposed to have been written by the king while on the Isle of Wight.

Art

1. Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, the eminent English painter, was born in Birmingham in 1833. Intended by his family for the church, he was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he devoted much of his spare time to drawing. He attached himself to the so-called romantic school of Rosetti, Ruskin and Wm. Morris, his friends.

2. Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of Angelica Hauffman's intimate friends, is said by some to have been one of her suitors, and to have made her an offer of marriage. She resided in England, where she married an impostor, the valet of Count Horne, who, stealing his master's wardrobe and credentials, went to London, and figuring successfully as a count, married the lady artist. Sir Joshua assisted her in procuring the dissolution of this marriage.

3. The legend runs that Raphael, having long been seeking a model who could be used to assist him in painting a picture of the Virgin and Child, came upon the group of a young mother and her two children. As he gazed on them, the wish of his heart was realized. He had only a pencil, and on what could he draw? Just then he saw the smooth cover of a huge wine cask, and eagerly drew upon it his outline of Mary and the Child. This he took away with him and rested not until, with his very soul, he had painted his wonderful "Madonna della Sedia."

4. It was in 1728 that Romney met Emma Hart, who afterwards became Lady Hamilton. It has been said that he saw her at a house where she was a servant, and, struck by her beauty, asked to paint her. She became the favorite theme of his brush. Lord Nelson seems to have been much influenced by her, and such an evil influence that it caused the jealousy of Lady Nelson, and was finally the cause of a separation between husband and wife.

5. There are two quite different legends concerning St. Veronica; but the one most commonly received is the one which makes her a woman of Jerusalem, whose house Christ passed when bearing His cross, and who gave Him her handkerchief to wipe His brow. When it was returned it was impressed with the sacred image, and was found to bear a perfect likeness of the Saviour. It was called "Vera Iconica" (true likeness), and the maiden ever called St. Veronica. One of these handkerchiefs is preserved at St. Peters, and another at Milan. About this time the Emperor of Rome was ill of a dreadful disease, and learning of Jesus, sends a messenger to Jerusalem for him. Finding that he has been crucified, he inquires for the portrait, and desires to take it to Rome. St.

Veronica will not consent unless she goes with it; so they depart for Rome, and when they explain to the Emperor (Tiberius) the miracle of the picture, he believes and is healed. (Gabriel Max made a painting of the picture.)

General

1. Ude was the most learned of cooks, and the author of "La Science de Quele." It was he who said "Coqus nascitur non fit." He was employed by the Duke of Sefton, and left his service because one of his guests added pepper to his soup.

2. The answer sent by Miss Lillian C. Dillet of West Roxbury, Mass., which is most interesting, is here given:

"It was on Bimini, one of the Bahama Islands, that the Fountain of Perpetual Youth long sought for by Ponce de Leon, was supposed to be found. Bimini is situated near Florida. There is no doubt there was a well or fountain on Bimini, the water of which was claimed to possess the power of imparting perpetual youth to those who drank of it, for up to the present day, the older natives will point out to anyone the relics of this wonderful fountain. Some writers claim that Bimini is a fabulous island, but I can assure my readers that Bimini really belongs to the Bahamas. I am a native of Nassau, N. P., the principal island in the group, and as a child, on a visit to Bimini, had the fountain pointed out to me. (L. C. D.)

3. Augustina Zaragozo, called the maid of Saragossa, in 1808, when the city was invested by the French, mounted the battery in the place of her lover, who had been shot. Lord Byron says when he was in Seville, the maid had to walk daily in the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by the command of the junta.

4. The "Black Warrior," a merchant

vessel of the United States, sailing in the waters of Cuba under suspicious circumstances, was fired at and brought to by a Spanish man of war; the flag was insulted, and great was the indignation and loud demands from the public for an apology. In response to their outcries, Colonel Sumner was hurried to Madrid with despatches, demanding an explanation for the insult to the flag. After some delay, the answer came, and being satisfactory, there was no excuse for a war. After this a despatch was forwarded to the United States government in 1854 by its ministers at the courts of Great Britain, France and Spain, who had met at Ostend, by the governments' request to discuss the Cuban question. This despatch, called the Ostend Manifesto, declared that if Spain would not sell Cuba, self preservation required the United States to take the island by force, and prevent it from being Africanized like Hayti. But nothing ever came of it.

5. Clovis, a converted pagan, after his victory at Soissons, was baptized at Rheims in 496 by St. Remigius. Afterwards all the kings of the second and third dynasties desired to be consecrated at Rheims with the oil of the sacred vial, which was believed to have been brought from heaven by a dove for the baptism of Clovis, and was preserved in the Abbey of St. Remi. The archbishops of Rheims held the temporal lordship of the city, but their most important prerogative was the consecration of the kings—a privilege which was regularly exercised up to the time of Charles X.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Literature

1. Who wrote a series of lively and amusing "Chronicles" in the Fourteenth century, which are still the delight of all who read?

2. What three great pulpit orators lived in the time of Louis XIV; and who left sermons that are splendid in style, and finish, and strength? One of them preached a funeral sermon that will live forever for its perfect rhetoric. Which one did this, and at whose funeral?

3. How came the classic romance of "Telemaque" to be written?

4. Who was Montesquieu?

5. What great French woman made herself immortal through her letters to her daughter?

Art

1. What work of Michael Angelo is one of the most prized treasures of Bruges, Belgium?

2. What was the romantic love story of David Teniers the younger?

3. What is the Fedora Museum at Amsterdam?

4. What are the two greatest treasures of the Carlotta Villa at Cadenabbia, on Lake Como?

5. What colossal bronze figure of a saint is erected on the shore of Lake Maggiore, Italy, and why is it there?

General

1. What was the first labor union organized in the United States?

2. What is the Order of Cincinnati; who was the first president-general, and upon his death who was elected?

3. Who was the first white child born in New England?

4. What was the origin of the word "salary"?

5. Where was the first savings bank instituted?

PRIZES FOR SEPTEMBER

First Prize: "David Harum," By Edgar Noyes Wescott.

Second Prize: "The Paths of the Prudent." By J. S. Fletcher.

Third Prize: Bound Volume of "National Magazine."

Fourth Prize: "With Dewey at Manila."



THE mania of those who have accumulated wealth for measuring the value of everything by the money standard, and iterating the cost of their personal possessions, indicates an insidious national disease. The "noted arrivals" at summer hotels are more often emphasized by the size of their bank accounts, than by their wealth of intellect or character. This gentleman represents so many millions; that spread cost so much a plate; this yacht, that automobile, this gown or that horse. The habit of putting a cost mark on everything is an absurd and vulgar phase of American citizenship, and brings upon us just criticism.

It was a just rebuke when the pretty little daughter—idolized by the wealthy but money-poisoned father—said to him: "Why do you always tell people of what everything costs, and why do you always show people things that cost money? Doesn't mamma and I cost you money?"

The little girl's remark caused the father to stop and think. Let the real wholesome value of lofty ideals, good deeds and sterling character still have

a place in the category of American achievement. Money-worship in high places is to-day as blind as any heathen idolatry; but there is a deep, latent sense of self-respecting American character which repudiates this prostituted ideal of success.

AS "The National Magazine" is the only periodical, that has a staff representative in the Philippines, the letters of Mr. MacQueen have become one of the most distinctive features in periodical literature. Each letter has all the advantage of timeliness, and the charm of Mr. MacQueen's personality. It may interest our readers to know that copies of "The National Magazine" were sold in over twenty different regiments at Manila, and the soldiers have pronounced the articles the best that have yet been published. "The National Magazine" has come in on the new wave of Nationalism—defined any way you like—the spirit is with the people and we can take no steps backward.

ANOTHER energetic young man, who resides at Wausau, Wisconsin, has secured the three hundred subscribers to "The National Magazine," and will enjoy a trip abroad as a result of his energy. There is a chance for an active young man or woman in every town or city in the United States to secure this trip, if they but concentrate their energies during leisure time. It is simply a question of finding three hundred friends and giving them full value in exchange for one dollar, represented in a year's subscription to "The National Magazine."

THE exposition of the situation in China, as explained by Kang Yu Wei in "The National Magazine" in the August number, has attracted general and deserved notice; indicating that most thoughtful Americans realize the important and in a commercial sense, vital interests, which are involved in the Eastern Question.

The Review of Reviews, in its resume of the leading articles of the month, says: "The enterprising National Magazine of Boston, has in its August number an interview by a staff writer with Kang Yu Wei, the former foreign adviser to the Emperor of China, and at present the head promoter of the reform movement. The eminent Chinaman told the interviewer the story of his work as foreign adviser to the Emperor, how he got that potentate to fully indorse several edicts providing for the opening of schools, the establishment of newspapers, the re-organization of the army, the establishment of railroad systems."

The Review goes on to quote the article at length, and evidently recognizes the importance, as well as the enterprise in securing this expression of opinion from the distinguished Celestial. The needs of that great

American empire, which with gigantic growth and achievement is developing the Pacific slope of the Rockies, can no longer depend chiefly upon eastern lines of transportation, or the markets and commerce which hitherto have profited by its founding and growth. Hereafter the American statesman, who fails to recognize and provide for this great people, and their interests, will live to realize that he has utterly failed to comprehend his duties, or that he has by a narrow sectionalism or selfish abuse of power, alienated the confidence of the people.

ALIMITED number of the steel engravings from Walker's famous painting of the Battle of Gettysburg are offered to our subscribers. This special offer appears in our advertising pages. The painting has great historic value. Send in orders early.

WE desire bright and energetic representatives in every city, town and hamlet. And we want representatives who feel an enthusiasm and personal interest in "The National Magazine"—an aggressive American magazine—giving the best thought and work of American contributors—a composite of popular magazine literature for the home.

THE August issue of "The National Magazine" was entirely sold out within twenty days of publication. We cannot undertake to fill orders for current issues unless received by the fifth of the month, as our present mechanical facilities will not permit printing a second edition, when work upon the succeeding number has commenced. A new Johnson typesetting machine has been added to our composing room, and we hope to be able to cope with any increased demand that may come after October.

THE STARS.

Words and Music by W. A. CARY.

Allegro Moderato. Countless points of twinkling light, Shin - ing

mf

through the depths of space; Si - lent glo - ries of the night, Grouped in webs of

mf

gold - en lace. Man has always known thy spell, Loved thy con - stel - la - tions

rall. a tempo.

fair; Gods and he - roes with thee dwell, Clas - sic po - ets placed them there.

mf rall. a tempo.

Copyright, 1899, by W. A. CARY.

THE STARS.

3

f *p*

Sci-ence now looks out a - far, Fa-bles van-ish

mf

one by one; Well we know that eve-ry star Is a burn-ing, whirling sun,

mf

Toward the won-ders of the skies, Mighty tel-es-copes are aimed,

mf

mf *p*

Stud-ied by a thousand eyes, Stars are measured, weighed and named.

mf *p*

Romances

OF

Modern Trade and Travel

SKETCHES

Treating of Everyday Topics, Giving the Literary Flavor for the Purpose of Interesting
Readers in Investing Money for the Right Things at the Right Time

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THE SINGER AND THE LAWYER	New England Conservatory of Music
HE BUILDED BETTER THAN HE KNEW.	E. B. Moore & Co., and A. G. Moore Co.

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91 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.



THE STORY OF WAUSAU, WISCONSIN

By Will H. Chapple

WAUSAU, Wisconsin, has grown from an exclusively lumbering town to a cultured city of diversified interests, as a result of the enterprise of its citizens. Four saw-mills are still in operation which produce an extensive amount of lumber, but there is not that entire dependence on the lumber industry that there was once. No truer saying has ever been recorded than this, that a city is what its citizens make it. A handsome site was chosen in the first place, on both banks of the Wisconsin river, and surrounded by high hills. The Wisconsin river at this point is a beautiful stream, rapid and clean, with clear-cut banks. There is an abundance of water-power that has not yet been utilized.

Rib Hill, to the west, is the highest point of land in Wisconsin. It is 1940 feet above sea level. The city of Wausau itself is 1220 feet above sea level. No prettier view of a compact, well-built city can be obtained than that which greets one from the hills surrounding Wausau. The city was

not built in a day. It is not a boom town. Everything constructed here has been done with an air to permanency. There has been no fictitious valuation of property. The citizens all came to stay, build up homes, and make money by working for it. There is a pleasing absence of the speculating capitalist, who enters so many of these western towns, buys a bit of property, and then holds it for double its valuation, cursing the fates because the city is strangled by its own selfishness.

While the majority of the cities of 15,000 inhabitants are wrangling over water rates, criticizing the management of their corporation ownership, Wausau people drink the cool, pure spring water, which is sent surging through an excellent system, all their own, constructed and operated by this municipality since 1885. The system now has nearly twenty-five miles of mains, and the entire cost has been over \$200,000. The water rates are just one-half as much as the rates made in

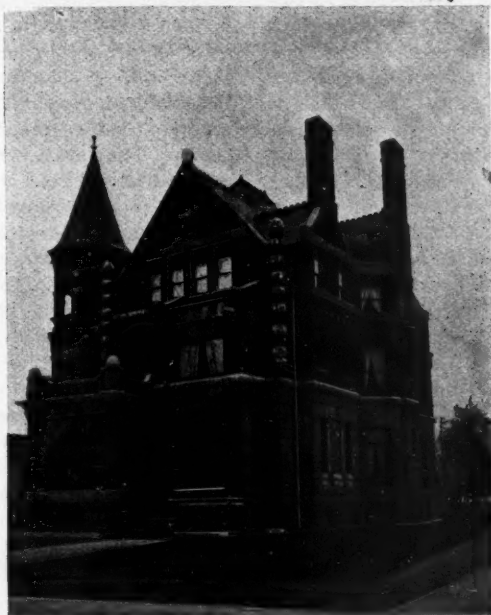
WAUSAU, WISCONSIN

many places where the systems are operated by private corporations. The sound judgment of those who advocated the municipal establishment and ownership of water-works has been a benefit that will be lasting. In Wausau there are no disagreeable fights between citizens and the water company such as have characterized their conduct in other cities. Every citizen feels a pride in municipal ownership.

ly up to date, and has been managed as credibly, and with as much profit to the city as any private corporation. The citizens are the stockholders, and would not sell at a liberal premium.

But the water-works system is not the only thing that displays the wisdom of Wausau citizenship. Within the past five years the business men have organized a telephone system of their own. It is not owned by the mu-

A WAUSAU RESIDENCE



Neither has the matter of politics been detrimental to the system. The same engineer has been in charge of the plant since 1886, and he will be kept there as long as his present efficiency upholds the unwritten law of merit. It may be that Wausau is peopled with an exceptionally honest, loyal and sincere class of citizens. Any way, they have not permitted the water-works system to deteriorate because it is a buildet rust, but it has been kept strict-

nicipality, but the next thing to it. The Wausau Telephone Company is purely mutual in its organization. The business men of Wausau became convinced that they were paying too much for the use of the telephones, so they concluded to go into the telephone business themselves and construct a system. They met, organized a mutual stock company, and appointed a committee to sell stock. "What a bonanza for a failure!" thought the

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

BRIDGE OVER THE WISCONSIN RIVER



authorities of the corporation that already had its telephone system in operation in the city. But wait! In 1895 the new telephone system was completed in the city with "shouting" success; "Hellos" resounded throughout the city at sixty per cent. less cost in business houses than had ever been known before, and at 233 per cent. less cost in the residences. "Hellos" had been made cheap by this citizens' movement. Of course, in the main, the success of the enterprise is based first on its harmonious and enthusiastic organization, and was accomplished in spite of the utmost antagonism on the part of the old company, which gave free telephones in Wausau in the endeavor to drive out the mutual company or break up its organization. The character of the Wausau citizens is displayed in the fact that they refused for nearly four years, as long as the fight lasted, to be bribed by the

offer of free telephones, and stood shoulder to shoulder in the support of the home company. The citizens here are remarkably free from petty jealousies. They are a unit on everything which is for the good of the city.

This home telephone company has not a dollar of outside capital. Every stockholder is a patron, and no stockholder can subscribe for more shares of stock than he leases telephones for his own personal use. This is the foundation principle for its wonderful success. If it should occur that the patron and stockholder has no use for his telephone, then his stock is placed back in the keeping of the company, and sold again under the regulations of its original issue, and at the original price. This prevents the concentration of stock in a few hands. There are 326 telephones now connected with "central," and it is expected that there will be 400 before the close of the year.

DISTANT VIEW OF WAUSAU



WAUSAU, WISCONSIN

HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE



The rental price in the city is uniformly \$2.50 per month for business] house telephone, and seventy-five cents per month for a residence telephone, without regard to distance from central office.

This mutual plan has been a wonderful success financially. On a capital stock of \$5,850.00 forty-nine per cent. in cash dividends have been paid since the start in 1895, and in addition to this \$7,667.99 of the profits of the business has been invested in the system, according to the annual report, February 1, 1899. Since that time a new switch-board has been put in, the best make in existence, and the regular dividends have been declared as usual. Certainly this is a remarkable showing, and a merited reward for the careful, harmonious, and enterprising work of the Wausau citizens. "The National Magazine" will feel that it has accomplished good by means of this article on Wausau if it shall have started the citizens of other places to

thinking over the matter of putting in independent telephone lines, backed by the true American, mutual spirit. It succeeds every time.

What most surprises a visitor to Wausau is to find nearing completion a high-school building unequalled in Wisconsin, not excepting Milwaukee's new building, and excelled by few high-school buildings in all America. Its vast assembly room, with slanted floor and vaulted ceiling and stage of forty-foot opening, reminds one rather of a large theatre than of a school-room. Without a gallery, it will seat 1,100 people for auditorium purposes, or 550 pupils with individual desks. This building also contains rooms for 400 grammar and kindergarten pupils, a suite of rooms for commercial work, a large gymnasium with running track and baths, manual training, cooking and sewing apartments, drafting and drawing rooms, laboratories and science lecture halls, and many recitation rooms. The building was planned

VIEW OF THE PARK SCENERY



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with special reference to convenience and lighting. It is fitted with fan ventilation, program bells, electric clocks, automatic heat regulation, and all the latest improvements. The building is surrounded by a six-acre playground that will be laid out into athletic field, tennis courts and lawn, more like a college campus than the school gravel pit usual in cities.

Two of Wisconsin's three teachers' associations will celebrate the close of the century with a great union meeting in this building. The hospitality of Wausau may be seen from its offer of free entertainment to the thousand or more teachers who are expected to attend.

Wausau also possesses six good ward school buildings, four of them constructed within the past seven years, and thoroughly up to date. Wausau has clearly the best school facilities in proportion to population of any Wisconsin city, and its school system, from the kindergarten through the high school, has reached a degree of excellence commensurate with its school facilities. When the Committee of Seven prepared their already famous report, they desired to publish a few of the best history courses offered in American secondary schools, and one of the few selected was the history course of the Wausau schools. The courses were crowded out of the report for lack of room; but in the words of one member of the committee, "If the courses of any secondary schools had been published, surely Wausau's would have been in."

A new experiment is to be tried at Wausau that will be watched with interest in educational circles all over the United States. Marathon county is considerably larger than the State of Rhode Island, and requires about sixty-five new teachers annually to fill the vacancies. To meet this demand

there are no available teachers with professional training, for the state normal schools graduate hardly enough students to fill the city positions. Besides, the training of the state normal school fits the teachers for city rather than rural school work. So Marathon county has decided to give its teachers special preparation for rural school work. For this purpose the county has made an annual appropriation of \$2,500 and the State of Wisconsin has added an appropriation of \$1,250. This \$3,750 will be applied to maintaining a county training school in connection with the Wausau schools, and an ex-State Superintendent has been secured to take charge of the work. The "Marathon County Plan," as it is called, contemplates two separate schools, the city schools, purely academic, and the county training school, purely professional, correlated harmoniously to make one complete school. The normal students will be seated in the new building, probably in the assembly room with the high school students, and may take academic work in the high school free of tuition; while high school pupils will be allowed to select some of the professional work. These city grades will serve as model departments for the normal work. It is expected that the "Marathon County Plan" will give to Marathon county teachers training fitting them especially for rural school work; that it will bring city students and rural teachers into close relation with each other to the advantage of both, and that it will more closely identify the interests of county and city.

Wausau is the county seat of Marathon county, its interests are linked with those of the county, and the governmental affairs of both have occasioned favorable expressions from all over the State of Wisconsin. The city of Wausau and the county of Mara-

WAUSAU PUBLIC SCHOOLS



THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

thon are in better condition, financially, than are ninety-five per cent. of the other cities and counties in Wisconsin or any other of the western states.

A short time ago the members of the county board were confronted with a serious problem. They had all bills paid and \$60,000 in cash in the county treasury and nothing to do with it. After mature deliberation they finally cut down the large surplus by appropriating \$20,000 for the improvement of county roads, and \$25,000 for the construction of a new county jail. Any

PUMPING STATION, WAUSAU WATER-WORKS



county that is bothered by a surplus in the treasury has certainly been honestly and economically conducted. The more amazing is this surplus in the county treasury when one is shown the excellent county improvements. Right in the heart of the city of Wausau is a handsome county court house, all paid for. The walls of pressed brick, garnished with granite, rise from a grassy, shaded plot of ground that charms the artistic sense. From the tall, square tower a large town clock chimes out the hours for the busy city. The court house and furnishings cost \$100,000.

Wisconsin is the only state that has largely developed the county system

of caring for the insane, and Marathon county has most forcibly illustrated its success. It has an asylum that, with all its improvements and 735 acres of surrounding farm land, represents an investment of \$125,000. It cares for 160 patients, all of them classed as incurables, or chronic insane. This institution is located just south of Wausau, and was completed six years ago. For the first six months it cost more to care for the insane than the amount designated by the state—\$3.00 per week for each inmate; but since that time the cost has been considerably

less. Marathon county is actually deriving a revenue each year from its county asylum. The county asylum system is controlled by a state commission, which apportions the patients to the different county asylums, thus the Marathon county asylum has patients from a dozen different counties. The cost of boarding and caring for these patients—\$3.00 per week—is paid into the county institution, one-

half by the state and one-half by the county, from which the patients are committed. Through the efficient management of Supt. Head enough revenue is being derived from these outside patients to take up the building bonds as they become due. The institution is actually paying for itself, and will stand as clear county property at the expiration of the asylum bond issue, which, by the way, is the only indebtedness of the county. The institution is markedly modern, and a tour of inspection discloses the fact that there are no bars on the windows, no jail-like appearance, but more the appearance of a large boarding school,

A GROUP OF WAUSAU CHURCHES



WAUSAU COURT HOUSE



and the inmates enjoy life in their simple manner as much as their unfortunate hallucinations will allow. They do the farming, cultivate the fields, and look after one another.

There are no classes or cliques in Wausau. It is a great, one-hearted city; all of the people associate, and this is the reason why so many mutual enterprises have so much pronounced success.

What homes are here located! All

the poetry of grassy lawns and blossoming shrubbery; beautiful shade trees and picturesque houses. All that is well pleasing has been brought to beautify them. Some could be ranked as palatial residences, but the large majority are the cozy, well-kept houses of the manufacturers, merchants, and also the employes.

Wausau is well equipped with a paid fire department, has a good city hall and paved streets. The bonded debt is about \$160,000, of which \$90,000 is for the water-works system. There is no floating debt. The school property is worth \$200,000.

Marathon county has well developed farms. The farming country round about Wausau after leaving the old bed of the Wisconsin river, has the appearance of thrift and prosperity. A state experimental orchard of ten acres, planted a short distance west of Wausau, is proving the fact that apples can be grown in this section. During last win-

ter—all will remember its rigor—only six of the 1,600 trees set out two years ago were killed.

The church facilities of Wausau are excellent, nearly every denomination being supplied with an adequate church edifice. There is also a flourishing Y. M. C. A., with a fine building, and the new city library is well patronized. All of the secret societies have strong lodges in the city.

There is no better indication of the

WAUSAU, WISCONSIN

prosperity of a city than its ready money on deposit. The three banks here have, in round numbers, a total of \$1,500,000 in deposits. When the citizens have a sum like this to their cash credit continually it speaks volumes.

The sash and door factories here employ large numbers of men, and the efficiency of Wausau institutions is carried throughout the country by the high-grade saw-mill machinery manufactured here, the product of the veneer works, of the furniture factories, box factories, and excelsior factories. It can readily be seen what an enormous shipping industry has sprung up as a result of all these institutions.

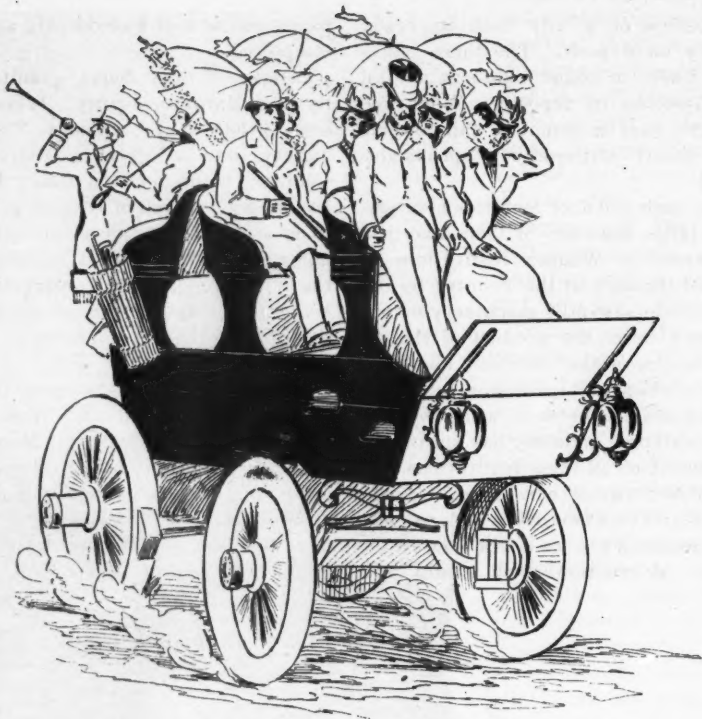
The Northwestern railroad is spending \$75,000 on a new depot and grounds at Wausau; a \$25,000 opera house is in course of erection, and a pulp and

paper mill to cost \$300,000 will soon be completed.

Ledges of the finest granite are found in Marathon county. It is of the same grade as the famous Montello variety, but is lighter in color. The soldiers' monument on Court House Square was carved of Wausau granite. It is a handsome piece of statuary. Some of the handsomest buildings in the city are largely constructed of Wausau granite. There are great possibilities in the development of granite quarries.

Marathon county is a geographical centre of Wisconsin, and Wausau is the geographical centre of Marathon county. "The National Magazine" leaves this suggestion with the people of Wisconsin, should they ever wish to be precise about the central location of the state seat of government.





THE STRATHMORE THREE-SEATED BRAKE

MY KINGDOM FOR AN AUTOMOBILE!

THE poetry and romance of the Twentieth Century will have to adapt themselves to the changed circumstances of the horseless age. Perhaps it will for some time sound queer in our ears to substitute "automobile" for the conventional "fiery charger" and "mettlesome steed."

Will the King Richard III. of the future drama, raging amid the carnage of battle, cry out in stentorian tones: "An automobile! An automobile! My kingdom for an automobile?" Would Lady Godiva have seemed as poetical when

"She rode forth, clothed on with chastity,"

if she had glided through the streets of Coventry in an automobile? Would the "Charge of the Light Brigade" seem just the same, if it read:—

Flashed every spoke of steel,
Flashed every whirling wheel—
Each on his automobile,

Into the Valley of Death rode the Six Hundred?

Be that as it may, there is not the slightest doubt that the automobile is here, and here to stay. Murmurs of objection and occasional desultory opposition have been swept away in the genuine tidal wave of enthusiasm

MY KINGDOM FOR AN AUTOMOBILE

which is covering the civilized world. Every concern producing motor vehicles is deluged with orders. And "future delivery" is the only thing they can talk—a good way in the future, with some of them. Buyers are patiently awaiting their turn; and in



STRATHMORE CARRIAGE

many cases very substantial premiums are being offered for the mere right of priority in purchase.

Probably no great epoch-making change has come about so suddenly and so noiselessly. It is but yesterday that the horseless vehicle was merely an inventor's dream, the idle speculation of the theorist. To-day there is no more solid fact in the civilized world. The demand for them is loud and persistent, and will tax the manufacturers for years to come. In France the automobile has been in fashion for three years; and so far from the supply catching up with the demand, the manufacturers are simply overwhelmed with orders, in spite of frequent enlargements of their plants. The principal concern, the De Dion-Bouton Company, has a factory covering over six acres, and is some eighteen months behind on its orders.

One of the curious things about the new vehicle is the great diversity of the demands for it. The wealthy enjoy it as a fascinating plaything. Even at a cost of two or three thousand dollars apiece, they have found ready

purchasers among the "smart set." The business man, however, looks at them from quite a different standpoint. "I care nothing for the luxury," he says, "nor for the exhilaration of its swift, noiseless motion. But give me a milk-wagon, a baker's wagon, a grocer's wagon, that will cover the distance in one-half the time and at one-quarter the expense, and my purse is wide open."

The express companies are welcoming the horseless wagon with lively interest. The postal authorities have already put them in service on trial routes. Several cities are experimenting with motor street-sweepers. And some happy inebriate will, before long, have the honor of being the first human being to ride to the station-house in an automobile "hurry-up" patrol wagon!

Yet again, the trucking contractors are thoroughly aroused by an invention which will enable them to get rid of the countless thousands of horses that they are now compelled to use. It will, indeed, be the emancipation of



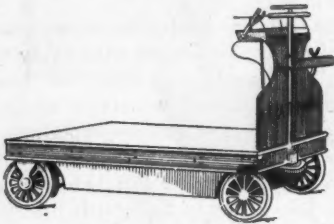
STRATHMORE DELIVERY WAGON

an entire race of patient equine servitors. Already the electric car has banished from existence the "car-horse," once the fitting type of abuse and wretchedness. When the truck, the delivery-wagon, the express-wag-

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

on, are run by steam, what further call will there be for the horse, save in the gallant sport of equestrianism? He will then cease forever from ignoble, painful drudgery, and will become only what he ought to be—the friend and companion of those who love the noble beast for his own sake.

With the passing of the horse the stable, also, will go. Countless city



STRATHMORE TRUCK

slums which are to-day "poisoned by the reeking fumes of large stables will have a chance to become cleaner and wholesomer. The private citizen will no longer need to build a stable as an adjunct to his suburban home. No stalls, breeding flies and bad smells; no hay-loft; no reeking cellar, filled with rotting manure. Only a small, neat, weather-tight building, with room for a couple of automobiles. No incessant outlay for hay and oats. Only a trivial expenditure for fuel. No liability to sickness or distemper. Only a strong, simple, reliable machine, which will respond mathematically to the demands put upon it, and the expense of which stops the minute the vehicle ceases to move.

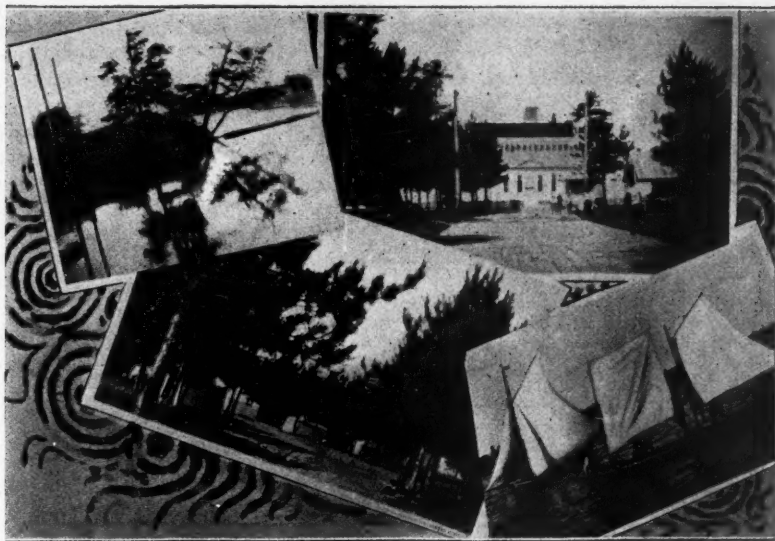
Is it a wonder that the ordinary course of trade is reversed, and that the buyers are besieging the sellers? Is it a wonder that the shrewdest business men and investors are hastening to get on the inside track of this mighty and immensely profitable industry?

The intending purchaser or investor will be wise if he discriminates sharply between the concerns which have something and those whose achievements are only prospective. We have selected for illustration the Strathmore Automobile, because it is a reality and not a vision. Because it is a strong, handsome, well-designed vehicle, built by an honorable and very enterprising concern. One of the first in the field, this company easily ranks among the foremost of the country, and will do splendid service in supplying the existing demand. Its office is at 1 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

American automobiles are making a strong bid for popular favor across the water. French, German and English mechanics will have to look to it sharply if they hope to hold the world's markets against Yankee skill and enterprise. One of the features of the great Paris Exposition will be the Strathmore exhibit of different models of automobiles. If there are races and contests in connection with the Exposition, as no doubt there will be, the Strathmore may be confidently relied on to give its competitors a brisk time of it. Its appearance and capabilities will give every American visitor a right to feel proud that it is of American manufacture.

That the automobile of to-day is the ultimate type, no one would probably claim. Ceaseless improvement will, no doubt, be the order of the day in this as in most other lines of human effort. The bicycle, the type-writer, the sewing-machine, the steam-engine, have been continually bettered; and this will be the history of the automobile. But it has now forever passed the theoretical stage. As it stands to-day, it is a simple, practical, effective vehicle; and it is receiving a remarkably cordial welcome to an almost boundless market.

VIEWS AT NORTHERN CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY GROUNDS



NORTHERN "CHAUTAUQUA"—MARINETTE, WIS.

By Fenton S. Fox

WHEN Kipling first visited the United States and wrote his celebrated series of letters to the India newspaper on which he had been "man of all work" for several years, he poked a good deal of harsh fun at the Yankee way of doing things. He even went beyond the fun zone and criticised everything and everybody in an unmerciful manner because he did not find them up to his fine ideal. But he did say that there was the foundation here for the greatest country and the most wonderful nation in all the world.

He had a keen perception. He saw men falling over each other in a wild business race with the sole idea of accumulating wealth; beyond the grotesque spectacle of money-making he discerned in the not far distant future the realization of that

purpose followed by a desire for culture, educational excellence and a general appreciation of æsthetics.

The greed for money is still a leading characteristic of the American people. This is a commercial nation—a race of money-makers, yet the people as a whole are becoming more and more devoted to intellectual development—they appreciate the artistic in a greater degree than Kipling imagines, and as a result of it all the rapidity with which educational institutions are springing up and expanding in the West as well as the East is absolutely amazing. There is no place too isolated, there is no one so poor as to be deprived of the benefits and influences of the public schools, universities, public libraries, traveling public libraries, lecture courses in the winter and "Chautauqua" assemblies and summer schools, in cool retreats, dur-

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

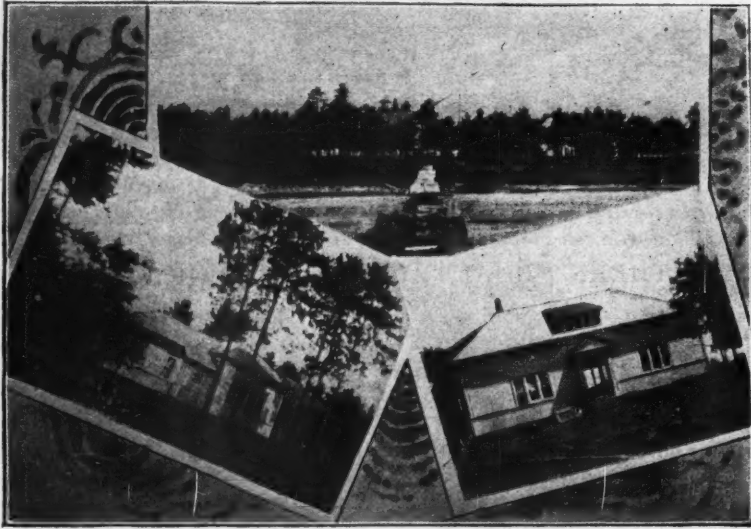
ing the heated term. Directly or indirectly the whole nation is receiving the benefits of such institutions, and they are without doubt the greatest factors in the rapid development of a race of intellectual giants, who in time will make the United States the centre of learning.

The slow-going European stands in open-mouth astonishment as he contemplates his American cousin. The readiness with which the people of this country turn from commercial pursuits to become patrons of institutions of learning, takes his

institute or establish a museum. Yet every day those things are being done in this country and the great, wonderful West is taking the lead.

One of the most conspicuous examples of rapid growth and substantial development, both in commercial and educational matters, is presented by Marinette, Wisconsin. It is what Western people term a "saw-dust" town. The chief industry is saw-mills. They line the banks of the Menominee River and cut daily 2,000,000 feet of lumber, which is shipped to the mar-

VIEWS OF NORTHERN CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY GROUNDS



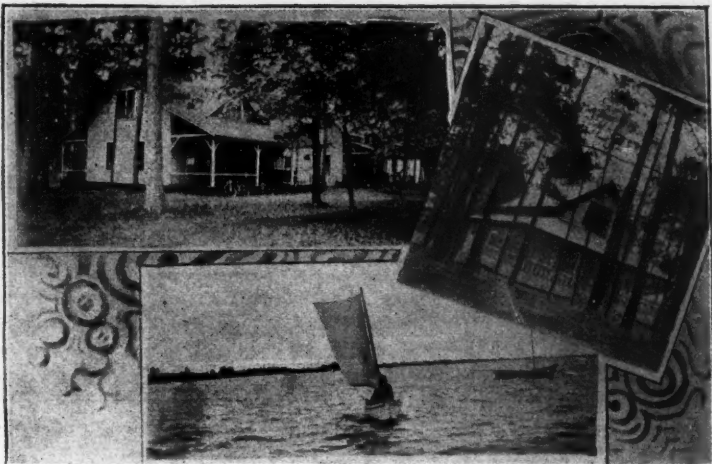
breath. He is not familiar with the temperament of the free born and independent sons of Columbia. He does not understand how the man of obscure parentage, without a family tree or with little or no early educational advantages, can make a million or two in a short time by the rise of stocks or by the sudden increase of realty valuations, or by sawing logs, or any one of the thousand avenues for money-making afforded in this country. Least of all can he understand how such a man can turn aside from his money-making enterprise to endow a university, erect an art

kets of the world by water and rail routes.

In 1880 this was a village of less than 2500 inhabitants. Today it is a city with a population of 16,000. In matter of rapidity of growth it is a mushroom city. But it has none of the characteristics of that fungus, for its solidity and stability became an established fact during the panic and long period of depressing hard times that followed. This wonderful city forged ahead while other places in the State stood still or retrograded.

One illustration of the thrift of the city is worth citing. In 1898, while the country

VIEWS AT OAKWOOD BEACH



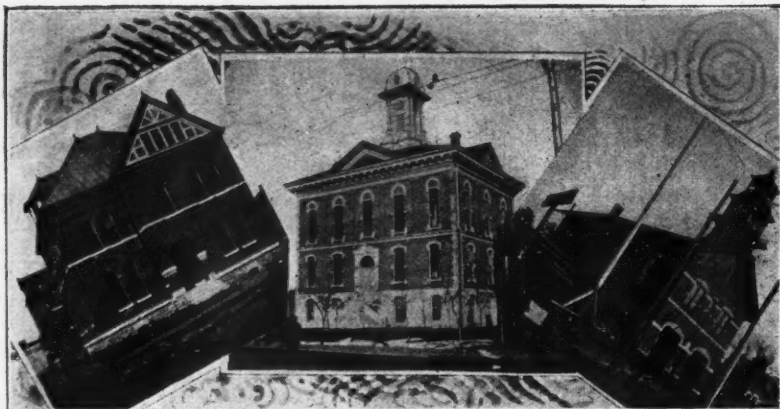
STREET VIEWS IN MARINETTE



MAIN STREET LOOKING EAST
MAIN STREET LOOKING WEST

HALL AVENUE LOOKING NORTH
PARK MILL

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



COUNTY JAIL

COUNTY COURT HOUSE

CITY HALL

was still staggering under the weight of the long period of depressed commercial and financial conditions, a proposition was made by an extensive Eastern manufacturing company to remove its plant to Marinette, providing an additional \$300,000 capital stock was subscribed by the citizens of this place. Under the conditions existing at that time such a proposition would have staggered any city of 16,000 inhabitants. Many a larger place would never have considered the matter seriously. There are those who profess to believe that not another city in the Badger State would have entertained the proposition. But the wide-awake Marinette business and professional men appreciated the great importance of acquiring such an industry. They went to work with the same zeal and push that has developed Marinette and made it the pride of the region.

A roll of honor containing the names and amounts subscribed by Marinette citizens is one of the souvenirs in this place to which all point with pride. It is worthy of a place in the history of the State. I have no excuse to offer for giving it a place in this article. I consider it a happy privilege to be enabled to give to the world the names of men and women who are public spirited enough to thus contribute to the upbuilding and development of

their home industries. The list is as follows:

A. W. Stevens & Son, Auburn, N.

Y.	\$355.200
Isaac Stephenson	55,000
Frederick Carney	27,500
John H. Witbeck	27,500
A. C. Merryman	27,500
Lewis Gram	10,000
Mrs. Maby Parent	11,000
H. C. Higgins	5,500
Caleb Williams	5,500
Michael Corry	5,500
J. A. VanCleve	5,500
I. K. Hamilton	5,000
Lauerman Bros	5,000
C. R. Johnston	4,500
Gus Reinke	3,300
Mrs. Bertha Merryman	2,800
W. A. Brown	2,800
C. S. Brown	2,800
Watson Bros. & Hitchcock	2,700
G. W. Hanley	2,200
W. S. Baker	2,200
W. E. Daggett	1,500
Michael Bohman	1,500

Eleven Hundred Dollars Each: Dr. W. W. Squire, Lindem & Miller, Geo. L. Ridsdale, J. F. Hancock, D. J. McAllister, N. P. Jacobson, Frank F. Noyes and Mrs. A. E. Mountain, M. J. Culnan, J. K. Wright, James I. Scott, Otto Lantz, E. H.

MARINETTE, WISCONSIN

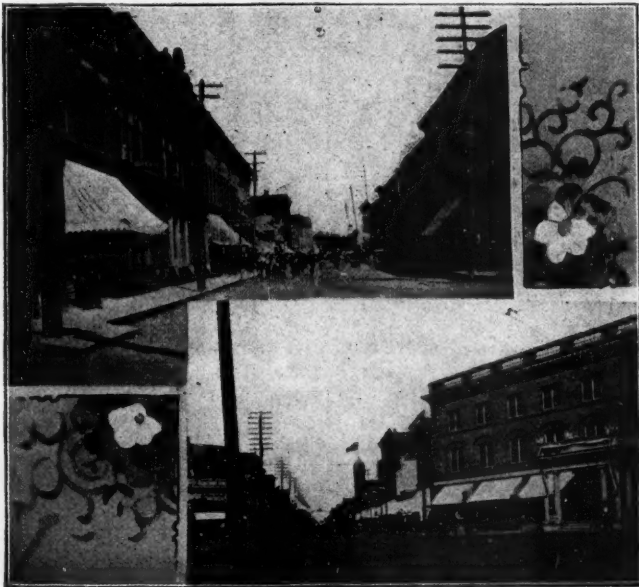
Schwartz & Co., Lauritz Anderson.

One Thousand Dollars Each: C. J. Swanson, C. E. Shields, August Westlund, Gilbert Estate, Charles Reinke, G. Fred Colter, F. G. Fernstrum; Anna L. Eastman and E. C. Eastman, \$700.

Five Hundred Dollars Each: Dr. F. Gregory, W. A. Dennis, Ira D. Buck, W. E. Cleary, Quinlan & Daily, Kirmse & Schutt, C. A. Lind, Amos Holgate, Ella Brown, S. & H. Freidstein, August Westlund, C. L. Caxton, J. E. Utke, Gustave Zeratsky, S. H. Johnston, Andrew Peterson.

More surprising than this is the fact that over three years ago, when the commercial pursuits of the country were stagnant, a number of public spirited, high minded citizens, headed by Mr. Reuben C. Merryman, conceived and developed the idea of establishing at this place a "Chautauqua" Assembly, for the purpose of bringing here from all parts of this and adjoining States those interested in educational matters, and

at the same time afford the people of this place an opportunity for higher educational advantages. It is doubtful if Mr. Merryman and his associates appreciated or realized the magnitude to which the Assembly could grow, or the vast amount of labor and expense that would be entailed in the development of the idea. They knew that on the shores of peerless Green Bay, just three miles from the city, there was a forty-acre tract of land ideally located and well suited for an Assembly grounds. It was valued at \$10,000. They bought it. That year they held a tented Assembly. It was a success. The people of Marinette and near-by places looked upon the "Chautauqua" with approval. They attended in great numbers and commended Mr. Merryman and his associates for having afforded them the privilege of participating in so helpful and elevating a series of entertainments. They pledged their support and demonstrated their good faith by purchasing lots upon which to erect cottages.



MAIN STREET LOOKING NORTH

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The second year—1898—many improvements were made on the grounds and an elaborate program was presented. Celebrated lecturers, musicians, educators, and entertainers were secured from all parts of the country. They delighted the thousands of visitors. The reputation and future success of the Northern Assembly was established. President Merryman was happy for he realized that his work had not been in vain.

At the conclusion it was found that a substantial balance was left in the treasury

to the Northern Assembly. The conditions here are infinitely different from those which have made the Eastern Assembly so justly noted. This is a new country, the attendance is not confined to students, educators and those who have had many early opportunities for higher educational advantages. Here I find the man with a string of degrees attached to his name rubbing elbows with the lumber shaver who never darkened the door of an institution of learning; the leaders of the smart set and the maids of all work all enjoy and

REUBEN C. MERRYMAN, PRESIDENT OF NORTH ASSEMBLY



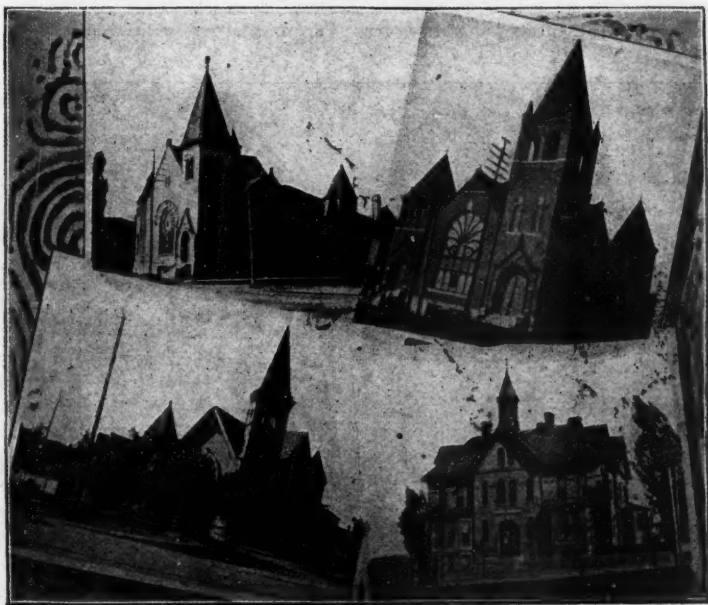
after all the expenses were paid. A dividend was distributed among the stockholders (each lot owner is a stockholder) and there was a snug sum left with which to make further improvements with. New, permanent buildings were erected and every arrangement made for a much more elaborate Assembly season in 1899.

In considering the Assembly as a whole it must be borne in mind that comparison with the "mother" Chautauqua at Chautauqua Lake, New York, would be unfair

profit by the lectures; the traveled man and the man who was never outside his native state exchange views and comment upon the character of the entertainment before them.

Under such conditions a program must be of wide scope. It must contain features that will appeal to and interest all classes of people for there are not enough of the ultra educated to support the Assembly. A lecture or amusement that may fail to appeal to many is entertaining and instruc-

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

tive to those whose opportunities have been limited.

The promoters of the Assembly, in educational matters, are like the men who blazed the way through the trackless pine forests of this region half a century ago. They are leading the way to great unknown possibilities in the future and they are sowing good seed to a very great extent on virgin soil.

Every person in Marinette takes pride in the Assembly. One afternoon during the recent season all the saw-mills shut down; the men were given a half-holiday, were provided with tickets to the Assembly for themselves and their wives, and were given full pay for the lost time. They all attended the "Chautauqua." They took their families. It was an event in many of their lives, for it afforded them an opportunity to see and comprehend what is being done in the way of education. And they understood that it is within the reach of their sons and daughters to attain the highest degree of educational perfection.

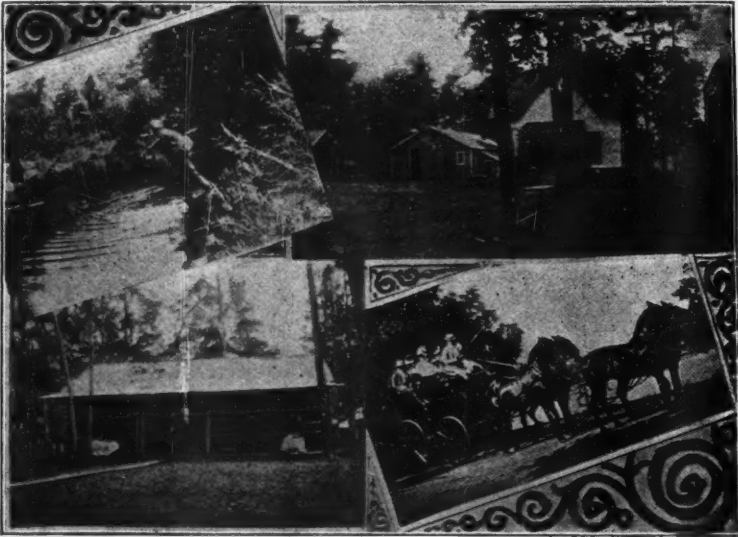
A comprehensive idea of the character

and scope of the work done at the Assembly can be gathered from the following list of features and speakers:—

Lecturers.—Dean A. A. Wright, Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, P. M. Pearson, H. V. Richards, George M. Brown, Frank Beard, Rev. J. M. Cleary, Dr. J. M. Buckley, M. E. Sloane, Bishop C. H. Fowler, Dr. W. A. Quayle, Dr. L. A. Banks, Mrs. Maud B. Booth.

Entertainers.—The Edison Projectoscope, The Thalian Club, Mr. Chas. F. Underhill, Miss Katherine Oliver.

Musical.—H. W. Fairbank, Director; Mrs. Luella Clark Emery, Pianist; Miss Lillian French, Miss May Carter, Miss Myrtle Irene Mitchell, The Lemmel Ladies' Quartet; The Imperial Male Quartet, Chicago (Jas. Swift, 1st Tenor; Jas. F. Bird, 2d Tenor; Benj. Q. Tufts, 1st Bass; John T. Read, 2d Bass); Mr. F. W. Carberry, Tenor; Mr. F. G. Bradbury, Violin; Miss Elizabeth Lee Timmons, Harp; Mr. Edwin Timmons, Saxophone and Flute; Dana's Band; Watt's Young Chicago Military Band.

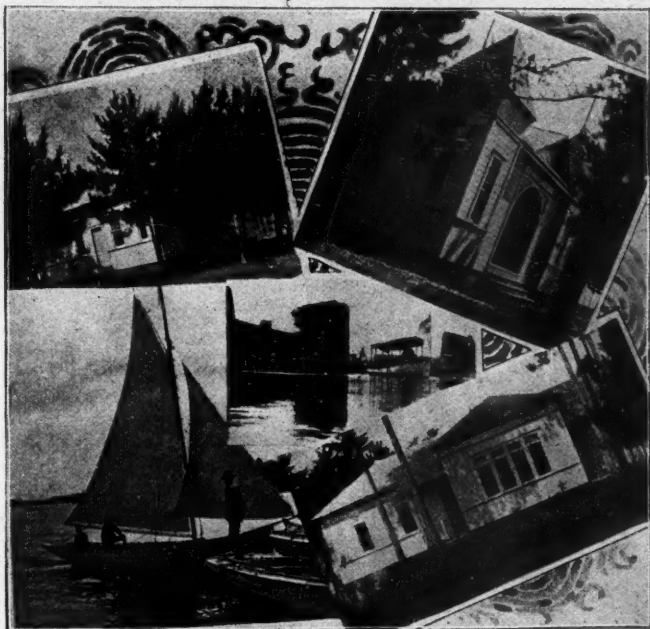


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MARINETTE, WISCONSIN

VIEWS AT NORTHERN CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY GROUNDS



Special Departments. — Kindergarten, Miss Lucy Peckham; Physical Culture and Delsarte, Miss Katherine Graham; Church Congress, Ministers' Club, Dean A. A. Wright.

The officers and directors of the Assembly are as follows:—Reuben C. Merryman, President; Frank Penberthy, Vice-President; G. W. Hanley, Secretary and Treasurer; Warren J. Davis, William A. Brown, John F. Hancock, Henry C. Higgins.

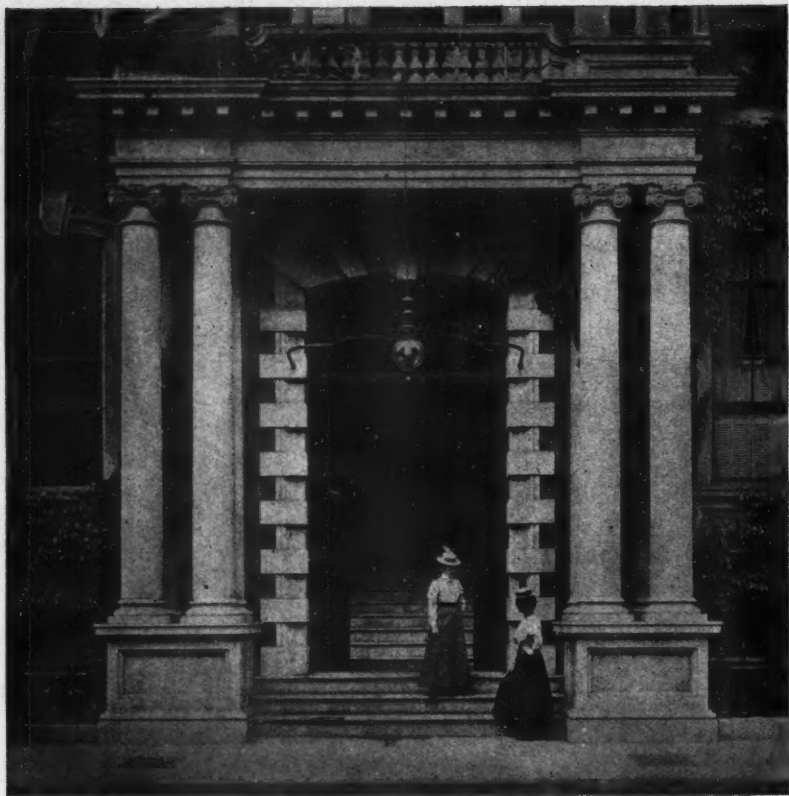
That Marinette has a great future there is no question. Its location and natural advantages, pushing citizens and resources is a guarantee of that. The city is located at the northeastern boundary of Wisconsin, on the Menominee River and Green Bay. It possesses one of the best harbors in the region, it being possible for the largest lake steamers to reach the heart of the city by way of the river. The shipping facilities are the very best. Freight rates by rail and by water are low. There is

timber enough in sight to keep the saw-mills running without interruption for more than twenty years. Other manufacturing industries are developing and all manner of inducements are being held out for the location of new enterprises here.

There are two daily and four weekly newspapers here. The Daily North Star is owned and edited by Mr. Fred T. Lincoln, a brainy, shrewd young newspaper man, who wields a powerful influence in the affairs of the city. The North Star representatives made themselves at home in the headquarters of the National Magazine at the Assembly grounds.

The Daily Eagle is a bright, influential publication owned by Mr. Frank E. Noyes, an ultra newspaper man.

The Argus and Times, both weekly publications, are ably conducted, and, like their daily contemporaries, are well supported, and important factors in making Marinette the live city that I found it.



THE SINGER AND THE LAWYER

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

TWO little children were going down the dusty country road to the little red school house under the hill. Over in the meadow the bobolinks were calling softly to each other while the yellow golden rod nodded sleepily in the summer breeze.

The boy's eager freckled face was lit with the dawn of a great purpose.

"When I'm a man," said he with convincing emphasis, "I'm going to be

a lawyer like Uncle Dick, and marry you, and live in a big stone house with lots of pear trees in the yard, and—" but here a realization of the coming bliss overpowered him, and he could only gaze very tenderly on the curly head, reaching not quite to his shoulder.

The little girl gazed reflectively at her companion. "When I'm a woman," she said, "I'm going to be a great

THE SINGER AND THE LAWYER

singer, and see all the kings and queens, and have lots of nice dresses, and big bouquets of flowers."

They trudged on in silence, each dreaming of the unknown life before them.

Only a few short years till a youth and maiden, still dreaming, walk down the quiet village street to the little church, where their voices blend harmoniously in sacred songs. The maiden's voice, a pure, rich contralto, fills the little edifice with sweet melody.

A few more years, and youth and maiden are about to take up the burden of the world. He, a bright and promising student, is going to the west to study law in his uncle's office. She, a young lady now, is about to enter the New England Conservatory of Music, where her voice will receive proper training.

When the last evening before their parting comes, they wander arm in arm along the old familiar pathways, talking of the new life opening before them. When at last they say good-night he takes her hands in his, and gazing lovingly at her pure face in the moonlight, repeats the promise of their childhood days: "I'm coming back, dear, some day, to marry you."

She sighs a little wistfully as he bends over her and very tenderly says good-night, and—good-bye.

The years pass on. A young lawyer in a western town is winning many laurels, and is talked of as a coming power in politics. Across the ocean an American singer treads a pathway strewn with roses. Her wonderful voice is the theme of the hour.

One quiet Sabbath morn a stranger enters the little church in the quiet village. He is somewhat late, and quietly slips into a place by the door,

where he gazes dreamily over the congregation, thinking of the tender sweetness of the past. The white-haired pastor bends his head in prayer; then the first hymn is given out. The choir arise to sing. As the tender strain,

"Nearer my God to thee—"

peals from the organ, a wonderful contralto voice joins in the melody. The stranger starts, listens intently for a moment, then with a superb bass he sings,

"Nearer to thee—"

The two voices blend harmoniously, filling the church with sweet sound.

"Still all my song shall be—
Nearer to thee."

The song ceases. Outside, the summer hush is over all. The aged preacher has one inattentive listener, who is waiting impatiently till the service shall be ended. A little later, when the congregation straggles slowly out, the singer and the lawyer are face to face. A quick hand clasp:

"Edith!"

"Richard!"

And the years of separation are forgotten in the joy of meeting. He tells her of his work, and the success that is now in sight; and listens to her story of how she entered the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, where, under the careful direction of the best masters, she had received the musical education that had enabled her to more than realize her girlish dreams.

Of course a quiet wedding followed in the little church, and now one gracious, lovely woman feels that her talent is not wasted while it brightens her beautiful western home, though once it won plaudits from the world.

HE BUILDED BETTER THAN HE KNEW

NED Harkins was puzzled, and when Ned was puzzled, it was pretty safe to assume that some knotty problem had appeared.

"Let me see," he said to himself. "She said an up-to-date house with comfort was the first consideration."

Ned was studying the plans of a house. It was not a palatial residence to be sure, but it was one of those ideal homes which it is the ambition of every American to own. It may have been that the land was purchased to be paid for on the instalment plan. What matters that—it represents a home, where the individual finds the surest contentment and anchorage.

Young Harkins was not only an architect in a small way, but a practical builder, and his reputation for sterling integrity and good taste had won for him a large number of contracts. True, he was located in a small, growing and prosperous inland city, but he kept thoroughly informed on the progress of his profession and trade. The suggestions from the cities he utilized to some extent, but the strong feature of his work lay in original ideas, and in never overlooking the new and latest improvements and conveniences in house-building.

"There must be no mistakes," he said. "Let me see this room open up into the hall—would there—and yet—dining room—that was the point she emphasized."

He continued talking to himself as he unravelled step by step the problem before him.

"This is my first carte-blanc—would not even make any suggestions. 'Family of four, my father an invalid'—wasn't she pretty, though—brownstone front—she should have—and she meant business—"

Then he was lost in his thoughts. "Here, old man," he continued, arousing himself, and continuing his soliloquy, "you must concentrate more attention on the house, and not the mistress."

He pinched himself as if to do penance, and rally his wandering thoughts.

"'A home first,' she said"—he broke out again to himself. "I wonder if she is married—no she couldn't be—but wasn't she charming—'great confidence in you,' she said. By Jove—how pretty she said it.

"Here, old man, get to work—where are

those large closets for every room coming in— She said good home builders were rare—and build it just as if—confound it, I must get my mind down to work.

"She said she admired the Walsham house, as it reflected the builder's taste—and how she said it. Stairs pitch 45, winding. Hadn't I better consult her before—" and he stopped again to reflect in silence, chewing the end of his pencil, and still thinking in that abstracted way that indicates—well, enough of his soliloquy has been given above to indicate the trend of his thoughts.

The more he thought, the more convinced he was that perhaps another consultation was necessary before he could conscientiously proceed to build the house which pretty Edith Chalmers had ordered that morning.

The prosaic affairs of every-day life are often more permeated with the poetic and



"Let me see . . . She said an up-to-date house."

HE BUILDLED BETTER THAN HE KNEW

romantic touch than we are willing to concede.

Ned Harkins would have scouted the idea of a love affair insidiously mingling with a hard-headed business proposition. And why was it that in this contract, the largest he had ever secured, she should have innocently awakened in him consuming enthusiasm, when she remarked,—

"Remember, Mr. Harkins, build it just as if it were to be your own home, and don't forget that every good housekeeper admires, first of all, a good dining room, for that is the real soul of the home."

In making out specifications for his floors, Ned has first included Moore's parquetry flooring, because that is the latest and best, and in these days, hardwood floors are no longer a luxury, but a necessity for cleanness and artistic finish to a dining room. And then there must be grill work for the openings—it adds to the cozy, home effects. "I shall not forget the dining room, for who knows—I may dine there—sometime—sometime!"

Ned got up and walked the floor, very much annoyed with himself, but he just could not banish the face of Edith Chalmers for the time.

"Of course, it is necessary to study the personality of the owner to get a proper expression of the artistic taste, as well as to adapt the preference in the way of conveniences," and in this way he condoned his inclination to associate that pretty face with the plans of the house.

Frequent consultations followed, despite the repeated orders of Edith that she did not want to be annoyed with any of the details, but have a completed house for the appropriation allowed.

Her father, Lamson Chalmers, had returned from the west, where he had acquired wealth, and a shattered constitution, to his old home in New England. He purchased the old home, where he was born, and although there was not a relation living, except those in his own family, and although there were few of the old friends remaining, he felt that this home should be built as something of a monument to the parents who were buried in a neglected part of the cemetery. Absorbed in his business pursuits, he felt that he had not given them all the comfort a son should, and now the "old home" should express his feelings. His ill health prevented his attending details, and he had given it over to



"Ned got up and walked the floor"

Edith, who in turn had given it over to Harkins.

The work progressed slowly, because Ned was very careful and concentrated in his work now—and quite oblivious of all except the new home,—and Edith. They took many walks together at evening to look over the work accomplished during the day. Whatever was said under the old elms as they discussed the architecture of this particular house late in the evening is not to be recorded.

"Mr. Harkins, the dining room is simply perfect—the hardwood flooring, and the lighting—the mantel. The Earl of Leicester had no such cozy dining room at Kenilworth in the days of good Queen Bess."

"That settles it, Miss Edith, but we must have no air castles."

"Settles what? Air castles—what do you mean?"

"I mean my fate was hanging on that dining room, and the dining room floor has settled it!"

"Oh, yes, the house—I think we shall take it, and I am sure papa will be pleased with it."

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

"There's another matter I will speak to him about."

"Oh, never mind—I shall see to the pay—"

"Edith, do you not know how serious I am? My destiny stands or falls on this house."

"Well, it has a good foundation, and—"

"I built it according to your orders; as if it were going to be my own, and it is also decided that you are to be Mrs. Harkins."

"Why, Mr. Harkins, you are proposing, and it is not at all like the method related in stories and plays."

"Well, this is an up-to-date business proposition, Edith, and this is only the formal wording. We've begun building together, for life, my dear—"

"Are you sure? Was that in the contract?"

"Quite sure!"

"But, Ned, you know it is my home," she replied, with that same old smile that haunted and ruled Ned Harkins ever since the day Edith gave him the blanket contract.

"Well, we'll call it a lease, until we can

build one of our houses. We started in as good house builders together, and we are quite equal to it."

"Well, Ned, you know I never like to argue with you, and the dining room is certainly a triumph."

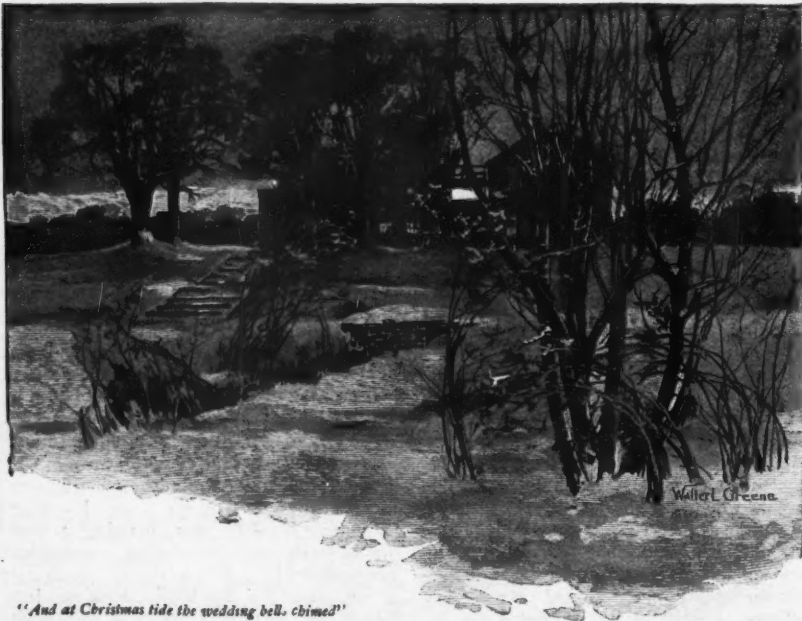
"Yes, Edith, it is your home."

"No, Ned, our home."

And now do you wonder why Ned Harkins, who has become one of the most prominent dwelling house architects in New England, always specifies Moore's parquetry flooring, etc., in the scores of handsome houses he has built?

"That dining room won the day for me, and what made the dining room was the parquetry flooring. When it wins the hearts of women—the real home builders—there is no further room for doubt."

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"And at Christmas tide the wedding bell chimed"

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15
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GAMES
ON

CROWN COMBINATION
GAME BOARD.

Trade Mark.



THIS MAGNIFICENT BOARD

10. Cocked Hat.

Similar to Ten Pins, only played with three pins.

11. Crown Castle.

This is one of the best games that can be played on the board, and is exceedingly interesting. Somewhat like Ring Pocket.

12. Penning the Pigs.

An entirely new game for two players, and a most interesting one. The game affords opportunity for many of the most skillful shots and the rings often times become veritable "pigs" in their persistency to go where not wanted.

13. Traveling Ring Pocket.

A pleasing variation of the Ring Pocket game.

1. The Spider and the Flies.

Played with one Spider and eighteen Flies. In the centre of the board is the Spider's den. The Spider is opposed by eighteen Flies—five large blue ones and thirteen common black Flies. A new and very fascinating and novel game for two persons.

2. Crokinole.

The most popular of the old games. It has never been put before the buying public in so attractive a form as in the Crown Combination Game Board, with its handsome outlines, smooth surface, hard maple rings, neat rubber posts, and general elegance. The extending corners are also advantageous in affording a better arm-rest for side shots—a convenience that players will quickly recognize.

3. Ten Pins.

This popular and novel game always interests. It is played with ten pins set as shown in the cut. The corner board and special score blanks are furnished, together with complete rules for playing.

4. Cue Rings.

A rare game for skill, judgment, and entertainment. Played by two, three or four persons.

5. Three Ring Glance.

The most scientific game on the board. Gives opportunity for the nicest calculation and most skillful execution. Played with three rings and the cues by covering up the pockets with corner pieces furnished especially for the purpose. Two excellent variations of this game can also be played—rules furnished.

6. Seven Battles.

A lively variation of Crokinole.

7. Ring Pocket.

The appropriateness of this name will be instantly recognized, since the object of the game is to shoot the 25 rings placed in the centre of the board into the corner pockets. It is especially enjoyable when played on the smooth rubbed surface of the Crown Combination Board, with the hardwood rings, deep net pockets, and large-sized field.

8. Cue Pocket.

A game that will never lose its fascination for the boys. Unexcelled for keeping them home and away from unprofitable companions. Similar to Ring Pocket, but played with cues instead of fingers.

9. Ditch Crokinole.

A new game played on the Crokinole side of board by grouping in different ways 16 rings in centre of board. The skill of the game is to ditch your opponent's men before he ditches yours.

14. Rotation Cue Pocket.

Strictly new, novel and decidedly pleasing and entertaining to old and young. Played with the cues and 15 rings, each ring being numbered from 1 to 15 with special numbered discs which fit inside the rings, one set of discs being furnished with each board.

15. Backgammon.

An old and well-known game and a very good one for two persons. Rules furnished for playing this game two ways.

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VOL. X

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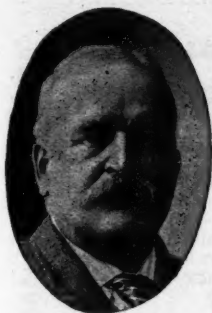
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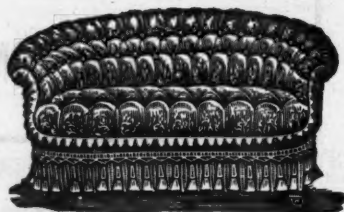
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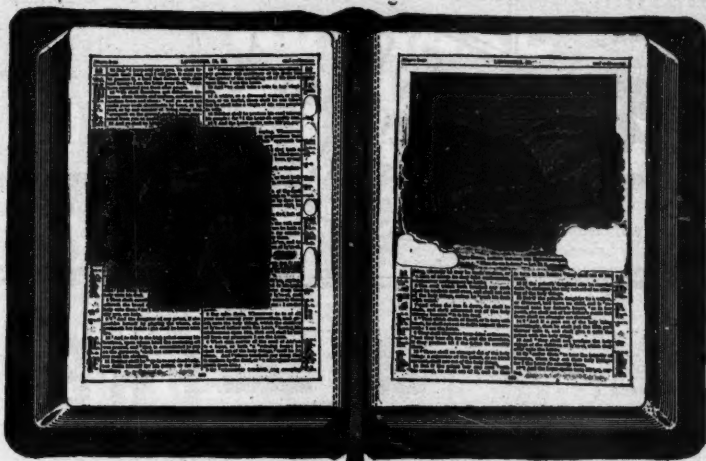
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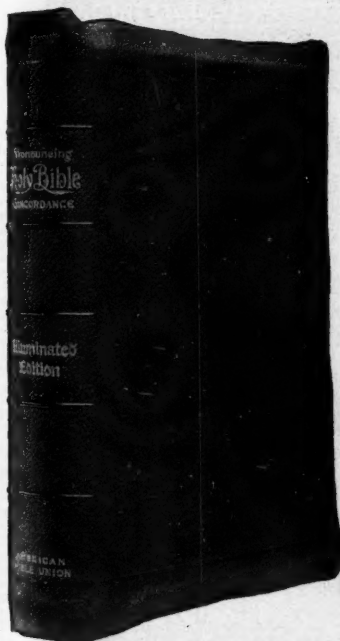
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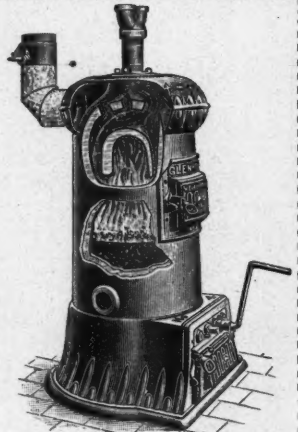
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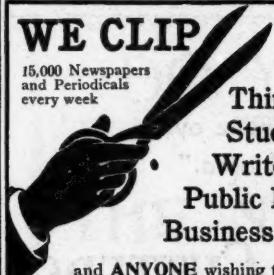
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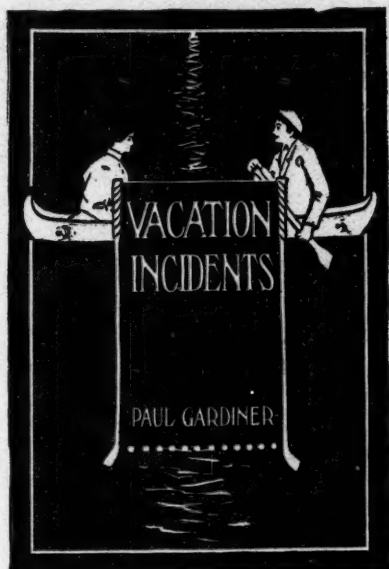
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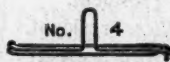
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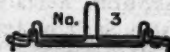
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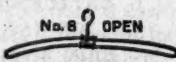
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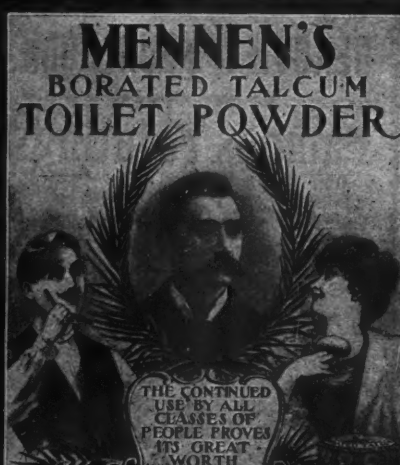
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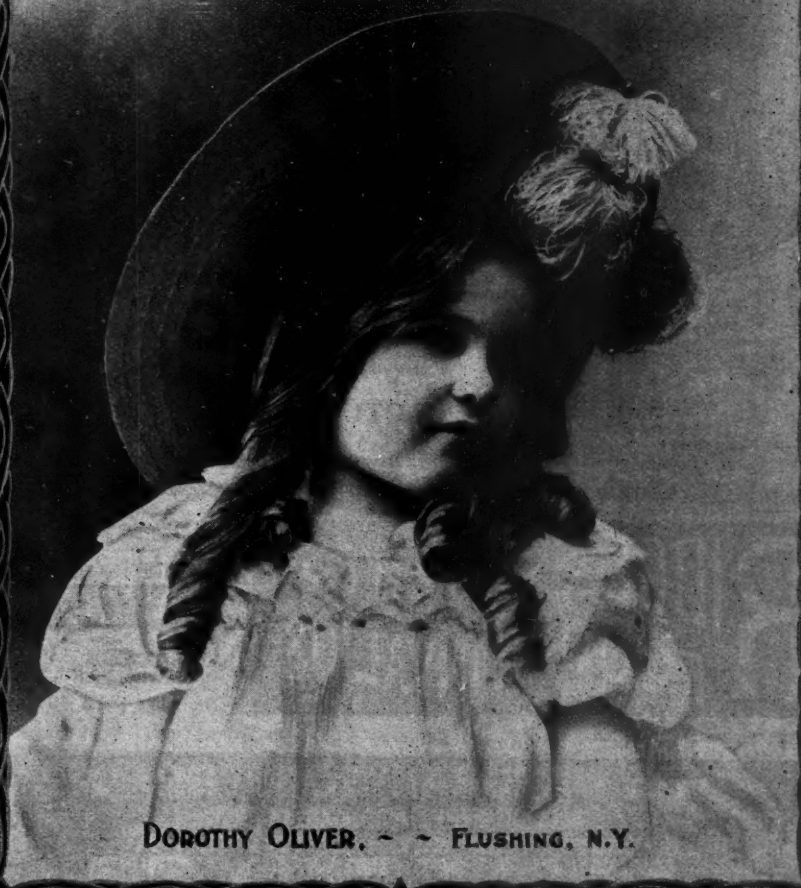
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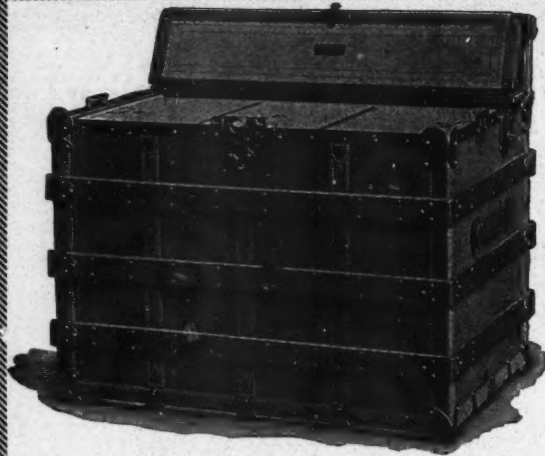
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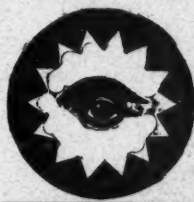
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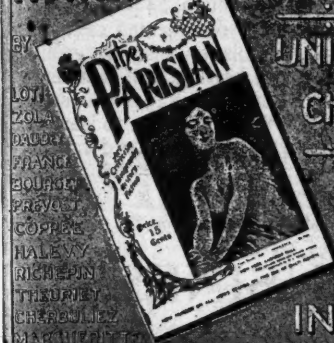
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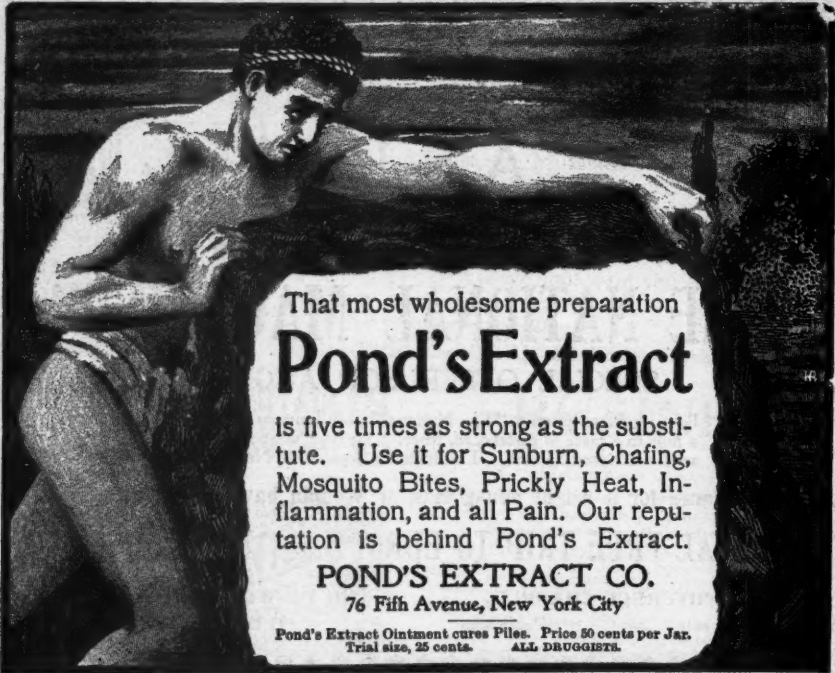
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